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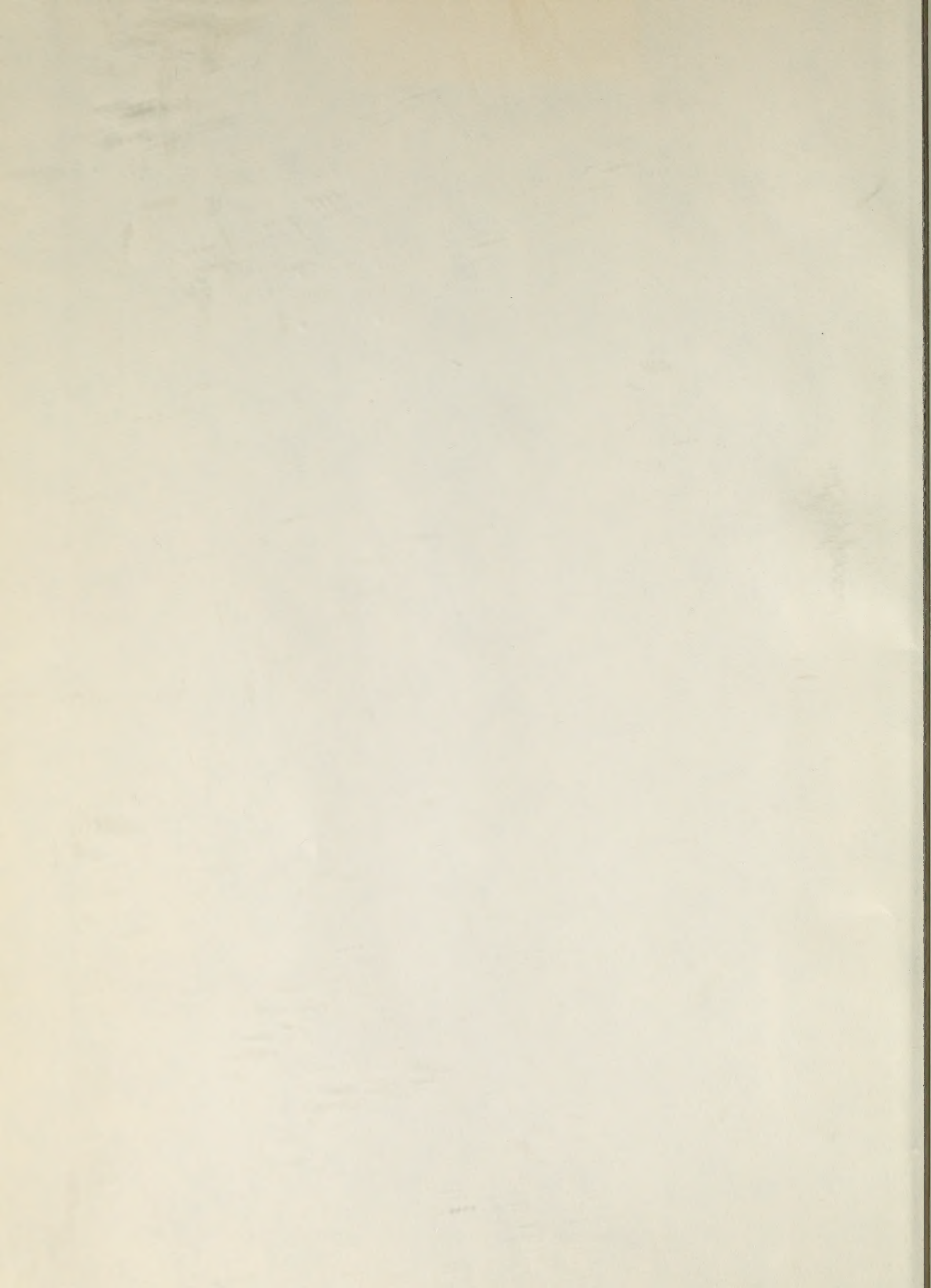
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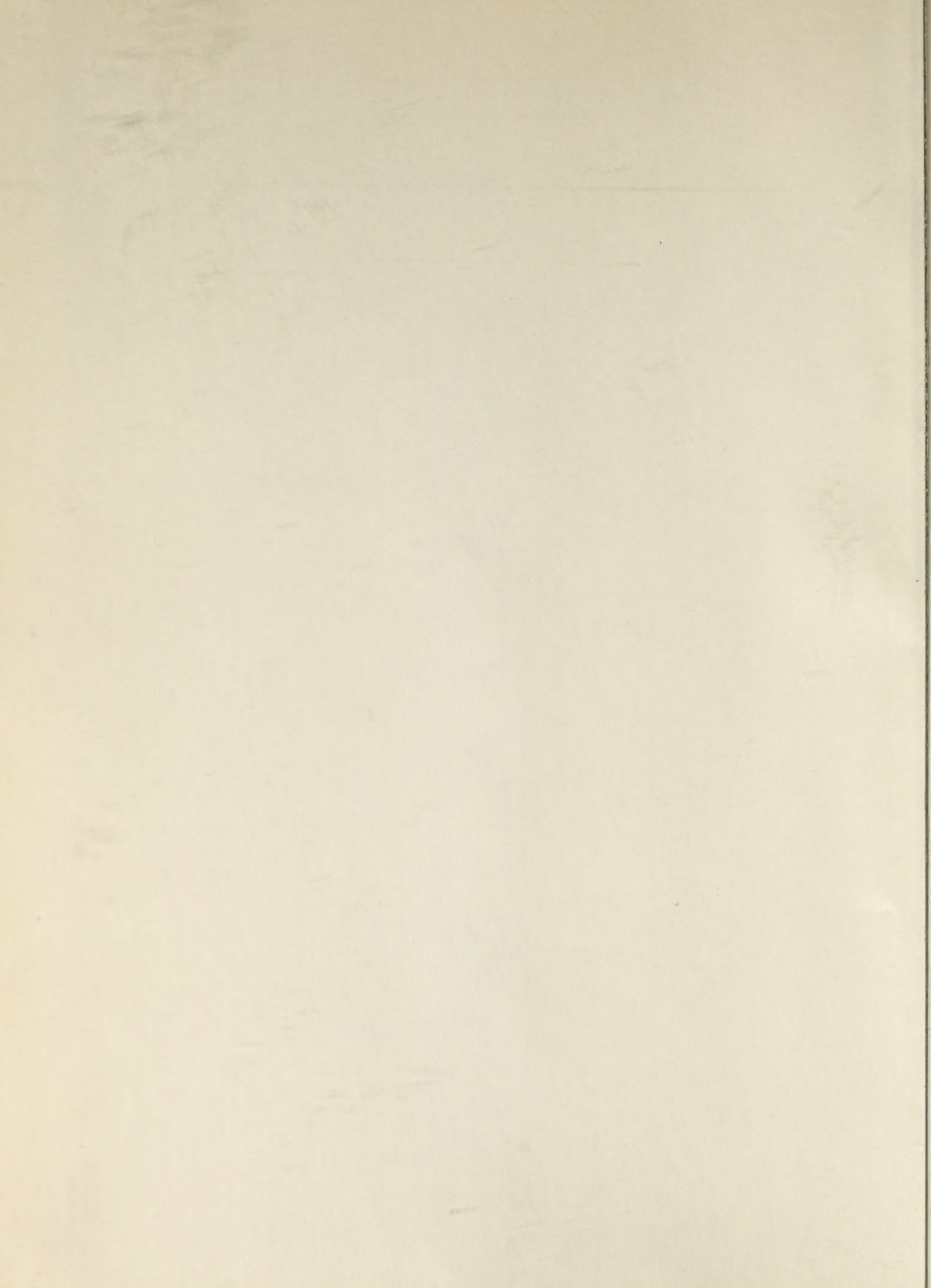
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History of
The First Wisconsin Battery
Light Artillery

By
Dan Webster and Don C. Cameron



1907

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PREFACE

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PREFACE.

To all comrades who, prompted by patriotism, donned the blue and went to the front in defense of our flag when assailed by treason in the days of 1861 to 1865, this book is dedicated.

To them in the closing days of the battle of life may its pages be a reminder of the cheerful spirit with which they endured dust, sweat, mud, heat, rain, cold and mishaps; recalling the bravery with which they faced danger and death from disease, exposure and the enemy's fire while they were making history.

To the sons and daughters of our comrades may it be an incentive to patriotism, making them emulous of lofty deeds and true Americanism. May their bosoms swell with pride when they open the volume and recall that their fathers were of these.

Many comrades have written sketches of incidents, and Comrades Tom Bones, Charlie Leith and Wm. J. Martin have largely helped in the final work.

Story of the First Wisconsin Battery, Light Artillery.

CHAPTER I.

"Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo; a Nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum;—
Saying, 'Come, Freemen, come! Ere your heritage be wasted,'
Said the quick alarming drum."

LE. Webb, a brother of Walter W. Webb, who was cashier of the La Crosse County Bank, and a few others had obtained a promise from the Governor of the State, A. W. Randall, that if we would form a military company he would send a cannon. So Jacob T. Foster took hold of the matter and organized the La Crosse Artillery, and it was composed of such men as the Hon. Angus Cameron, Mons Anderson, Hugh Cameron, Alex. Cameron, who was elected a Lieutenant, A. W. Bishop, W. W. Webb, Isaac Usher, and many other prominent men, who never drilled but helped to pay for the fun we had, and during the Fall of 1860 we let the "cannon boom" much of the time previous to the Fall election, some of the time for Republicans and perhaps twice for the Democrats. In the Winter of '60-'61 we recruited in numbers until there were about 80 members on the rolls.

During the Winter we became quite popular and had military parties and dances, much increasing our popularity and honorary membership. About this time Dan Webster joined us and drilled regularly, and while he was not enrolled he was as much considered a member as any one whose name did appear on the rolls. The situation of the country became interesting, and the question was mooted if a war was to come who would and who would not go. All but a few had too numerous excuses to think of their going, and at a meeting of the company when volunteers were called for only 10 of the original 80 came forward, but all present who could not go agreed to furnish two members in their place. Ere long they had their chance, for when the first gun was fired we had a meeting of the Battery and unanimously tendered our services to the country.

Old General Scott (known otherwise as Fuss and Feathers) said he wanted no volunteer artillery, as it took too long to become artillerists; but the Governor kept our tender of service in mind, and when Bull Run battle was fought we were ac-

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

BY
J. B. HARRIS

The history of the city of Boston is a subject of great interest and importance. It is a city of many centuries, and its history is a record of the growth and development of one of the most important cities in the world. The city has been the seat of many great events, and its history is a record of the progress of the human race. The city has been the home of many great men, and its history is a record of the achievements of the human mind. The city has been the center of many great movements, and its history is a record of the struggles of the human spirit. The city has been the birthplace of many great ideas, and its history is a record of the progress of the human race.

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cepted, and a telegram was received by Captain Foster and read as follows: "Your Battery is accepted; recruit to 150 men; take old artillerists as far as possible."

A telegraph operator came to Captain Foster with the dispatch and said, "Here is something that will knock the banking business out of you," and it did.

On the night of the 21st of August a meeting was held at the Armory on Front street to decide what the company should do. There was quite a full attendance, but not much of a rush for the table where the enlistment roll, with pen and ink by its side, was outspread awaiting signatures. The appearance of the assemblage was much like that of a flock of domestic chickens when some object has been suddenly thrown in their midst. All are shy at first; finally one more bold than the rest will approach gradually nearer, until assured that there is no danger, when all will crowd around to investigate. So it was with the artillery company this night. Captain Foster was the only one of the officers that felt sure of his position. The Lieutenants hesitated about enlisting unless assured of their commissions, and held back, while the privates waited for the lead of their officers.

After waiting until it looked as if the matter of organizing for the war would go by default, Dan Webster remarked: "I've enlisted to go to the war in this company, and am going if I go at the tail end of it; if I cannot go in the cabin I will go on deck, but go I will if the company goes." Others followed until considerable enthusiasm was aroused. It was decided to open a recruiting station at the Armory, which was done on the following morning. Dan Webster was appointed by Captain Foster as the First Sergeant, to take charge of the same.

On the 27th of August there were 57 names enrolled; on the 30th, 81; and on September 10th, 164. This number was subsequently increased to 173, but as only 150 men could be mustered no more would be enrolled. Some of these were rejected at muster and a few "backed out," but as a rule all were "good stayers."

Most of the recruits were, or had some time been, lumbermen and worked in the pine woods, and had been raftsmen on the Mississippi and its tributaries, consequently took more readily to camp life and could adapt themselves to camp fare more easily than many other companies. As a result the La Crosse Artillery had less sickness than usual among new recruits in camp.

While the Battery was recruiting a Lieutenant Oates from St. Louis and a Captain Baker were in La Crosse recruiting for the sharpshooting service, but met with ill success until the full quota of the Battery was secured.

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Men came from La Crosse, Vernon, Monroe, Jackson and Trempealeau Counties, Wisconsin, and from Minnesota, and would not be refused. In fact, the percentage of Minnesota men was so large that the Battery might have been called a Minnesota Battery had it been recruited on the opposite side of the river.

One man from Vernon County was accompanied by his wife, who said she came to see him sign his name to the enlistment roll, as he was determined to go. As he laid down the pen she took it up and wrote "God bless and protect you, my husband."

While recruiting was going on daily drills were had on the square, or Peter Cameron park, near the Congregational Church, where much was learned in the matter of keeping step to the music of the Union. Officers and men alike were ignorant of tactics, and all studied with the same zealous determination to master the art of war. The park became quite an attractive place—attractive alike to the young ladies and the recruits; to the former, for they could see the soldier boys, and to the latter, for there "the girl" he was to "leave behind" him was sure to be. The military spirit pervaded all, and there were many civilians, and even some ladies, always ready with their criticism.

One day while Lieutenant Cameron was drilling a squad he gave the command "Eyes right." A country school ma'am who was present said to a friend: "What awful grammar that officer used. Did you hear him say I's right, instead of I am right?"

One day a secession sympathizer by name of Ridgley came to town and hurrahed for secession and Jeff Davis. The Battery boys, hearing of this, promptly arrested him, obliged him to subscribe to the oath of allegiance, to hurrah for the Union and carry the Stars and Stripes through the principal business streets of La Crosse to the tune of Hail Columbia. There was no more talking treason while the Battery remained in the city.

One of the recruits named O'Neill was stabbed in a saloon near the Armory, and one Sunday morning a squad of the boys who had been calling upon their wounded comrade marched into the open saloon. (All saloons were open on Sunday in those days.) A moment thereafter a beer keg came crashing through the large front window, followed by another and another. Ferguson and Carl Cameron went over and stepping in found Rathbun tearing loose the counter, bottles, glasses, etc., flying with every wrench. He finally landed it down the back stairs. Another was investigating the "inwards" of a large clock with his boot heel, while Nodley was reaching out with his left duke for the three denizens of the saloon. Every time he reached a fellow went down. Officers Foster, Cameron and Anderson arriv-

THE HISTORY OF THE

First, the history of the first part of the world, from the beginning of the world to the present time, is divided into three parts, the first of which is the history of the world from the beginning of the world to the present time, the second of which is the history of the world from the present time to the future, and the third of which is the history of the world from the future to the present time.

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The fifth part of the world, from the future to the present time, is divided into three parts, the first of which is the history of the world from the future to the present time, the second of which is the history of the world from the present time to the future, and the third of which is the history of the world from the future to the present time.

ing on the scene saved the shelving, wainscoting and the paper on the wall.

Fifty white blankets were issued at La Crosse, and we believe 50 gray woolen shirts, the first of the kind many of us ever donned. One night soon after we got these blankets, just as we were rolling into them on the soft pine floor of the Armory, music up near the La Crosse River bridge attracted our attention. Out we turned to listen, draped in our blankets—and shirts—a la Winnebago, and Bradfield, Burke, Green, Cameron, if not others, stalked up toward the bridge and afterwards strolled around a few blocks. Scarcely would a like squad, thus clad, be allowed to now stroll around La Crosse at 8:30 of an August evening.

After the Battery was recruited to its maximum Captain Foster announced that the company would hold an election for the selection of its officers. Accordingly a meeting was held in Barron's Hall one evening when the Captain announced that the commissions would be issued by the Governor named by him, Foster, in his letter asking permission to recruit a six gun battery, but he preferred to have the company sanction the selection, therefore he would let them make the selection for themselves.

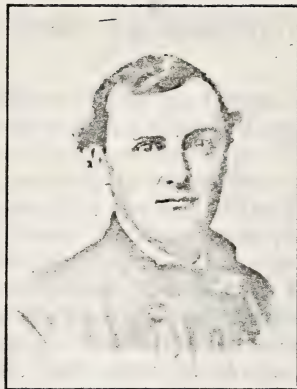
J. T. Foster was elected Captain. Alexander Cameron Senior First Lieutenant, A. W. Bishop Junior First Lieutenant, and J. D. Anderson Senior Second Lieutenant. The first struggle came with the election of Junior Second Lieutenant. The name of Isaac L. Usher had been sent to the Governor for that position, but for some reason he refused to go with the battery.

The officers so far elected were the ones that had been recommended by Captain Foster, and he now nominated Charles B. Kimball for the office, but the boys had gotten the idea into their heads that Acting Orderly Sergeant Dan Webster was entitled to the commission and he was accordingly elected and passed through the successive grades, being mustered out as Captain of the Battery in July, 1865, in Milwaukee, Wis. C. B. Kimball was elected First or Orderly Sergeant and L. A. Paddock Quartermaster-Sergeant, defeating Winfield Scott, who had been nominated by Captain Foster. Scott had displayed some very arbitrary methods in dealing out supplies while acting in that capacity.

Scott was the only man in the battery that had ever had any experience as a soldier, having accompanied General A. Sidney Johnston in the expedition to Utah but a short time before the breaking out of the rebellion. He served faithfully in the ranks for three years, while Paddock deserted on the retreat from Cumberland Gap in 1862.

Captain Foster now suggested that as it would take nearly all night to elect the six Duty Sergeants and the 12 Cor-





DON C. CAMERON.



porals that he name eighteen good men for those positions and thus simplify matters; but the boys insisted upon going through the bill in detail, which was accordingly done. The Sergeants selected were Myron D. Hill, Oscar F. Nutting, E. E. Stewart, W. J. Summerfield and Samuel Hoyt. Myron Hill's name was the first on the original battery roll, now in the Adjutant-General's Office in Madison.

The ladies of La Crosse, under the direction of Mrs. N. R. Smith and Mrs. A. T. Clinton, procured and presented to the Battery a beautiful silk flag, bearing the following inscription:

Presented to
Captain Foster's Battery
By the Ladies of La Crosse,
September 19th, 1861.

The presentation speech was made by Dr. D. D. Cameron, and was as follows:

"Officers and Soldiers of the La Crosse Battery: In behalf of the ladies of the city of La Crosse I appear here today for the purpose of presenting you this flag. The flag is not given by those who have prepared it by reason of its intrinsic value, but it is given because it is the flag of the Revolution; it is the flag around which cluster the holy memories of the time 'that tried men's souls'; it is the flag of Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson; the flag of Union, the flag of Freedom. This emblem, gentlemen, has carried joy and comfort to the wandering American in all foreign climes, in the silence of all the seas. Nearly one hundred years ago the Angel of Freedom, after searching in vain for a resting place in the old world, beyond the great waters, winged her flight toward the setting sun, planted the Stars and Stripes upon this, the Western Continent, and the Republic of the United States of America was one of the Nations of the earth. This old flag has recently been insulted, torn down and trampled under foot; the Government has been defied; its property has been stolen; men and women have been mobbed and murdered, not by the hired minions of foreign despots, but by citizens of our own country who, like the rebel angels, would rather rule in hell than serve in heaven. For the purpose of putting down this unrighteous rebellion you, gentlemen, have girded on your armor; you have forsaken father, mother, sister, children and friends; you sacrifice all other feelings to the one feeling of love of country. You say by your act here today 'I will bid good-by to all these, and if need be I will do more. I will offer up the last drop of my blood a willing libation upon the altar of my country's freedom:' you say by your act here today that you are resolved to do all that true men can do in order that

"The Star Spangled Banner forever shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"These things being so, it is no matter of wonderment to me that the ladies of La Crosse should prepare and present you this splendid banner.

"Should the women of the land, in this hour of our country's peril, stand calmly by, gazing upon the battle with cold indifference, then might we despair of the Republic. But, no, gentlemen, the ladies not only of this city, but of the entire country accord to you, and such as you, all honor and glory and perpetual memory for going forth to battle, that the glorious old flag of the Stars and Stripes may again wave in triumph from the frozen north to the sunny south, and from the rocky east to the golden west. The gallant La Crosse Light Guard and their brave commander, Captain Colwell, have already been on the blood-stained field. You follow quickly.

"If you perish in the strife, be assured the ladies of the land will not permit your honored names to be forgotten, and in the future days of triumph and of rest, when the sword and the trumpet shall hang in the hall, and there shall be no more for soldiers to do in the field, those of you who return may expect the rewards a ransomed and grateful people will be eager to bestow. Captain Foster, again I say in behalf of the ladies of the city of La Crosse, I present you, your officers and soldiers this flag. Accept it in their name, accept it as an unostentatious token of the respect they entertain for your characters, and as an expression on their part of an earnest wish that the cause in which you have embarked may speedily be triumphant. I need not entreat you, Captain, officers and soldiers, in the name and for the sake of the ladies who present it, see to it that the fair face of that bright banner may never be tarnished. I need not ask you by the holy memories of the women of the Revolution to see to it that the honor of that flag may never be compromised. May those of you who return be enabled to point to it with proud triumph:

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

To which Captain Foster replied as he received the flag from the hands of Dr. Cameron:

"Ladies of La Crosse: In the reception of this banner allow me as the representative of this Battery to tender our sincere

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and that its history is a history of growth and development. The second is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and that its history is a history of the struggle for a common identity. The third is the fact that the United States is a nation of free men, and that its history is a history of the struggle for freedom and justice. The fourth is the fact that the United States is a nation of opportunity, and that its history is a history of the struggle for a better life for all its people. The fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of progress, and that its history is a history of the struggle for a more perfect union.

The sixth is the fact that the United States is a nation of peace, and that its history is a history of the struggle for peace and harmony. The seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of justice, and that its history is a history of the struggle for justice and equality. The eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of love, and that its history is a history of the struggle for love and compassion. The ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of hope, and that its history is a history of the struggle for hope and optimism. The tenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of faith, and that its history is a history of the struggle for faith and belief.

thanks and heartfelt gratitude. We receive it with the most tender emotions, with fear, yet firmness; taking in our hands that which to obtain our forefathers fought, bled and perished, yet while we press it to our bosoms and look to Almighty God for its protection in our hands, we ask of you, ladies of La Crosse, to invoke the blessings of Him who rules the arms of war and destinies of nations. One year since all was peace in our land, our country the favored of the world, the home of the homeless, the promised land. But, oh, how altered! How sadly changed! The pure folds of our flag have been trampled in the dust by those who ought in supplication to have bowed beneath it, and torn in shreds by those who should in ecstasy have folded it around their hearts. We now go forth to its protection, leaving all that is dear to us on earth; firmly resolving that this banner shall come back to you unsullied, though it take the last drop of blood of the La Crosse Battery. Guidon, receive it. Remember your blood, mine, and the blood of us all must bathe it ere it falls into the hands of our rebellious foe."

The presentation exercises were held in what is now known as the Fourth Ward Park of the city, and speeches were made by Hon. George Gale, then judge of that circuit; B. F. Montgomery, a prominent attorney; Charles Seymour, the editor of the Republican, and others, among whom was Private Winfield Scott, who was ready to wrap its folds about him and die for his country. Lieutenant Webster being called upon simply said: "Some thirty years ago a man by the name of Webster talked at the birth of secession. The time for talk has passed and the time for action has come, and I propose to follow this flag as it leads to the death and funeral of disunion."

In the month of June, 1888, 27 years after the above event, at a reunion of the survivors of the Battery held at La Crosse, the old flag was again placed in the hands of the ladies who had been instrumental in procuring it for the company.

Upon this occasion Thomas A. Bones of the Battery thus addressed the ladies:

"Ladies of La Crosse: On the 19th day of September, 1861, you presented this flag to the La Crosse Battery and through your representative charged us to guard and protect it with the ardor of patriots and soldiers, not with the words but with the sentiment of the charge of the Spartan mother to her son, 'Return with your shield or on your shield.' The patriotism of the boys of the 1st Wis. Battery was grand; the presentation of this flag made it sublime. We went forth with a full realization that we might meet death, sickness, disaster and hardship, but disgrace never. After 27 years we return, not all of us,—many who stood in the ranks on that occasion sleep the



sleep of the brave, many are scattered through the land, and we who appear before you are old men worn and scarred, but loyal and true as on the day we received this flag at your hands, and with the will if not the physical ability to defend it as well as when we received it. We trust that you are satisfied with the manner in which we have redeemed our pledge. The old flag is not so handsome as when we received it, but it is just as precious. We are not so handsome, but we know more, and as for yourselves, like our mothers, you are always handsome. We return the flag with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain, with cheers for the living and tears for the dead—both men and women—for the brave did not all fall in battle, nor did all the victims wear the uniform, but a broken heart caused the death of many just as loyal as ever died that the Nation might live.”

As the flag was placed in the hands of those patriotic ladies who had 27 years before presented it to the Battery, one could but notice how lovingly they touched its sacred folds, particularly Miss Nannie Colwell, whose father went to the front as Captain of the La Crosse Light Guards and was killed at the battle of South Mountain, who caressed its tattered and worn body with loving hands, drawing its faded stripes so tenderly about her while her thoughts were on the blood-stained field on which her father had offered up his life in defense of his country and flag. Was it the “mist of time” that was around those veterans there assembled that dimmed their eyes as they watched this young girl fondling their old battle flag so tenderly?

In the latter part of September the Battery was ordered to Artillery Camp of Instruction at Racine. Upon the evening of departure wives, sisters, sweethearts and friends, from Wisconsin and Minnesota, gathered in Barron's Hall with the Battery and the fires of patriotism were lighted by short speeches and farewell good wishes spoken, after which we were accompanied to the depot by a large delegation of citizens. Our one gun was placed upon a flat car, and secured so it could be used in firing salutes, which was done at all the principal towns through which we passed en route to said camp. At Milwaukee we found no civic or military organization or no representatives of the municipality to welcome us or tender to us the freedom of the city. This neglect we were told was owing to the fact that a telegram had been received at Milwaukee saying that the Battery had, at the last moment, rebelled and would not leave La Crosse. However, we soon formed in column of platoons and took up our line of march from the La Crosse to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul depot, a distance of about one and a half miles, independently

The first of these is the fact that the county of Kent was one of the most important and fertile in the kingdom. It was the only county in which the king's manor was not a single estate, but a collection of many small ones. This was due to the fact that the king's manor was divided into many small estates, each of which was held by a different lord. This was a great advantage to the king, as it allowed him to collect a large amount of revenue from the county. It was also a great advantage to the lords, as it allowed them to collect a large amount of revenue from the county. This was a great advantage to the king, as it allowed him to collect a large amount of revenue from the county. It was also a great advantage to the lords, as it allowed them to collect a large amount of revenue from the county.

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and alone, in the doing of which it was, at that time, said the Battery made the best appearance, did better marching and gave evidence of better discipline than any organization which had appeared on the streets of the city. No halt was made in Milwaukee, only to change cars, when we were off for Racine, arriving there in the evening, in a rain storm. At first we were quartered in a hall on the second floor, but within a day or two were sent to Camp Utley to begin camp life in earnest. In the company were a number of men over six feet in height, and the tall men were all grouped together and given the right of the company. As we entered the gates of the fair grounds, where the camp was established, a bystander said: "A lot of picked men, Lieutenant?" "Yes," replied Lieutenant Webster; "picked 'em up in 13 days."

We found six batteries in Camp Utley, viz: the 2d, Captain Herzberg; 3d, Captain L. H. Drury; 4th, Captain Vallee; 5th, Captain Pinney; 6th, Capt. Dillon; 7th, Captain Griffith. Camp Utley was located on a level plateau of ground some 40 rods from the lake shore, and about a mile south from the business center of Racine. It was a splendid location for a camp of instruction, affording capital drill and company parade grounds.

The State furnished tents for our shelter, and a large mess house where the soldiers were fed at the expense of the State. The mess house, or dining hall, was a temporary structure, built of rough lumber, and served as a shelter from the sun, rain and wind, when the first was not too hot, the second too copious or the last too furious. It beat eating in the open air, in November, however. The furniture was of the rudest kind; the long tables being made of rough boards flanked on either side with long benches. The table ware was in accord with the building and table; plates, cups and spoons of tin, with knives and forks of the cheapest variety. They answered our purpose splendidly, and we doubt if a man of the whole lot who ate with them did not see the time before he received his discharge that he would have considered himself fortunate to have possessed as good. The fare was plain, plentiful and palatable, and was satisfactory as any could have been. There were those, however, who complained of the quantity, quality and style in which it was served. The 1st Battery being composed largely of men who had spent much time in the logging camps of the Wisconsin and Minnesota pineries, took to camp life readily, and adapted themselves to their surroundings and the conditions existing in camp. There were no murmurings or complaints, but they at once proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible. While many of the other companies would indulge in boisterous conduct at table, such as loud and rough talking, throwing potatoes, meat and bread from table to table.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOSEPH NEALE
OF THE BOSTON BAR
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II.
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1845.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOSEPH NEALE
OF THE BOSTON BAR
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II.
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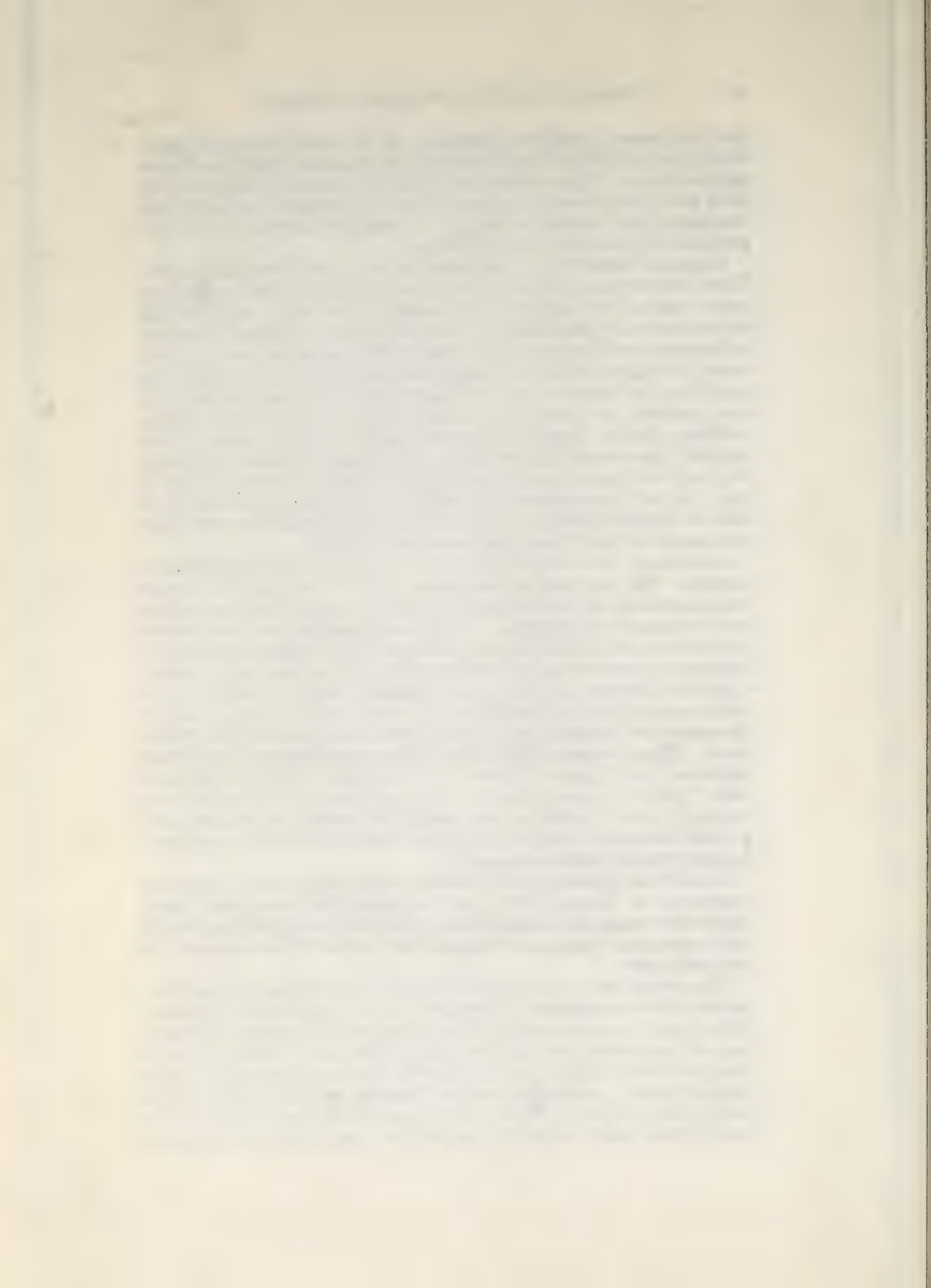
the La Crosse Artillery Company, as it was then called, uniformly behaved itself and brought approbation upon its officers and members. This conduct gave the company a good standing with the Commissary, Captain Clough, who superintended the feeding of the troops in camp. It was also known to and appreciated by the citizens of Racine.

Captain Foster was a born drillmaster and never let us rest. There never was such a Fall for camp life and drill. Having once resided in Racine, and being a favorite, and having an extensive acquaintance, he would return to camp on sunny afternoons, call out the boys and in that winning way of his, when he chose to be winning, ask us to give the people an exhibition of proficiency in maneuvering. Of course we did our prettiest and one such exercise was worth a round dozen ordinary drills. Result. We never met a battery, volunteer or regular, that could drill with us, and if any were more efficient, we, nor our immediate Commanding Generals, never found it out. A very large share of credit for our superb efficiency is due to Captain Foster. But how we did grumble at the continuous drill, drill from La Crosse to the Gulf.

As soon as we were settled in our quarters drilling began in earnest. The one piece of ordnance taken by us from La Crosse was constantly in use by gun squad after squad for instruction in the manual of the piece. At the same time others were learning battery foot drill. To aid in learning and demonstrating the battery maneuver as it is done with the caisson and horses, Captatin Foster, at his own expense, hired a carpenter to make several sets of small, rude carts, which were used by the men who "played horse" and drew them about in the evolutions. These were ridiculed by officers and men of the other batteries, but Captain Foster and his men kept at work, not only "playing horse," but in the language of a later phrase, "sawing wood," until a knowledge of battery evolution was gained therefrom that was of great benefit when the company was afterward fully equipped.

Col. Fritz Aneke, an ex-Prussian army officer, was placed in command of Camp Utley, and a guard line was established about the camp, and guard house, that necessary adjunct to all well regulated camps, established just to the left and inside the entrance gate.

The guard was made up from details from the several batteries and was regularly "mounted" as the regulations required. This guard was put around the camp for the purpose of keeping out intruders and to keep the soldiers in. However practical and successful it proved for the former purpose, it was a simple theory as applied to the restraint of the liberty of the individual soldier. There were men in the 1st Battery who would absolutely refuse to go out of camp through the gate



when the guard at that post was instructed to pass everybody, but would wait until strict orders were given to pass no one, out or in, without the countersign, and then run the guard. I believe that Phil Welch would remain outside of camp until he was nearly starved and frozen, if necessary, to wait that longed-for order to be given to admit no one, that he might slip by the sentinel.

While "running the guard" is a violation of orders and subjects the violator to punishment when caught, it has its merits. There has undoubtedly many a man been fitted by this practice for running by and evading the enemy's pickets and camp guards.

There were, of course, many amusing incidents occurring in camp; some through ignorance, some through a superabundance of zeal for the cause of the Union, and others through vanity. An instance of the first was that of a German belonging to Herzberg's Battery, who for some breach of discipline was put upon extra police duty, which he refused to perform. As a result he was put in the guard house, loudly protesting that he would resign and go home and take care of his family. It took some time to convince him that he was "in it" for three years, and that the only resigning he could do was to be resigned to his fate, obey orders and ask no questions.

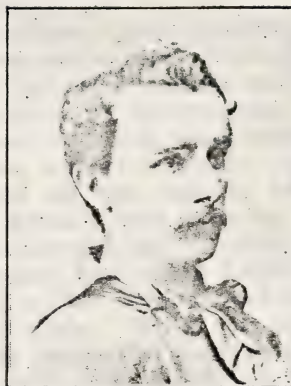
Of the second class the following will serve as a good illustration. One Sunday a minister from the city held service in camp, and in conclusion he was advising the soldiers to waste no powder upon the rebels, but to make every cartridge tell upon their ranks, and appealing to them to never let the flag of our country be trailed in the dust, when the patriotism of one man in the congregation became so aroused that he jumped to his feet, pulled off his hat, and proposed: "Three cheers for the Union, by g—d!" The effect was indescribable. Another instance was wherein our own Billy McKeith was a prominent actor. Although Camp Utley was an artillery camp we had brought with us from La Crosse short "musketoons" terminating in an unusually lengthy bayonet, and these were used in the performance of guard duty. One cold, stormy night Billy was on duty on the back or rear guard line, running parallel to and along a fence. Col. Aneka had been out to spend an evening, and thought to take a short cut to camp, and was in the act of climbing the fence on Billy's beat. He had no sooner mounted said fence than Billy came to a charge and commanded "Halt: who comes there?" "The Colonel commanding this post," replied the Colonel. "I command this post," said Billy. "Advance and give the countersign." Now it happened that the Colonel had left camp before that cabalistic key to the camp was issued, and consequently was not in possession of the same. When the Colonel found he could not get in he com-

menced climbing down off the fence on the "off side" to go around, when Billy brought his gun to a "drop" on him, and made him stay on that roost until the Corporal of the Guard, who happened to be Sam McPhail, came and took him in. The Colonel was "hot" if it was a cold night, while Billy chuckled until he was fat over it.

Camp Utley was a resort on pleasant days for the people of Racine, who came there to see the soldiers drill and lend them the aid of their countenance. The 1st Battery attracted its full share of attention whether on drill, in camp or on parade on the streets of the city. Upon one occasion—it was the first parade given on the streets after officers had received their new uniforms, sashes, swords and shoulder straps. The writer himself well remembers the pride he felt when he donned his "new harness." Of course the occasion called for a march through town, for Captain Foster was not averse to "showing off" whenever an impression could be made. We were marching along one of Racine's most aristocratic streets and every man doing his best, for the walks were filled with the belles of that fair city. The uniform fitted nicely and although there was no bar on Lieutenant Webster's shoulder he was as proud of the open field of scarlet that nestled there as though it had been filled with bars. As we neared the walk in some of our maneuvers and were close to a large crowd of very attractive ladies a simple-minded fellow who had followed the Battery from La Crosse, whose name is forgotten, pushed his way through the crowd and coming up to the Lieutenant, seized his coat skirt and said in tones that could be heard two blocks away: "Lieutenant, you look like h—l in those clothes." What a fall was there, my countrymen! But the Lieutenant tumbled to it, for it is said "children and fools tell the truth." When the nights became frosty, small, round, upright sheetiron stoves were put in our tents, and by reasonable enterprise, after the honest granger had retired to his couch, the boys could supplement the regular fare by poultry stews, apples and other farm products. Twelve miles up the Lake, at Kenosha, was camped a cavalry regiment, and soon came a protest from the boys who wore the yellow trimmings that we came more than half way in our search for supplies. Dick Richards, the Armstrongs, Freeman, Ed. Hewitt and Carl Cameron were number one, all round foragers. But their embryotic endeavors were as a marker only, to the later systematic enterprise of Frank Downs and his school. A second or third visit to a barn or roost near Utley found a padlock on the door and a dog inside that barked and growled loudly. To prevent friction we generally went farther.

Our experience was similar to that of other commands spending months in camp of instruction. Practical jokes and idioms





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differed with the several States from which the men were drawn, for we had men born in nearly every State north of the Ohio and one from Virginia, and the practical accomplishments were as varied, ranging from civil and practical engineer to the sailor; from the preacher of the Gospel to the farm boy, and ere the struggle was done each found a field for the demonstration of his skill. Characteristics were developed, and of two a comrade writes:

"Obe could get fuller, walk straighter, and look wiser than any man, under similar circumstances. He, upon occasions, would get into the guard house for trying to dignifiedly walk through the gate without the countersign instead of getting through the guard line in the rear in legitimate way, at that time of night. In that haven of rest he organized a company the designation of which I forget, but the chief qualification of a recruit was his ability to 'eat straw.' One evening just before taps a Lieutenant of the 2d Battery, Officer of the Guard, called at Cameron's tent and told him a man in the guard house wished to see him. Accompanying him there he ordered Cameron's ingress and egress. Divining who it was and what he wanted, and having a canteen half full of 'commissary,' Cameron slung it under his overcoat. It was Obe, and he began in a business way to ask about some hypothetical commission to a gentleman, and wrote a note—or pretended to write—while Carl slipped off the canteen, took the hieroglyphics and left. The mystery next morning was how Obe could be fuller than when arrested and searched.

"One time on provost guard, Lieutenant Anderson commanding, we 'pulled' Obe and a little German and marched 'em to the jail for keeping over night. While the jailor was being roused and unlocking the ponderous door the little German, who was quite chipper—as Eph would say—kept up a fire of witticisms until, just as the door was to be swung open, Obe, dignifiedly remonstrated, closing with 'Don't. This is one of the most solemn moments of my life.'

"The first afternoon of our arrival in Racine we located grapes, the vine of which overran an arbor reaching from near the front door towards the gate of a certain house. At eventide Summy patrolled as guard while Cameron played the Caleb and Joshua act in the Promised Land. (Boys, read up the Book of Exodus and see if we've got the fellers right.) While trying to get the bunches between him and the sky, the door opened and a young couple appeared. Dropping under the arbor bench he was an unwilling listener to a lengthy *au revoir* unusually lingering and affectionate, extending from the door to the gate. Cameron realized that in case of discovery 'Charlie' would wish to distinguish himself in the eyes of 'Lizzie' by giving him an exceeding lively five minutes, and Carl

doubted not Summy would confine his interference in the fray to holding the girl while Charlie and he fought it out. The scene closed, Lizzie and Charlie parted, and we got the grapes. But Summy grumblingly remarked that he preferred Charlie's part in the evening program."

Thirty-two years after Camp Utley, Jabez Spaulding writes: "December, 1861, at Racine, I was placed on guard at the back of the camp. The next post was occupied by Powell, I think. About 10 o'clock the Sergeant of the Guard and two others came from the country with a load of chickens, and were without the countersign, so I turned and walked the other way. When I faced about they were in camp. In the meantime Lieutenant Webster, Officer of the Day, saw the whole maneuver and came to me and asked me why I let those men in camp. I told him I had a right to, for he was the Sergeant of the Guard. He said he would teach us our duty, and went away. Then came the Sergeant. I told him to get the countersign from Powell, and he did. He stepped out, came back and gave it to me, then went to camp. Pretty soon came the guards and took us prisoners of war, and marched us to the guard house. The Lieutenant said to me: 'Spaulding, I did not think that of you.' I said I had orders to let anyone in that gave the countersign. Just then the Sergeant came in and I proved by him that we were innocent. We were then discharged and sent to camp. God bless our dear old Lieutenant."

We were clothed in the regulation artillery uniform, save for the Wisconsin State buttons on the jackets, and a few grumbled at those. And who of us can forget the comical appearance of rotund Thrall and tall McPhail when they emerged from Captain Foster's tent dressed as we were to appear for the coming three years. The first intimation the rank and file had that uniforms were in camp. When we were paid some grumbled at the legal tender and wished for gold, but most of us admired the new, crisp bills, little thinking that in the near future our \$13 a month would represent less than \$6 in cash, and most of us can't see why the Government should not, even at this late day, make up the difference to us now. Well, we weren't out for cash, nor bounty, nor pensions. Many of the boys were impatient at the delay of the forward movement which should bring us face to face with the enemy. Some of them feared the war would be over before they should be permitted the privilege of seeing, to say nothing of killing, a rebel. In the light of after experiences, how very simple and unsophisticated a remembrance of those fears make us appear to have been. Adjutant-General W. L. Utley, on being told of the anxiety of the men to go to the front, said: "I cannot understand why men should be so anxious to rush into such dan-

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gers; it is past my comprehension." He seems to have come to a full comprehension of the matter afterward, for he did valiant service at the head of one of Wisconsin's many fighting regiments. But it is a racial fact that no Anglo-Saxon, no descendant of his in America, ever went contented to his grave unless he had had a fight. And deep down in every woman's heart is something that backs him up in it. Perhaps it is that old Viking spirit which sleeps, like some ferocious animal, somewhere in every American breast, which in the old Norwegian day pulled an oar all the long way to Paris for the mere pleasure of a fight.

On October 9 we were marched to a hall in the city and were medically examined by a Surgeon and all but one or two were passed. One or two did not attend, knowing they lacked the physical stamina for a soldier's life after their short experience in camp of instruction.

In a former chapter we noted a remark about our "picked men." Two days before muster-in we were measured and weighed and the result was an average of 169 and a fraction pounds. Vaughan was the tallest, six feet four and a half inches; Charlie Harrington the lightest, 126 pounds. The tall ones on the right and graded to "ponies" on the left.

On the 11th day of October, 1861, Captain Trowbridge appeared at Camp Utley and mustered the Battery into the service of the United States. Heretofore we had been subject only to the orders of our State officials; thereafter, for the term of our service, we were soldiers of the Nation.

The company being formed the following persons answered to their names and took the oath of allegiance, which oath, with but two exceptions, was religiously observed unto the end. It will be observed that Lieutenant Bishop did not appear for muster, the reason for which will be the subject of another chapter.



CHAPTER III.

"We have come from the valleys of the young Badger State,
Where the prairies are so grand, magnificent and great,
To perfect ourselves in drill, for awhile we may be seen
In our daily rounds of duty in Camp Utley at Racine."

NO command ever presented a finer appearing set of officers than those of the old Battery; this being a frequent remark from boys of the batteries associated with us at Camp Utley. Bishop especially loomed up martial and grand. All had voices fit to command and no one ever heard a more sonorous voice than Captain Foster's. Our first break came with the arrival of the commissions. Bishop had been elected Junior First Lieutenant, and his commission coming as Senior Second Lieutenant he resigned, and was commissioned Captain in the 2d Wisconsin Cavalry. Before the heated argument with our contumacious brothers in the Southland was finished he exchanged the knightly bars for the lordly leaves, and those for the royal eagles. Many tears were shed at this first parting, for he was greatly beloved by the rank and file and the injustice done him nearly created a mutiny. Our regret and indignation were expressed at his being overslaughed. No one seemed to know how the mistake was made, but as Captain Foster was at the State Capitol when the commissions were issued it was then supposed he was the cause of it.

Captain Foster may have had his faults—and who is free from them—but he was ever loyal to his country and the Battery. There was nothing he could procure too good to share with it. He was ever watchful of its interests and that of its members, individually and collectively. It was the "apple of his eye," the pride of his heart. To him belongs the credit of its early efficiency and popularity with brigade, division and corps commanders. So evidently was this the case that the feelings engendered by the Bishop episode were soon forgotten or overlooked, and every man of the Battery felt, and rightly too, that he had a true friend in Captain Jacob T. Foster.

The resignation of Bishop promoted Charlie Kimball, who was First, or Orderly, Sergeant, to the Junior Lieutenantcy, and O. F. Nutting became Orderly Sergeant. Kimball afterwards married the daughter of our Commissary, Colonel Clough. Others of the boys, during the war, slipped home, and finding men in great demand amongst the preponderance of women, and, mayhap, the blue coat at a premium, made assurance sure and enhanced the joys of furlough by recruiting "Rachel" then and there. A majority of the boys had sweethearts back in "God's country," between whom frequent and lengthy letters

passed; some secured sweethearts en route, but a forlorn minority were perforce content to correspond with mother or sister in lieu of some other fellow's sister. Some never returned to marry their sweethearts, their bones now lying in the land they redeemed. Some returned to marry the girl they left behind them, and in one case at least returned to marry the other fellow's girl. Carl Cameron surrendered to Mrs. Foster's sister.

About the 23d of October it was rumored that we were soon to leave for the South via Louisville. As that was before the "grapevine telegraph" was brought into use, we never learned where the rumor came from, but it was believed with more or less of mental reservations. Drilling, however, like Tennyson's "Brook," went "on forever." The "little wagons" were kept busy until, one Sunday, while the officers were out of camp, the boys improvised a drill of their own, under command of the most efficient privates. After executing all the evolutions laid down in the tactics, and others that were never "photographed," or witnessed before nor since, and feeling that they knew all of the drill there was to learn, and that the wagons had outlived their usefulness, they were taken in front of the Captain's tent and there stacked never to be again used in battery maneuvers. However true it was that their usefulness as aids to drill had passed, they were found very useful as kindling for camp fires.

While that Sunday drill extinguished the "little wagons" it discovered some of the material out of which some of the most efficient non-commissioned officers were afterwards made. Notably was this the case with Billy McKeith. But speaking of him reminds us of an incident that occurred when recruiting. The writer of this had his eye on Billy from the first, and while looking for recruits visited the McKeith homestead. Billy came to the gate as we drove up and greeted us in his cordial, cheery manner. When told that he was wanted for the Battery and that Eph. Hackett had enlisted in it he said he'd go. His father, who was then nearing his three-score years and ten, and who had followed him to the gate, said: "No, you don't want to go." Billy turned to him and replied: "Now, don't you say one word; for if you were young as I am you'd go too, and I know it." "I guess you are right," said the old man, and retraced his steps to the house.

There were to be made some appointments of Corporals to complete the quota, and Captain Foster had selected all but one. Lieutenant Webster's advice was asked, and as he had observed Billy bossing a squad with the aforesaid wheels, and saw that he had the requisite snap, he suggested his name. "The very man; I don't see why I had not thought of him before," said the Captain. Billy was called into the Captain's



tent. When inside the Captain addressed him as if he had been guilty of some offense, and told him his conduct had been such that he could not allow it to pass unnoticed; that it might be unpleasant, but the good of the service and the discipline of the Battery required him to act and at once, and then asked Billy what he had to say. Billy didn't know what he had done, but supposed he'd have to stand it. Then the Captain said, "In consideration of the enormity of the offense I sentence you to act as a Corporal until you shall be promoted."

"Well, Cap," said Billy, scratching his head, "I don't want the posish, but if you want me to have it I will take it and do the best I can with it."

Comrades, we all know what he did, and we all know that no man of the Battery was held in higher esteem than he.

About the 25th of October Captain Foster returned from a trip to Madison and brought the intelligence that the Government had decided not to let the artillery leave the State until it was fully prepared and equipped. This meant that we should receive our guns, horses, etc., and have an opportunity to increase our efficiency in battery maneuvers before we were put into actual service at the front. Of course it was good news to us, particularly as it was understood that the said equipments were to be promptly furnished.

Captain Foster was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment of artillery, while the selection of Majors was held in abeyance. Meantime rumors of movements affecting the Battery were frequent and conflicting. One day we were to be sent forward at once to man some fortifications, while those then serving therein were to be put in the field; the next day we were to be changed to cavalry, infantry or heavy artillery. There was never any reliable source from which these rumors emanated, but they served to relieve the monotony of camp life, and to prepare us for any order that might affect us.

On the 13th of November 12 pieces of ordnance—cannon—were received, but no horses or harness and but a small amount of ammunition. Said guns served a good purpose, however, as they afforded opportunity for drill in the manual of the piece to the other batteries, which they had not heretofore enjoyed, as the only piece in camp was the brass six-pounder which the 1st Battery had brought from La Crosse.

Captain Foster, ever alert in the interest of his company, determined to let no opportunity escape whereby he could improve them in any matter pertaining to the art of war. Here were the guns, but no horses and but little fixed ammunition. Yet he was bound to make the most of the situation.

The Battery must have some target practice. But where, in that thickly settled country, could a sufficient space be found to fire such long range guns? But with true military spirit he



did not let any obstacle prevent the accomplishment of his purposes when the good of the Battery was concerned. He found a place, a few miles from town, where by throwing up a slight embankment a sufficient range could be secured for the practice. There at his own expense teams were hired to haul the guns out and back for the said practice. We did not go out many times, but the lessons learned there were of incalculable benefit when the actual experiences of "grim-visaged war" came upon us.

On the 28th of November we were notified there would be no regimental organization of artillery, but that each battery would be independent; also that two batteries were soon to leave for the front without arms. All was again confusion and surmises, and the "grape vine" was worked for all it was worth. What batteries were to go, and where to? Was it to the Army of the Potomac or to the Army of the Cumberland, or yet into Missouri? While some were indifferent as to the destination, all were satisfied so we went somewhere before the war should end. Most, however, seemed to favor the idea of going to the Potomac and having an opportunity of distinguishing ourselves under the command of the then rising genius of that "Young Napoleon," George B. McClellan. Still, days and weeks passed and no orders came to break camp, with or without equipments. Winter was upon us and little could be done in the matter of outdoor drill, but a non-commissioned officer school was organized for the benefit of those officers. It was in those schools that the foundation was laid for that efficiency which afterward won for the Battery the distinction of being the most self-reliant body of men in the corps to which it was attached.

However justly that reputation may have been won, it was an undeniable fact that there never was a time, from the day the Battery first crossed the Ohio River until it was finally mustered out, but there were men in the ranks or serving as non-commissioned officers who could have maneuvered, fought and managed the Battery in a creditable manner if every commissioned officer had been at once disabled or removed. Aside from the mere matter of perfecting themselves in tactics, these schools had a direct effect in showing them the necessity for strict discipline in military organization, a fact they never afterwards forgot or questioned.

About the 1st of December, owing to the extreme cold weather, the camp guards were taken off, but the men left camp in such numbers and were spending so much of their time in town that it was decided to put the guard on again. At this many men from the other companies objected and assembled at guard mounting in large force, protesting that they would not permit a guard to be put on. Captain Foster, the ranking



officer in camp, ordered the men to disperse, which they at first refused to do, whereupon he ordered Lieutenant Webster of the 1st Wisconsin Battery to man a gun and stand ready to enforce obedience at the cannon's mouth, if necessary. The men soon dispersed and the guard was maintained. The following day the 1st Wisconsin Battery furnished the guard, which went on duty without a murmur. The next day the 3d Battery showed symptoms of not responding to the call, but the assembling of four companies on a double quick had such a mollifying effect upon them that they readily consented. After that there was no further trouble in camp. If the 1st Battery, or any considerable portion of them, had joined the others in their obstructive methods serious complications might have arisen.

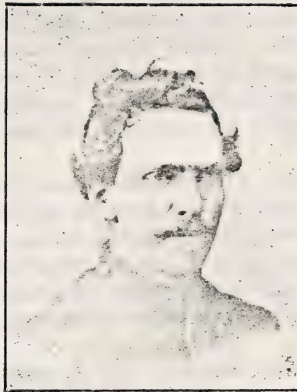
In the meantime rumors concerning the artillery companies were plentiful. Marching orders were fluctuating. One day we were going into Winter quarters at Camp Utley; the next we were to be sent to Prairie du Chien, where barracks were to be provided for us until Spring. Then some fertile brain, who knew less about military movements than he did a few years later, was going to send us to our homes on half pay until the Winter should pass away. It was also rumored that we were to be sent to Indianapolis for the Winter.

About the last of November Adjutant-General Utley visited the camp and brought the information that the 1st and 2d Batteries would be paid off the next week and sent immediately to Baltimore. It did not please Lee Drury, Captain of the 3d Battery, to be left behind, and through the advice of Sam McPhail the order was finally changed to embrace the 1st and 3d Batteries. It being settled that we were to move to the front the absorbing question then was: What would they do with us? We had attained a considerable degree of efficiency in foot drill and the manual of the piece, but none at all in battery maneuver with horses. Were we to be put into active service in the field, or were we to be put to doing garrison duty, while those we should relieve and whom were supposed to be well-drilled should go to the front to cover themselves with glory while we were perfecting ourselves for the slaughter. The weather had become decidedly winterish and no drilling could be performed with any degree of regularity.

Amidst all this excitement, speculation and expectation Thanksgiving Day was observed in the camp, and a turkey dinner was given to the soldiers in Camp Utley. By referring to a letter written by Lieutenant Webster to the Galesville Transcript we find the following mention of said dinner:

"Thanksgiving was celebrated in camp as nearly in the good old New England style as circumstances would permit. The Commissary furnished twelve hundred pounds of turkey, which the ladies of Racine cooked and brought in to us, accompanied





J. F. VEITS.



with somewhere near three hundred and fifty pies, six barrels of doughnuts, six barrels of apples and various other things too numerous to mention. The turkey was necessarily cold, but I've no doubt that many a manly man's heart warmed, beneath a rough exterior, at this remembrance of Thanksgivings past and gone where were gathered around the family board those who were near and dear and whom they might never meet again this side of eternity."

The "next week" came, but with it no Paymaster or marching orders. It was now rumored that it was doubtful if we were ever required to leave the State, as there was already more troops in the field than had been called for by the Government. The situation had become irksome. There was a general opinion to the effect that it was our mission to serve as "home guards" to protect Lake Michigan from the west wind.

It was about this time that Colonel Anneka resigned, and an effort was made to have Captain Foster, who had received the nominal appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel, promoted to Colonel, but Adjutant-General Utley replied that the regimental organization would not be maintained after the batteries left the State.

About the 20th of December it was finally determined by the military authorities that the 1st and 2d Batteries should go to Louisville, Ky., as soon as the funds should arrive for paying them off, and furloughs were issued, extending through the holidays, to all who wished to visit home and friends. The opportunity was pretty generally embraced by the members of the two companies.

Lieutenant Webster visited his parents in northern Ohio for the first time after leaving the paternal roof some seven years before, and while there was called upon by the aged parents of Phil Welch, who was a member of the 1st Battery, and whom they had not seen for several years, to learn what they could concerning him and how he came to enlist. The old people were Irish, and could not understand why Phil should want to go to the war, and his mother seemed to grieve sorely over the matter. This being just at the time when the country was excited over the international dispute with England over the Mason and Slidell affair, it was feared that war with that power might result therefrom. Of course everybody was talking about it, and the matter was mentioned to them. I asked what they would think if war with England should occur? Phil's mother spoke up promptly and energetically, saying that in that event "all of her boys and the old man should go, and if that was not enough she and the girls would go too." Happily that contingency was evaded, and neither the old lady, her husband or girls had to go to the war. At that visit she spoke of another son who was absent somewhere, she did



not know, in fact, if he was alive or dead, but who, in fact, was alive and in the Confederate army, and who deserted at the siege of Vicksburg and came to the Union lines and was sent home. If we remember rightly, he found and met Phil in front of Vicksburg.

About the middle of January, 1862, the long looked and anxiously-hoped-for Paymaster arrived, and we were paid up to the 1st of January. Those who had been away on furlough had been furnished transportation, which was charged to them and deducted from their pay.

It required a little over \$1.800 to settle this bill, while the sutler pocketed about \$500. The Winter was then cold and sleighing good. All that could be done in camp was to perform guard duty and keep warm.

At last, on the 23d of January, we broke camp and marched through snow knee deep to the depot, where, at 2 p. m., we started for "Dixie," which country we were to enter at Louisville, Ky. We were accompanied by Lee Drury and his 3d Battery, while the 2d and 4th Batteries were booked for Baltimore. We arrived in Chicago in the evening, where a good lunch was furnished the men in the Michigan Central Railroad depot, while the officers were taken to the Briggs House and furnished with anything mentioned on the bill of fare. While all this was furnished by the Railway Company it was done by contract and paid for by the State of Wisconsin.

Joe Millegan furnished a team, sleigh and driver, and Dick Richards and Carl Cameron levied on the surrounding roosts one night before leaving the State for poultry enough to supply the command to Louisville.

From the time the Battery arrived in Racine until it struck the sacred soil of Kentucky there was one person connected with it in an anomalous condition, who, next to Captain Foster, was responsible for its good discipline and effectiveness, and that was Sam McPhail.

It will be noticed that his name does not appear upon the muster roll of the Battery, and yet, up to the date of muster into the U. S. service, we all supposed he was "one of us."

He wore the private uniform, did private duty, messed with the men in camp. He had seen service in the Mexican War and knew what military service meant. He was also a lawyer and could also advise as to the legal aspect of matters in general. It is safe to say that no man was more popular with the men than he. In all their sport he took an interest, and when it came to story-telling and singing "The Rat Catcher's Daughter" he was accorded the "whole bakery."

Now, it is safe to say that there were men in the 1st Wisconsin Battery that sympathized with the malcontents on the guard question, but McPhail, in a few words, would convince



them that the best thing they could do would be to obey orders and ask no questions. In this matter, as in the Bishop episode, he exerted a good influence. But what was he there for? It was known to some of us that he received a Government draft as pay for services, while the members of the Battery, as yet, received no pay at all, but no one thought of questioning him about it. But we will let Sam tell his story as he has recently furnished it for these pages.

"How I came to be with the Battery is this: I was mustered into the United States service on May 12, 1861, at St. Louis, Mo., and took charge of Totten's Battery, but in five days was transferred to Cairo, Ills., and set to drilling the 18th Infantry, and in June, 1861, was commissioned Major and assigned to the staff of General McClelland and stationed at Fort Holt, opposite Cairo, on the Kentucky side. In July, 1861, I was ordered north to attend the rendezvous of the different States, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Iowa, to report privately to the Adjutant-General at Washington what troops I considered fit to send to the front. Of course the Governor and Adjutant-General of each State were apprised of my order and kept informed of my doings and of my recommendations in regard to what troops were sufficiently drilled to enter the service. When I went to Racine I chose the 1st Battery, as I had many friends and acquaintances there, and although I drilled and stood guard with the boys none knew what I was or what I was doing. In December, 1861, I reported four Batteries ready for duty, and I recommended that they have ten days' furlough before they were sent to the front, which I think was granted. When the order came to march General Utley came to the camp at Racine and inquired for Major McPhail. He was told by the Captain that there was no such person in camp, but being told at what tent or camp to find one Sam McPhail he came to the tent of Cameron, Davidson and Ward, the Caledonia boys, and simply said to me, 'Take your place at the headquarters.' I did so, and was aware of all the orders concerning the forward movements and made special request that Captain Lee Drury, with the 3d Battery, be sent to Louisville in place of Captain Herzberg, with the 2d, as was first contemplated."

For all that it was known that McPhail held some sort of position above the rank and file of the Battery, it is doubtful if any realized his true rank to be so high as it was. Even Captain Foster was not fully aware of the fact until after we arrived in Louisville and had been assigned to Camp Irvine, some four miles from the central part of the city, when, desiring to report in person to General Buell, he rode into the city for that purpose, accompanied by McPhail as an orderly, and

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on arriving at headquarters had requested an orderly to state to the General that he wished to report the arrival of his Battery, and was referred to the Assistant Adjutant-General, while McPhail, who had sent his name into General Buell, was promptly admitted to a conference with him. The next day Major McPhail left the Battery forever, and was present at the battles of Henry and Fort Donelson, as well as many other important battles of the war. There was ever, and yet is, a warm place in the heart of every man of the first installment of the 1st Wisconsin Battery membership for the genial, generous, jovial, patriotic Sam McPhail, with or without the rank of Major.



CHAPTER IV.

"You are going far away,
Far away from poor Jeannette;
And the vows that you have spoken
I know you will forget."

WE left Chicago via the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway at 11 p. m. Nothing of interest occurred during the night, but at Michigan City our cars went on a Y to reverse the train. Cameron was on guard at the door of his car, and as he formerly had lived in that country was on the lookout for acquaintances.

Much to his delight he discovered on the platform one to whom from boyhood he had "owed one," and as he was going to war and as there was a possibility that if the debt was not then cancelled it would appear against him on the other side of the "divide" he decided to correct that part of the record without further delay. So while the train was backing and filling Carl stacked his musketoon, jumped off the car and onto his "creditor" and polished him in fine style. But before he had completed his job the train was out of sight. He managed to get on an engine and get to the next station, from which place he took the next train for Evansville, which he left at LaFayette, where he remained until the next day, when he came on and joined the Battery at Louisville.

In the meantime there was consternation "in camp," it being reported that one of the 1st Wisconsin Battery boys had deserted. Captain Foster was, of course, justly indignant to think that one of his men should prove so recreant to his duty and so disloyal to his country as to not only leave his post without leave, as paradoxical as it may seem, but to desert his command and comrades just when there was a prospect of his service being of some benefit to the Union cause. He telegraphed to Michigan City to have Cameron arrested and sent forward, but no person answering his name or description could be found at the latter place.

At LaFayette, Ind., we were furnished with coffee and refreshments and greeted with cheers upon cheers by the patriotic Hoosiers. The ladies were first and foremost in all demonstration. At every window, door, and gateway were seen waving handkerchiefs, and at every station and stopping place they were to be found with cheering words and smiling countenances to bid us God-speed upon our mission. No man could then travel two hours in Indiana and have any doubts as to her loyalty.

At Bloomington, where we arrived about 9:30 p. m., we were

The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is pointed out that the study of history is not only a means of understanding the past, but also a means of understanding the present and the future. The author argues that the study of history is essential for the development of a nation and for the progress of the world.

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met by a delegation of ladies with loaded baskets of bread and cakes, turkey and chicken, attended by boys carrying cans of hot coffee, and we were soon besieged, captivated and conquered. We remained over an hour at this place, and long will it be before the hospitality and kindly greeting of those blooming ladies of Bloomington will be forgotten.

The whole route through Indiana was one continual wave of handkerchiefs, tablecloths, hats, caps, aprons, shawls and night caps, or anything else wavable. Even the clothes drying on the lines waved us a welcome as we passed. Little children too small to sit up would lie on their backs and wave their feet and hands while they "hurrahed for the Union."

Saturday morning, January 25th, we arrived at New Albany, Ind., about four miles below Louisville, where we remained until 4 p. m., when we crossed to Louisville and were quartered for the night in a large tobacco warehouse. In the meantime Cameron had followed on, arriving in Louisville, and joined the Battery soon after its arrival at the said warehouse. He, too, had been fed and banqueted all through Indiana and had his canteen filled with "red licker." It was a chilly night and Dick Kimball, who was Corporal of the Guard, questioned him with "Got anything in that canteen?" "You bet," replied Carl. Whereupon Dick seized it as contraband of war and "hit it hard," as did a group in the corner playing "loo." Obe Lindsey—did Obe have an enemy in the Battery? or was there a man in it who did not have a friendly feeling for the good natured, happy, genial blacksmith, who was his own worst and only enemy?—who had been indulging in the cup that both cheers and inebriates, appeared in a shivering condition and asked Dick where he could get warm? Dick pointed to an immense castiron pillar which supported the upper floor and told Obe that he had seen some of the boys warming by that smokestack. Obe approached it holding out his hands and drowsily proceeded to warm, occasionally swaying toward it until his hands would touch the cold iron, when he would quickly withdraw and inspect them for burns. After getting thoroughly warm he rolled into his blanket for a little more sleep. Cameron thought that was good enough to deserve a drink, so he crossed over and tendered the canteen to Obe, who took on fuel enough therefrom to warm him for sure. It at least rendered him impervious to the cold.

The next morning was Sunday and bright and clear. The Battery was formed to march to the fair grounds, some four miles from the business center of the city. Cameron, who had not yet been reported to the officers, fell into his place on the left flank of the right platoon and trudged along as if he had never made a business of deserting. Lieutenant Anderson was commanding, and during the course of the march he turned in



his saddle and with stentorian voice commanded: "Close up!" "Guide ri—Where-in-h—I-did-you-come-from?" he demanded when his eye fell upon Cameron.

As we marched through the city we could but note the contrast in weather between Wisconsin and Kentucky. We left Racine on Thursday, leaving one foot of snow on the ground and good sleighing. Arriving in Louisville two days later we found children going barefooted and the ground bare and free from frost. We were very cordially received, but with nothing like the enthusiasm we had witnessed on our way through the Hoosier State. Many of the children and a few grown people would hurrah for the Union, but the total of patriotic impulse was lacking as compared with that we had left behind.

From Louisville to the fair grounds, it being toward evening, we passed by a wooded tract of land the tree tops of which were thickly dotted with mistletoe. As that was something unknown to men so recently from the "frozen north," there was much speculation as to what *rara avis* should so plentifully abound so near a large city. It was finally decided that they were turkeys; also that a foraging raid should be made on them at the earliest opportunity. With the 1st Wisconsin Battery to determine was to execute, so that night several parties made their way out of camp, fully bent upon a turkey dinner for the morrow. It is needless to say that they came into camp if not "sadder" yet "wiser men." Plain army rations were good enough provisions for that day. It was not long, however, before poultry of various kinds began to follow the boys home from the country—in some instances it was said geese had chased them two or three miles.

We had left the comfortable wall tents which had accommodated six men each in Racine and were here supplied with Sibley tents—one to seventeen men. - This was a new revelation in Army life. Where all the occupants of a tent were lying down at once, they had to lie "spoon fashion" and all turn over at once. It was a happy day when those tents were finally cut into ribbons and left at Cumberland Gap, a few months later.

Bringing with us the musketoons from La Crosse, and which had been used at Racine for guard duty, we now for the first time mounted guard with loaded guns. The relief guard would discharge guns each morning preparatory to cleaning the same, and Obe Lindsay declared that his gun kicked him over and then kicked at him twice after he was down.

We had scarcely reached camp before it commenced raining—and such rains. In 28 days it rained 28 times and 28 hours each time. The rain that raised the river and let Noah's flat-boat off the sand bar and saddlebacked it on Mount Arrarat was "some rain," but it is small potatoes to one of those Ken-

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOHN HUTCHINGS
OF THE BARRISTER AT LAW
IN THE SUPREME COURT OF JUDICATURE
IN NEW ENGLAND
AND
OF THE BARRISTER AT LAW
IN THE SUPREME COURT OF JUDICATURE
IN GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
IN TWO VOLUMES
THE SECOND VOLUME
LONDON
PRINTED BY J. BARNES, ST. MARTIN'S LANE
1796

tucky rains which sets macadamized roads afloat and raises the whole country.

It should be remembered that Lee Drury's 3d Battery accompanied us all the way and were sharers and partakers of all the good cheer and good victuals en route to this place, and were now camped alongside. It was too wet and muddy to drill by battery or even by squad, so a non-commission school was organized in the Captain's tent for the benefit of those subordinates, where they studied and recited their lessons in tactics. "Bean holes" were dug and the uninitiated were inducted into the mystery of cooking beans as the Almighty intended them to be cooked, and as no Boston caterer can equal.

As many who read this may not understand the *modus operandi* of cooking beans in a hole it may be as well to explain the matter here and now.

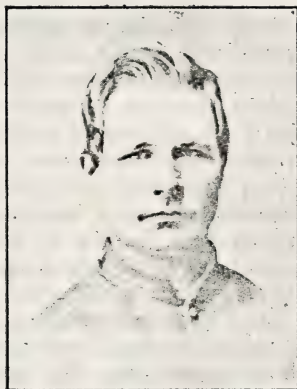
A bean hole is a hole dug in the ground about sixteen or eighteen inches deep and about fourteen inches in diameter. In this hole a fire is built and kept burning. The beans are put over this fire in a mess kettle and parboiled until ready for baking. When boiled enough a piece of pork and a little sugar or molasses are put in and a mess pan turned over the top of the kettle. The fire and ashes are then taken out of the hole, the kettle of beans set therein and covered up and over with the hot coals and ashes, and topped off with a little dirt, where they are left to bake all night. When opened they are a dish fit for the most fastidious epicure living. It was from this method of cooking beans that the Battery became known afterward as "The Bean Hole Battery."

The foraging tactics inaugurated at Racine were here continued, and after mules were drawn parties reached out even to surrounding villages. Some incidents were:

One man who had lost a good part of his flock of geese, came to camp and, laying the matter before Captain Foster, asked permission to search the quarters for signs of his missing property. The Captain, of course, knowing his men were innocent of even leaving camp at night, to say nothing of appropriating to their use that which did not belong to them, granted said request. The search resulted only in finding some feathers at the rear of the Captain's tent, and they came out of a pillow that had been destroyed because that was easier than cleaning it (?). The man was convinced that no geese were in camp, but was not so sure there had not been.

One morning there was a large Newfoundland dog in camp, he having followed a party of the boys home from a raid on his master's chickens. It was thought that the dog was convinced that he would get nothing to eat at home while the soldiers staid in that vicinity, so he followed them to camp. Be that as it may, he remained with the Battery until on the retreat from





FRANK L. GREENE.



Cumberland Gap he was either killed, lost, stolen or sold by some one. His owner came for him, but he would not leave camp. Finally the owner said he would give the dog to the Battery if the boys would tell how they got the chickens out of the brick hen house, which was securely fastened and locked. That was explained by Rifenberg as a very easy thing. There was a small opening in one end of the house for the chickens to enter. This hole was on a level with the roost. The boys would run a pole through this aperture alongside the roost, then with another stick cautiously work the chickens off the roost on to the pole and then draw them out within reach. That was a Yankee trick the Kentuckian had not heard of.

Another tells the dog episode thus: One night Freeman and Hitchcock took seventeen geese from under a house in which a family was sleeping, and carried off the big dog that was supposed to defend the feathered treasures. Jack! Who can forget his pleasant, intelligent face and handsome coat and form? He ran a hog through the first rebel battle line we ever saw, and rejoined the center section on the fly. And Heenan, the bow-legged fice? At Oak Hill, Ohio, the boys, not having been paid in months, sold Jack several times to visiting farmers, but he returned, until one time he was sold once too often, and we all mourned. One night at Louisville Jack came into a tent just at taps, covered with mud, and lay down on Billy Adams's blankets. The boys left him there and put out lights, chuckling over the scene to ensue upon Billy's advent. Billy stumbled in from guard at 11 o'clock and groped his way to his blankets, when the boys heard: "Why, here is old Jack. Yes, he was going to sleep with Billy, wasn't he? Fine old fellow." And the pair of muddy comrades slept until the next relief.

One day soon after we had become settled in camp some men called for the purpose of reclaiming some runaway slaves which they thought might be hiding about some of the men's quarters. It was before the Government had settled its policy concerning the capture and return of human chattles, and the men did not know what to do in the matter, but concluded to let the men look. The fact is, one or two of the negroes were either in camp or in the cornfield adjoining it. As the master was about to enter a tent in which was one of the slaves, the latter was hurried out the back side and into a tent which had already been examined. None were found in camp. One of the officers of the 3d Battery and some of their men were very indignant and threatened to use force if the slave-hunters did not at once leave camp. They soon left for the city, saying they would return with authority to make a thorough and satisfactory search. But we never heard anything further from them.

We shortly drew six wagons with six mules to each, which

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The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the various methods of determining the rate of reaction. The most common method is the use of a clock reaction, in which a reaction is allowed to proceed for a certain time and then the reaction is stopped by the addition of a reagent which causes a color change. The rate of reaction is then determined by measuring the time taken for the color change to occur. Another method is the use of a titration, in which a reaction is allowed to proceed for a certain time and then the reaction is stopped by the addition of a reagent which causes a color change. The rate of reaction is then determined by measuring the volume of reagent required to cause the color change.

The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the various factors which affect the rate of reaction. The most important factors are the concentration of the reactants, the temperature, and the presence of a catalyst. The rate of reaction increases with increasing concentration of the reactants, with increasing temperature, and with the presence of a catalyst.

The third part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the various theories of reaction rates. The most common theory is the collision theory, which states that a reaction can only occur if the reactants collide with sufficient energy and in the correct orientation. Another theory is the transition state theory, which states that a reaction can only occur if the reactants pass through a transition state, which is a state of maximum energy.

The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the various applications of reaction rates. The most common application is in the study of chemical kinetics, which is the study of the rates of chemical reactions. Reaction rates are also used in the study of chemical equilibrium, which is the study of the conditions under which a reaction is at equilibrium.

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furnished employment for a few of the men and amusement to the balance, for the performances consequent upon the attempt of green and awkward men to handle and work awkward and headstrong mules was the next thing to a three-ring circus. However, the men shortly came off victors and were soon efficient muleteers—in both word and deed. The greatest difficulty experienced was in finding drivers willing to serve as such, the boys failing to see the affinity between a mule driver and a soldier. A comrade writes:

Captain Foster called for ten drivers, volunteer or detail I remember not; anyway ten of us fell in. Walker, Scott, Green and myself were from the right of right. The Captain marched us to the Government corral and then we knew that we were after five six-mule teams, wagons and harness, complete. A helper said "Right this way," and Walker and Green disappeared within. In a moment a gray mule with Green astride came tearing out of the door, through the gate into the main corral, braced to a quick halt, threw his heels straight at the 2-o'clock sun, gathered them under him and hopped four feet five inches into the air, coming down like a saw horse; up six feet seven inches into the circumambient and came down on the pavement like a wooden Christmas model horse; up into space nine feet three inches and when he lit stiff legged tore across the corral, en route jumping onto a young "man and brother" with three feet, crushing him into the mud, and kicking him with the other, missed just one stride and tore up against the fence. Scott turned to me with a faraway sorry-I-enlisted look in his wide open brown eyes and whispered, "Do they all act like that?" I encouragingly replied that I thought they did, and looked for a back gate, a board off the fence, or a convenient cramp. The gray mule was still near the fence between Green's legs. When it came to a question of stick-to-it I'd back Frank L. against any of Uncle Sam's livestock. Walker came out astride a slapping great mule that needed the prod of an army spur to wake him up. This encouraged us, and with the assistance of the helpers we soon harnessed, hitched and off. I rode Walker's lead and "she was a darling." His near swing settled back and never walked a step from corral to camp—slid, braced back, over the macadam. In response to queries and greetings Walker answered that he had gotten him in wrong end to.

A full battery of six pieces, to wit, two twelve-pound Napoleons, two six-pound smoothbores and two twelve-pounder howitzers, were issued to us, together with horses for one section of two pieces (the section now, under the revised tactics, consists of one piece), but drilling was instituted and maintained whenever the weather would permit, but only one section at a time. Finally the full complement of horses was

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BY JOHN STOW
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procured, when drilling began in earnest. Captain Foster, in his anxiety to have his Battery excel, was wont to drill his men "on the jump," which was a mistake then. Later it was eminently proper. One day while testing the rapidity with which we could load and fire Billy Morrison, No. 1 of the right of the right section, failing, in his haste, to clear the muzzle of the gun with the head of the rammer, lost his grip, and reaching back to regain it just as Ed. Hewitt pulled the lanyard, was sent whirling to the front with lacerated hands. He was discharged, but afterward came up with us at Vicksburg carrying a gun and knapsack in the 23d Wisconsin Infantry. More caution was now observed by both officers and men and our progress in efficiency was in every way satisfactory. We still think that the above composition of a field battery, for close work and infighting, to be the best yet devised, the only objection being the non-conformity of ammunition.

While we were striving our best to master the intricacy of battery maneuver a Regular battery camped for a few days near us, and Lieutenant Webster thought it would be a splendid opportunity to get some valuable pointers by both observation and inquiry, for which purpose he one afternoon visited said camp in full dress. For some time he stood and watched the drill, the Regulars being utterly oblivious to his presence. As the men were dismissed he approached an officer of his own rank and sought to engage him in conversation, but he merely cast a contemptuous look in Webster's direction and left without a word. From that time to this he avoided Regular Army officers below the rank of Brigadier-General, for he never met one of that or higher rank who was not at least gentlemanly in his intercourse with his fellowmen. But he had the satisfaction some years later, while temporarily in command of the Battery, of entering into a competitive drill with two Regular batteries and one volunteer battery from Massachusetts, and of carrying off the honors, too; the judge upon that occasion being Brigadier-General Arnold, an artillery officer of the Regular Army.

The teamsters were armed with French revolvers which would send a ball clear through a tent—if you stood close enough for the powder to burn a way for it. For the purpose of offense, defense or suicide they were nowhere as compared with the "unloaded gun."

The non-commissioned officers were given .44 Colts and the drivers were hung to cavalry sabers. Except the Corporals and Sergeants, for close work, the connoneers were the better armed, for they could gather dornicks or clubs, with both of which they were more familiar than they were with firearms.

Here, too, we met the camp fakir in all his glory. The most persistent of the class was the man with the bullet-proof vest.

It was warranted to protect against rifle, musket or pistol balls. If he sold any in the Battery no one else ever found it out. Eph. Hackett finally told him he would purchase if the vendor would put one on and let him, Eph., take a pop at him with his .44. That was the last of the steel armor vendor in the camp of the 1st Wisconsin Battery.

About this time occurred the capture of Fort Henry, the Federal victory at Roanoke Island, and the defeat and death of General Zollicoffer, all of which encouraged us to think that the beginning of the end of the rebellion had come. Some were sanguine that when we again broke camp it would be to retrace our steps for Wisconsin. How little did we then know or realize all that was before us, or the magnitude of the conflict upon which we were about to enter. The experiences of the next three years taught us much that we had never dreamed of.

Although the camp was four miles from the city the attractions for that place were so great that many of the boys would "run the guards" and make frequent visits thereto.

Details were made and sent into town to gather up the "absent-without-leave," but they more frequently brought in some one who was permitted to wander at will, or was on some proper and legitimate business, while the professional absentees were seldom found. The provost guard of the city would occasionally pick up some of the boys and keep them in the provost guard house for the night. One night Frank Downes, than whom there was never a more conscientious, exemplary soldier, either off or on duty, had gone to the city to attend church and was picked up by the provost and spent the night in the guard house, while a dozen or more of the harrum-scarruns were having a good time "doing the town." The fact was that the latter were posted and knew how and when to evade the guards, while the former, being conscious of his freedom of wrong intent and of his innocence of the violation of camp discipline, was easily captured.

On the 1st of March we were notified that there was a steamboat at the levee ready to receive the Battery. But as we had not yet received all our horses we could not move. Meantime every available moment was utilized in drilling. By some means Captain Foster learned of a plantation several miles away which was large enough to permit firing a six-pounder without danger of infringing upon other property, and had received an invitation from its owner, a Mr. Dorsey, who was a strong Union man, to visit the plantation and shoot to our heart's content. The invitation also included Drury's Battery.

Bright and early one morning the two batteries took the road for Dorsey's. The latter gentleman had invited a number of friends, including several ladies, to be present and help entertain the Yankee volunteers, and had prepared a sumptuous

repast for the inner man. He owned a large number of slaves, all of whom were yet with him, and who suspended work to witness the drill and to assist in looking after the interest of the distinguished visitors. Mr. Dorsey stood by the door as we entered his large and hospitable mansion and said to the officers: "Walk in, gentlemen, help yourselves to something to drink, and pass into the diningroom; if you are not worth feeding you're a d—d poor lot of men, so pitch in and help yourselves."

After target practice, and the two batteries had given an exhibition drill, Mr. Dorsey exhibited some of his fine stock—the famous Gold Dust horses—of which he then owned upwards of 50 valued at \$1,000 each.

There were present that day a daughter and her husband who made no secret of their strong secession sympathies, but Mr. Dorsey told them right out that the North was right and would succeed. We afterward learned that the son-in-law aforesaid was at that time an officer in the Confederate army.

On the 8th of March Lee Drury's Battery, equipped with siege guns, left for Nashville, after which we never met them again.

March 28th we were notified that the Battery had been assigned to the Seventh Division of the Department of the Ohio, Brigadier-General George W. Morgan commanding, and on the following day received marching orders for April 1st.

The authentic news that we were soon to make a forward movement—that, in fact, we were, on the 1st of April to take cars for Lexington, Ky., from whence we were to march across the country to Cumberland Gap—was hailed with pleasure, and as we had a complete outfit for traveling we were anxious to get on the road.

On the morning of April 3, 1861, we broke camp and wended our way to the station in Louisville, where the horses, mules, wagons, artillery, camp and garrison equipage and personal effects of the members of the Battery were loaded on the cars. There were 112 horses, 36 mules, six army wagons, an ambulance, six guns and carriages with their complement of caissons, battery wagon and forge.

It was a novel experience to us, it being the first time we had "moved" since receiving our equipments. The six wagons, which were supposed to carry commissary stores and feed for the animals, as well as camp and garrison equipage, were loaded to "the guards" with the latter and the personal effects of the men. Every man had his knapsack full and then had something stored in the limber chests of the guns and caissons or the wagons. The commissioned officers each had a trunk and a valise or carpetbag. There were extra suits of clothes, boots, books, cooking utensils, and various articles of bric-a-brac

too numerous to mention. There was a sheet-iron stove for each tent, besides heavy iron pots and skillets for each mess. The writer of this, among other things, had a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. It is but stating a fact, however, to say that the 1st Wisconsin Battery moved more truck on that occasion than they did upon any other, for from the time it "struck the road" until it came "marching home" every time it changed its position some article was abandoned as superfluous which had previously been thought to be indispensable. During the last year of its service instead of six wagons to carry camp and garrison equipage it required but one, and that carried, in addition, commissary stores and grain for horses. The men carried their effects on their horses and the latter were not overloaded.

CHAPTER V.

"We'll chase old Zollicoffer over the mountains
And I think he'll come no more."

SO sang the blind boy at Lexington, and as the Battery marched away a girl standing at the junction of streets turned away, clapped her apron to her eyes and wailed out: "Oh, my An-to-n-e-e!"

We left Louisville about 1 p. m. and arrived in Lexington at 9 p. m., and remained in the railway depot the balance of the night.

The next morning we were marched to the fair grounds, about one mile from the business part of the city, where we went into camp, and where we remained one week. The sun shone out occasionally and we learned, beyond question, that the whole of the United States were not for the Union nor for the "old flag."

The Union people, of whom there were a goodly number, were overjoyed to see us, for since the Federal troops that had previously been there had left that vicinity the "Secesh" had become very impudent. Infantry and cavalry had been through there repeatedly, but ours was the first battery of artillery to pass through that country, and most of the people having never before seen a company of artillery, we were the center of attraction and our drills were always attended and witnessed by hundreds of the citizens of Lexington. The last drill was given in presence of several military officers who had then seen service at the front, and we were strongly commended for our efficiency.

Here we found the 22d Kentucky and 33d Indiana regiments, with whom we were to march across the country. The 22d was recruited in eastern Kentucky and were well acquainted through that region. It was commanded by Colonel D. W. Lindsay, a gentlemanly, scholarly officer, and one who commanded the confidence and respect of all. This regiment had been in service over much of the ground which we were to pass.

The 33d Indiana was commanded by Colonel John Coburn, who was afterwards promoted to Brigadier-General. This was one of the largest regiments ever in the field. It was said that every company not only had its full quota of men, but a few extra to take the places of those who might die, be killed or discharged. Be that as it may, go where you would, day or night, early or late, to church or theater, you would find men with 33 on their hats. It is not impossible that there may be some of those men now roaming through that country sport-

ing that cabalistic 33 on coat collar or hat band. It was not only a large regiment, but its members were great foragers and stragglers. It was no unusual thing to see them come into camp or bivouac with at least every third or fourth man carrying a fowl, a pig, ham, piece of side meat, sack of potatoes, dish of honey, preserves, or something else to eat. While they were hard to beat at straggling and foraging, there was one other thing in which they had no superiors, if equals, in the whole volunteer army, and that was in rallying to their colors when there was prospect of a fight.

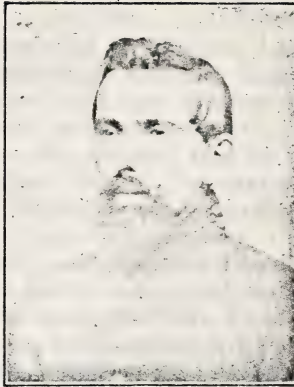
Let them be ever so widely scattered, and let a picket shot be fired, or any alarm given or the long roll sounded, and every man would be in his place with bayonet fixed, cartridge box full and in place in less time than most regiments would get there from their own company quarters. This regiment had also seen service and was, we believe, in the expedition that resulted in the death of General Zollicoffer, and participated in the battle of Wild Cat.

Just here Captain Foster came his nearest to the Plutotorian shore. The guards were posted with loaded musketoons, and a horse had died in agony that day. Cameron was posted over the stock tied along the high board fence from 5 to 7 p. m. Foster exhorted him to vigilance, saying the town was a secession nest and the horse was undoubtedly poisoned. As it was getting fairly dark Carl came to an about-face at the end of the line of horses. While making the turn he caught sight of a man ten yards away, seemingly dropping to a squatting position. He came clear about, cocking the piece, clapping it to his shoulder, in one motion, and had the trigger half pulled when Foster's voice came through the gloom, "It's all right. It's I." The fraction of a second and an ounce ball would have crashed through him, plumb center. Cameron did not get over the horror of it for many a day, and Foster won't know until he reads this of facing the muzzle of a loaded gun with the trigger half pulled.

On the 26th of March we had been assigned to the 18th Brigade, Army of the Ohio, Department of the Cumberland. The brigade was composed of the 33d Indiana, 19th Kentucky and 42d Ohio and 1st Wisconsin Battery, Brigadier-General James A. Garfield commanding.

Two days thereafter General Garfield was ordered to report in person to Gen. Buell, at Bowling Green, and consequently we never saw him.

While in camp at Louisville we had first exchanged the brass six-pounders and the 12-pounder howitzers for six 20-pounder Parrotts, and then those for four three-inch Rodman and two 10-pounder Parrotts, the Parrotts going to the center



JAMES BURKE.

section. This was an ideal field battery, light to handle, easy on stock and precise and effective.

On the 10th day of April we filed out of Lexington for our first day's march, supported by the 33d Indiana, and wended our way down the smooth macadamized pike to Nicholasville, a distance of eight or ten miles, where we went into camp about 4 p. m. in a pasture lot near the town, which was our first camp in the field. This was the only march of our army experience wherein an official went ahead and selected camping places, provided fuel for cooking and feed for horses, paying for them by vouchers. No man's premises were occupied as a camping ground without a settlement being made therefor and a voucher given for all damage done or supplies furnished.

That is the way we began putting down the rebellion. It is needless to say that another plan was adopted before the "war was over."

When we left Lexington one of the men, Charley Wells, was under arrest for some breach of military discipline. He asked permission for leave to visit a house in town, as he said, to get a watch and some money belonging to him, but was refused permission to go. It was also charged that he had made threats against the life of Captain Foster. As soon as it was dark he slipped out of camp at Nicholasville with the intention of returning to Lexington to get his property. This is as Wells stated the case to his comrades. Captain Foster and Lieutenant Kimball, who had been out of camp and were returning, discovered Wells, who was trying to hide away from them, arrested him and placed him under stronger guard. The Captain believed that it was the purpose and intention of Wells to assassinate him. In the morning Wells was fitted with iron fetters and placed in a wagon, and thus was transported to the Cumberland River, where a court-martial was organized and Wells was tried, condemned, and dishonorably discharged and drummed out of camp. Some years after the war, however, Wells, through some informality in the court-martial proceedings, was restored to the rolls and recovered some two or three years' back pay.

At Nicholasville lived a Union man by the name of Brown, and he invited the officers of the Battery to his house, where they were entertained in a very hospitable manner.

The next morning we took the road, or, as it was termed, "the pike," leading toward Crab Orchard. The road was hard and smooth, greatly in contrast to those we were to wade through a few days later. The 33d Indiana had been through one hard campaign in that country, and they were able and willing to teach us some excellent campaign lessons, one important item of which was that it paid to tramp a mile, if necessary, to get a back load of hemlock boughs for a comfortable bed. No regi-

ment, new or old, could give us pointers on catering for the inner soldier. We could "catch the hare" and cook it, too; while our bean holes were the admiration of the 33d.

After the first day's march from Nicholasville the pike grew rough and muddy, but the toll gates were maintained with the accustomed regularity of price and distance.

At one place we found a farmer engaged in "threshing" out wheat which he had hauled out to the "pike," which was used as a threshing floor. He used long sticks shaved thin near the middle for beating out the grain. The advance of our column told him he had better get it out of the road, but he "allowed" it would thresh it out nicely for him, so he let it remain. He was right, for by the time that little army with its three regiments of infantry and all of the army wagons and the Battery had passed over his threshing floor his wheat was not only threshed, but it was ground, straw and all, and so thoroughly mixed with the dirt from the pike that he was saved all further trouble in caring for it.

The people along the route would gather in squads to watch us go by and to learn where we were going. We were astonished at the ignorance of the white people we found in that country. There were young men who were wearing beards that could not tell the name of the county in which they lived, and one of them, upon being told where the Battery was from, asked if Wisconsin was not a little town up in Indiana. Others wanted to know if Wisconsin was a free State.

One evening it was necessary, for some reason, to let a regiment pass the Battery, and Lieutenant Anderson, in order to move it out of the road in the least possible distance, gave the order right oblique, giving the "i" the long sound, this pronunciation, which is permissible, having been adopted because it could thus be pronounced in a tone that could be heard farther and understood better than the other. There were, as usual, several natives standing by, when one of them, a young man about twenty years of age, turned to his companions and said: "Hear that d—d fool call obleek oblike?" As Anderson was a fine scholar and prided himself upon the proper use as well as pronunciation of words, this criticism was too much for his gravity.

While on the "pike," and just before coming to one of the series of toll gates, one of the wagons, the one carrying headquarters equipage and officers' baggage, was overturned, owing to the roughness of the road caused by "gully washing" showers which were then prevalent.

As previously stated we were not permitted to molest or disturb any property belonging to the people along the route, and all men who were guilty of such conduct were punished—if detected in the act. One day Lieutenant Webster was in-

structed to arrest N. D. Ledyard for wantonly killing a goose. The order was obeyed and he reported to the commanding officer, which report was read for the information and warning of the rest of the company that N. D. Ledyard had been arrested and punished for "shooting a goose." This raised a laugh in the ranks, which was excusable when it was learned that Ledyard had killed the goose with his saber. For a long time "Webster's shooting geese with a saber" was a standing joke in the Battery.

For three or four days' march from Lexington the country was the most beautiful to behold, the farms being well cultivated. At nearly every house were to be seen from three to ten negroes who were yet held as slaves. They were all strong, fat and healthy looking and seemingly contented. Occasionally we would pass a small house, or cabin, in which lived a poor white family, and more destitution was to be found among this latter class than among the negroes. A person must have been blind who could not have readily seen that the tendency of slavery was to degrade the poor white man, and it was common to hear men say: "I'd rather be a nigger in Kentucky than to be a poor white man."

As we moved south the Union sentiment was more prevalent, and many houses displayed the Union flag, while we were greeted by the waving of handkerchiefs and cheers for the Union. At Lancaster one young lady, however, showed her contempt for the Stars and Stripes by putting her thumb to her nose and executing various gyrations with the fingers.

At Crab Orchard we came to the end of the "pike," and plunged among the rocks and mud. Still, on this trail, the old Wilderness Road, the toll gates appeared at regular intervals. The roads were to be much heavier from thence to our destination. Our wagons were overhauled and everything that was not considered absolutely necessary taken out and stored until they should be called for. Here our stoves, skillets, dutch ovens and lots of other surplusage for an army were left, and for all we know, or ever heard, they are there yet. But when the Battery was mustered out in 1865 they had the finest invoice of culinary utensils to be found in any country. The country was mountainous, roads primitive and badly out of repair. After crossing the Laurel River Captain Foster, to lighten the caissons and the wagons, ordered the cannoneers to carry their knapsacks. This was no light task, as the roads were muddy and knapsacks at that time were big and fat. The boys had not then learned the secret of condensing both size and weight. But Gunner Riffenberg—Duffie—solved the avoirdupois question without in the least affecting the dimensions of his load. By virtue of his office he was captain of the limber chest, of which fact he took advantage by emptying his knapsack and storing

its contents in said chest. He then inflated the knapsack with cotton, slung it on his shoulders and marched determinedly forward. During a short halt of the column Duffie worked his way to the front where rode Captain Foster, Lieutenant Anderson, Sergeant Hill and Guidon Middaugh, and backing up against the fence rested his knapsack on the top rail, wiped the perspiration from his brow and said determinedly: "I will carry this knapsack if it kills me!" At which Captain Foster highly commended him and pointed him out as a model soldier whose actions and efforts should be imitated by every man in the service. In this case they were, for the men were not slow in "catching on," and if there was but little cotton carried after that, it was because the cotton could not be found.

When we came to Laurel River we found it out of its banks and the bridge crossing the stream still standing, but the road across the bottom was corduroy and under water for half a mile; but we must cross, so in we plunged. Many of the larger logs had washed out of the track, and as the horses could not see where they were walking they would frequently fall in the water, endangering their own limbs as well as the lives of the drivers. It was a rough experience, but was accomplished without delay. At another time, after plowing through the mud under a pelting rain, all worn, wet, weary and discouraged, we came to a battered and weatherworn finger board pointing "To Sublimity." Verily, 'twas but a step from the sublime to the ridiculously bad roads.

At the Kentucky River we found the 14th Kentucky Infantry guarding the bridge and learned that General Carter was in command of all troops operating against the Gap, which was at that time held by about 2,500 rebels under General Stevenson. Carter's command was camped from the Kentucky River to Cumberland Ford, where now stands the flourishing town of Pineville.

The people of this broken country were for the Union, and within a radius of fifteen miles from the Gap there were but four families in Tennessee and but two in Kentucky that were known rebel sympathizers. The farms were small, most of the houses were built of logs, and pigs and poultry were scarce.

The farmer himself was a tall, gothic, rawboned-looking proposition with the utmost confidence in himself, inherited from his father or grandfather, who came through the mountains in Daniel Boone's time.

One morning Captain Foster informed us that a short distance down the road was a case of smallpox, and that we must hurry by, with no straggling. When the place was reached Dick Kimball cast an eye on the red flag waving at the peak and at two or three men lounging near the door, and unslinging his canteen, advanced on the premises, saying that he wanted

some of that "smallpox." A few minutes later he joined us with a canteen full of excellent Bourbon. It was at one of these houses where whiskey was sold that Sergeant Myron D. Hill, as good and true a soldier as wore the blue, in a sudden passion cursed and abused in threatening language Lieutenant Webster because the latter had, just before Hill arrived, forbidden the man from selling any liquor to the soldiers. This being reported to Captain Foster, he at once reduced Hill to the ranks, where he remained during the balance of his service. But he never forgave Webster, or if he did he never gave any indication of it.

Along here, somewhere, at tattoo roll call, Captain Foster announced that this foraging must stop; that we were in a country of Union sentiment, etc., etc. Just as he had finished his exordium from a far distant roost came pealing through the night air the most vociferous squalls that ever issued from a pullet's throat. Immediately, Foster, in stentorian tones, commanded, "Front face! Orderly, call the roll!" muttering through his beard condign punishment to the absentees. Lieutenant Anderson growled: "Do you suppose a member of your battery would ever let a fowl squall like that?" Foster saw the point and dismissed us.

On the 25th of April we arrived at Flat Lick, where we remained a day or two in the mud, when we proceeded to Cumberland Ford and crossing the river camped in an open field that night, it being the first night we had really bivouacked during our military experience.

While at the Lick Sam Pound was sick. Lieutenant Webster called to see and cheer him up. Upon leaving his tent Webster asked, "Is there anything you want?" To which Sam responded, "I wish I had a goose."

It was near sundown when we got to the river. Our instructions were to cross that night. The river was too deep and rocky to ford, so the only alternative was to cross on a small scow ferryboat, which would carry but one wagon and team or one gun at a load. We found the boat in charge of a squad of Tennessee soldiers commanded by a Sergeant. They had been at work all day, had had no dinner, and were tired and hungry, and said they must have something to eat and a little rest before they could ferry us over. As Lieutenant Anderson, who was the officer in command of the Battery, was unacquainted with the boating business and knowing that Lieutenant Webster had had experience in river navigation, he placed the matter of crossing the ferry in charge of the latter. Webster proffered his services with an "awkward squad" to help manage the boat. But Tennessee thought awkward men worse than nothing. It was finally arranged that the Sergeant should command and direct while we did the work. The first load was

run across in true Tennessee style, which was, as soon as the load was on the boat, to let the stern drop down the stream while the bow was brought up to and parallel with the rope stretched from bank to bank. The boat was then pulled slowly and carefully across the stream sidewise until it reached the opposite shore, when, by the aid of setting poles and the rope, the stern was brought so the bow of the boat was parallel with the landing. It was then fastened to a stake until the team was driven off. Webster suggested that we run the boat straight across, bow foremost, but Tennessee said it would not do; that we would sink the boat, etc. But the Lieutenant went quietly to his own men, among whom were many river men and loggers, and told them that when he gave the word, to "shoot her across." When the second load was ready to start and while the Sergeant was still on shore, and before he had time to observe what was going on, the word was given, and away the boat sped for the other shore as straight as an arrow flies, and as soon as it struck the bank several men were ashore with a line to hold it while the team was driven off. As we started Tennessee danced around and shouted, "Let the end swing down; you will sink the boat!" But the boat did not sink nor did the end drop down, but we were back and loaded again in less than one-third the time it had taken him to make one trip. We were all safely across by 10 o'clock, but the Tennessean's astonishment at the way "them Yanks" handled that boat lasts until the present. But one accident occurred, and that did not delay operations to amount to anything. One of the wheel horses in getting on to the boat ran his hind foot between and under the end of the boat and the bank, and when the lead horses straightened their traces for a pull broke the leg square off just below the gambrel joint. He was at once killed and his body thrown into the river to feed the "trout."

In the morning the Battery was moved a short distance from the river and camped in the edge of an orchard near a large two-story brick residence, the owner of which had gone South for his health, but the wife held the fort, was a secesh sympathizer, an admirer of John H. Morgan, and was agitating the scheme of a flag to be made and presented by the ladies of Kentucky. We afterwards met her at Perkins Plantation. Foster took possession of a ground floor room as headquarters and Lieutenant Cameron and Carl Cameron, with the first case of diphtheria, were allowed sleeping space therein. The orchard was partially of mulberry trees, red and black, something most of us had never before seen. When the berries ripened we climbed the trees and partook of the fruit. Oh! didn't some of us have the colic. For an hour we feared we'd die, and then feared we wouldn't.

The 9th Ohio, a four-gun battery, commanded by Captain

Wetmore, and which had been through the campaigns of the previous season, and had wintered in the mountains, was camped at the "Ford." Captain Wetmore was a young man of considerable energy in a certain direction—but it was not toward good discipline or providing for his men or horses. His Battery was in a sorry condition, horses poor in flesh and men poorly clothed and equipped. The Captain had been a cadet at West Point, but for some sufficient cause had been expelled, suspended or permitted to resign, and as a little military knowledge went a long way at that time found no trouble in getting a commission from the Governor of Ohio to recruit a battery of light artillery. There were, also, several regiments of loyal East Tennesseans, one of which was commanded by Bob Johnson, son of Andy Johnson, and in which regiment Jim Brownlow, son of Parson Brownlow, was a Captain.

We were now in front of the enemy and constantly looking for a skirmish with him. Battery drill was resumed and prosecuted with vigor. Captain Foster, though Chief of Artillery, and the Battery nominally in command of Lieutenant Anderson, gave personal attention to the same. In the maneuver of the Battery it was not strange that an occasional accident would result in the dismounting of a driver, but to have a commissioned officer placed hors de combat was a rarity. One morning Lieutenant Webster had forgotten his spurs and, coming to a shallow ditch with mud and water in it, thinking to make his horse jump it, as he had done the day before, rode for it on the gallop, and as he neared the bank prepared himself for the leap and pressed his heels to the horse's flank to encourage him in the effort. But just when Old Fox, the horse, should have raised and gone over the ditch, feeling the heels and no spurs, he stopped dead still, while the Lieutenant went over his head and landed in the ditch. Fox stood his ground and fairly laughed at the spectacle. The Lieutenant returned to his quarters, scraped off the thickest of the mud and put on his spurs, after which Fox was the surest horse on the ground and would rather jump the aforesaid ditch than not. The horse was rightly named, for he was cunning to a degree seldom found in that animal. He at one time got Jerry, the colored servant, in his manger and would not let him get out. If Jerry attempted it Fox would go for him with ears back and mouth wide open, or turn his heels and kick at him. So long as Jerry would remain quiet Fox would eat as good naturedly and socially as if all were on the best of terms.

We had been camped in the orchard but a few days, when, one night, after all was dark and quiet in camp, a horseman was heard approaching at a rapid pace. There had been rain the day before and the road was quite sloppy, and by the time the

horse and rider had reached headquarters he was covered with mud. Presently the long roll was beaten by the drummers and boots and saddles blown by the buglers. There was then "hurrying in hot haste." It was our "first scare," and there is no doubt that we did the occasion full justice.

It will always remain a mystery, however, how inanimate objects could so change their location as to be out of reach when wanted. Articles of clothing were wild and frisky and had to be chased all around the quarters before they could be captured. The harness was badly mixed and side arms had "gone off"—nobody knew where.

Winfield Scott, who drove a six-mule team, had five of the animals harnessed and was charging through camp on the sixth yelling, "Where in h—l is my other mule?" Mike Trafts is said to have pulled a camp-kettle on for a boot, and never found his mistake until he tried to put his foot in the stirrup to mount his wheel mule. It was not long, however, before the battery was out and in position commanding the road along the left bank of the Cumberland River, over which the enemy was expected. The night wore away and no enemy came. The alarm resulted in the withdrawal of the Battery to the opposite side of the river, where a new camp was established, and temporary fortifications erected. The new camp was at the foot of a high hill, and to determine by a practical demonstration if a gun would shoot farther from an elevation than from the level one of the guns was run up the hill by hand. It was a task to get it there, too; but when did Captain Foster ever abandon an undertaking or a movement of the Battery because of any difficulty attending the same? And when did the Battery ever fail to accomplish whatever he ordered? The gun was to remain there some time, and of course must have a guard over it at night as well as during the day. One night John Heckman and Edson J. Harris were stationed as guards over said gun. Becoming satisfied that the matter of range had been fully demonstrated, they, by the aid of the prolonge and lock chain, ran the gun down the hill and returned it to its proper place in the park before morning. The men now began to realize something what military discipline was. One man, I now forget his name, for using threatening language toward one of the commissioned officers was court-martialed and sentenced to six days' solitary confinement on bread and water and 20 days extra duty. Another for refusing to obey the orders of his Sergeant and "talking back" was given 40 days' continuous guard duty and forfeited one month's pay.

A favorite punishment for breach of discipline at this time was assigning the culprit to extra guard duty. Gillet was gone all night. This in the face of the enemy was an enormity. The next night at roll call six reliefs, to stand one hour each,



WM. J. DAVIDSON.

were detailed. The Orderly read the detail about thus: First relief, Gillet, Bunn, Bradfield; second relief, Gillet, Boyce, Brown; third relief, Gillet, Clark, Calkins, etc. At the call of the second relief Gillet cocked up his ear. At the third he stepped forward to see where all these Gillets answered from. At the fifth he realized that he was on for an all-night's trip.

One day the Battery was ordered out for foot drill. Many of the men were sick, but the autonomy of the sections, platoons, etc., was maintained as nearly as possible. Sergeant Blake being on the sick list, the command of his platoon devolved upon Corporal McKeith. When the company assembled Billy found but one man of his command present for duty, but Billy had him fall in while he maneuvered him as if the whole sixteen men had been present. He marched him by platoon, by twos, by right flank and left flank, and wheeled him into line as occasion called for. It is not known what Billy would have done if it had been necessary to march in open order or to form a hollow square. It is safe to presume, however, that he would have complied with the order in a satisfactory manner.

The telegraph was completed to the Ford soon after the army arrived there, so we were kept posted as to the general movements of our armies in the field. It was a novelty to the natives. They could not understand how "them wires" could carry letters. One old lady told Billy McKeith that "Lots of news went over the wires last night; I heered it."

Properly supported by infantry, the Battery went on a three days' expedition up Clear Creek. Cralls was a prisoner, Rathbun was a guard at the time the Battery left camp. After standing three or four hours, and not being relieved, and learning the Battery had gone, he took charge of the camp, made the prisoner officer of the day, and had things their own way until Captain Foster returned, who sent for Rathbun and wanted to know why the prisoner was at liberty? Cap. stood with one eye shut and Rathbun explained the matter, the impossibility of remaining at his post so long. Cap. said he would excuse him this time, but he must not let it occur again, as when on guard he must remain at his post until relieved—or during the war.

General Morgan, who had arrived at the Ford, April 11, 1862, and who had taken command of the forces, Seventh Division, Army of the Ohio, already there and to arrive, set himself earnestly at work to organize his force for the purpose of taking Cumberland Gap from the enemy, thereby opening up communication with Knoxville and East Tennessee. The 42d Ohio Regiment and the 7th Michigan Battery of Light Artillery, composed of six guns, arriving, the army was organized in brigades, etc., for more effective discipline. As

the three batteries then in his command were armed with light guns he organized a provisional battery consisting of two 20-pounder and two 30-pounder Parrott rifles and 80 men. This was manned by men detailed from the several infantry regiments, and officered by men taken from the 1st Wisconsin Battery. Lieutenant Dan Webster was given the command and L. A. Paddock and C. E. Middaugh Acting Lieutenants, with R. Richards and E. N. Trowbridge as Sergeants and B. E. Hall Quartermaster Sergeant. Captain Foster was appointed Chief of Artillery. Of this officer General Morgan afterwards wrote: "Too much praise cannot be awarded Captain Foster, Chief of Artillery. As an artillerist of energy and skill he will not compare unfavorably with any in the service. The corps under his command is also deserving of the highest commendation."

Upon the first appearance of the siege battery, commanded by Lieutenant Webster, owing to its composition being largely of men only drilled in the infantry tactics, it appeared somewhat awkward in its movements. Captain Wetmore, of the 9th Ohio Battery, thinking to raise a laugh at the expense of the new company, called it the "Hog-Eye Battery." Which name not only "stuck to it," but was made respectable by the efficiency of its members and by the work accomplished by them.

As Captain Foster was Chief of Artillery, Lieutenant Cameron absent, sick, and Lieutenant Webster on detached service in an independent command, it left the Battery in command of Lieutenant Anderson, assisted by Lieutenant Kimball. In many respects it was unfortunate that those two officers should not have agreed better as to the respective duties of each. At one time Anderson had Kimball under arrest for refusing to act as officer of the day, and the latter threatened to prefer charges against the former. It is to the credit of the members of the Battery, however, to record the fact that those things never demoralized them, affected their discipline or efficiency. They could always be relied upon to perform their duty in an acceptable manner, however remiss the commissioned officers may have been in their conduct or behavior. Upon the death of Lieutenant Cameron, First Sergeant O. F. Nutting was commissioned a Lieutenant, which promotion was eminently popular with the members of the Battery.

While the drilling of the artillery was under the direct command of each company commander, Captain Foster gave it a close supervision. Captain Wetmore was detailed to give instructions in the saber exercise.

The siege battery, owing to the weight of its guns, did but little drilling in battery maneuver with horses, but confined itself to the manual of the piece, foot drill, etc.

About the 20th of May a movement was made for an attack

on the Gap. For this purpose there was a general reorganization of the artillery force. Wetmore's Battery was in poor condition so far as concerned horses and equipments, but the men had seen considerable service and were considered "veterans." Lamphere's Michigan Battery was splendidly equipped with guns and horses, but it was a new organization; its men had never seen service in the field. The siege battery had good horses and equipments, but its 30-pounder Parrott guns were too heavy for the expedition. It was, therefore, ordered that Captain Lamphere turn his battery, horses and guns complete over to Captain Wetmore and his men, and that Captain Wetmore transfer his worn-out horses, guns and equipments to Captain Lamphere; also that Lieutenant Webster transfer his two 30-pounder Parrotts, etc., to Lamphere, while himself and the two 20-pounder Parrotts were attached to the 1st Wisconsin Battery. Lamphere and his men were to remain at the Ford while the other batteries were to join the expedition. On the 21st of May the little army crossed the river for an advance on the Gap, and marched some seven or eight miles, when, learning something concerning the movement or position of the enemy, we were halted for the balance of the day and remained there until the 24th, when we retraced our steps to the Moss House, about four miles from the Ford. Here we gave a general overhauling to arms and harness preparatory to another forward movement. Horses were shod, harness mended and oiled, gun carriages and implements put in good condition, and batteries transferred to their original organizations. It had been determined that the garrison at the Gap was too strong to be taken by assault, and that it must be turned.

On the 29th it was reported that the rebels were coming in force to give us battle, and we remained up all night to receive them, but they did not materialize. It turned out afterward that they were in their camp that night watching for and expecting us.

On the 5th of June orders were issued for a forward movement once more, to be made on the following day. The road from the Ford nearly to the Gap was blocked with fallen trees and rocks and a feint made to plant a battery near the rebels, while we were to take another direction toward Big Creek Gap, some 25 or 30 miles east from Cumberland Gap. The rebels had a small force at Big Creek Gap, and we also a similar force near them. The road to the latter place was but little used, and that not for heavy loads, and the rebels did not think we would attempt to haul artillery over it.

The order of march was: Mundy's Cavalry, Garrard's 3d Kentucky Infantry and the "Hog-Eye Battery" under Lieutenant Webster. Next came the 26th Brigade, composed of

the 16th and 42d Ohio, 22d Kentucky and 1st Wisconsin Battery, under De Coursey.

On the 6th, as the division was ready to move, news was received of the capture of arms and prisoners by General Pope. A copy of the order conveying the news was sent to each command to be read to the troops. The men of the siege battery were called to the front to hear the order read, leaving some of the teams alone. As the reading was finished the men cheered lustily. This frightened the horses and some of them started on the run. Lieutenant Webster saw the first movement of the teams and attempted by voice and gesture to call the attention of the men to the horses, but they mistook his efforts to mean a continuation of the cheering. As a result one team and carriage was mired in a swampy place and a tongue broken out of another carriage.

The damage was repaired, so we made about two miles that evening and bivouacked for the night.

The next morning began one of the hardest and most difficult marches of the war for the distance. After following the Big Creek Gap road for a few miles it was abandoned for a rocky trail over the mountain to Rodger's Gap, supposed to be accessible only to pedestrians, cattle and horses. The siege (alias "Hog-Eye") battery, with its train of 16 wagons loaded with ammunition, was the first to cross the mountain. There were 12 horses to each of the 30-pounder and eight to each of the 20-pounder guns and the two caissons belonging to the latter, while each wagon was drawn by the regulation six mules. The heavier guns weighed about 3,500 pounds and the lighter ones about 1,500. As difficult roads were anticipated Lieutenant Webster had secured and provided ropes and tackle for use in emergencies. It was fortunate that he had done so, for those heavy guns would not have been gotten over that pass without them. The road was difficult enough before the "pass" was reached, but nothing to what that last five miles developed, two miles of which was comparatively level.

So utterly improbable did it appear to the rebels that the Yankees would try to cross the mountain at this point that they did not deem it necessary to picket it. Some of the descents were made with both wheels locked and a cable to the axle with a turn around a tree, and they would then go down too rapidly for assured safety. At other places the ascent would be so steep and tortuous that but one or at most two spans of horses could get foothold to pull at once. At such times blocks and tackle were used with horses hitched to the "fall" of the same. The smaller guns of the batteries were assisted by the infantry and cannoneers.

The people living along the route we had come since leaving the Ford were Union people and they were overjoyed at seeing

us. One old man who had come four miles to see the cannon remarked after inspecting the heavy guns:

"I will now go home feeling quite independent." It was the first cannon he had ever seen. The siege train descended the mountain on the southern side on the afternoon of June 10th and camped near a large spring which came out of the side of the mountain.

The 1st Wisconsin Battery began the ascent at sundown on the 11th. The lead and swing teams from the left half battery were transferred to the right half—10 horses to a gun, with a dozen cannoneers, more or less, at the wheels of a gun or caisson. Upon reaching the summit all the teams except the wheel horses were taken back to help the left half battery.

By this time the stock had become so exhausted that 14 horses had to be put before each carriage and the infantry were required to assist. No one who worked that night will ever forget it, nor the full eclipse of the moon. Locking both hind wheels by running a handspike through the wheels across the breech of the gun, we went sliding and bumping down the mountain to a magnificent spring at the head of a canyon debouching into Powell's Valley.

Some rebel scouts were watching us from the south side of the valley, but as the road down the mountain was wholly hidden from view by a dense growth of timber they could not ascertain or judge as to the size or composition of our force. The rebel General Stevenson occupied Cumberland Gap, 18 miles east, with a force of 6,000. Barton was in Big Valley with 4,000 and 8,000 more were encamped at Clinton, about 35 miles away. General Morgan had expected General Mitchell or General Nagley, or both, to cooperate with him, but now received a dispatch from the latter, dated June 9th, saying that no assistance could be sent from that quarter. Morgan's instructions did not allow of his proceeding farther with his unaided column of less than 10,000 men.

In the meantime a Lieutenant and the Veterinary Surgeon of the 9th Ohio Battery who'd ventured in the edge of the valley had been surprised by a squad of rebel cavalry and the Surgeon taken prisoner, the Lieutenant escaping by flight through a shower of bullets. A squadron of rebel cavalry had also been fired into by our pickets. The army was at once put in a position for defense. The siege guns were given a commanding position, and a proper distribution made of the light guns, but no enemy came.

As there was to be no cooperation and General Morgan had gone as far as his instructions would permit, he decided upon a retrograde movement. Therefore, the next noon, after arriving in Powell's Valley, the siege battery and train was started back over the mountain. The commissary train had not

arrived and a messenger was dispatched turning that back toward Williamsburg, Ky. The army, therefore, started on the retreat with less than one day's rations in a country producing nothing for man or beast, the commissary train miles in the advance making better time than the army itself. It took until 10 p. m. to get the siege battery up the mountain, when it rested for the night. At sunrise the following morning it was on the road and had marched some seven or eight miles when it was ordered to bivouac and wait further orders. In the meantime the 1st Wisconsin Battery proceeded to climb the mountain and reached the summit exhausted, hungry and thirsty. A mimic spring was discovered which relieved our thirst and a wagon loaded with flour came up from the Kentucky side, which furnished material for the unsalted dough we were soon baking on hot stones. While halting here on the summit General Morgan received a dispatch from Gen. Buell, dated June 11th, saying that he could not reinforce him and that "he would have to depend upon his own ability to beat the force opposed." Construing this as a permission to act on his own discretion, while it was probably meant he must extricate himself as best he could from his perilous position, Morgan called a council composed of Carter, Carr and DeCoursey, who disapproved of his plan to assume the defensive instead of retreating on the Ford. But Morgan persisted, dispatched a courier to Spears, who crossed at Big Creek Gap with his Tennessee brigade, to close up, and slid down the mountain again. We had been constantly descending or ascending the mountain on the Tennessee side for two or three days, and as the timber was so dense nothing could be seen of our movements, while the wagons and artillery bumping over the stones could be plainly heard, they concluded we must have a tremendous army and that we must be 30,000 strong.

The siege battery was the only train that had marched down the mountain in retreat. There was not a pound of meat or a bit of bread in the command. We had a few beans and a little coffee. A foraging party found a little corn. Lieutenant Webster went out some eight miles and procured two days' rations of hard bread and bacon. Men and teams were nearly worn out. In the evening we received orders to recross the mountain again, and notwithstanding the men knew that it would require the hardest kind of work they cheered until they were hoarse at the news. The siege battery started early the next morning and marched to the foot of the mountain, where it halted to shoe horses and repair harness, etc. That evening General Absalom Baird, who was in command of a brigade which had come up and camped near, asked for right of way in the morning for his brigade, as he feared the heavy guns would delay the column if they were in advance. Lieutenant Web-

ster told him that the road was open to him if he chose to be in time to take it before the Battery was ready to march. But the "Hog-Eyes" were up and on the road before daylight in the morning and kept out of General Baird's way all day. Lieutenant Webster reported to Captain Foster at 9 a. m. When the Captain saw him he exclaimed, "Great God; what brought you here?" "My horse," replied the Lieutenant. "But what is the matter? You are the last man I had expected to see at this time of day. I supposed you were on the mountain or the other side climbing the hill," said the Captain. But when Webster told him that the whole train was all down the mountain and that he was awaiting further orders the Captain was the most surprised man in that army. A tired, more worn out and thoroughly "fagged" lot of men, horses and mules than were found in that siege train on that bright Sunday morning are seldom, if ever, seen. Men would lie on the ground and fall to sleep at once. Horses would lie down before the harness could be taken off. We had been 10 days on less than six days' rations and all the time at the hardest and most tiresome labor. Of the 75 large, splendid horses that left the Ford 10 days before not a dozen were ever of any use afterward, not a man but had worn or worked off from five to 10 pounds of his own weight in the time. It was a surprise to all, and particularly to old campaigners, that we should have succeeded in crossing the mountain at that place with those heavy guns once, to say nothing of doing it three times within as many days.

Mention is thus made of the siege battery, as it was a sort of an annex to the 1st Wisconsin Battery, and was so closely allied to it that the history of one must necessarily be the history of both.

Soon after leaving the Ford the siege battery camped on the premises of a Union man. Every precaution possible was taken to protect property, particularly growing crops. As the Battery was about to move the said Union man came hurriedly to Lieutenant Webster and said that his horses had broken into his corn and completely ruined the crop, and demanded a voucher therefor so he could collect damages from the Government. Investigation showed that one horse had reached over the fence and destroyed three hills of corn—no more. That man did not get a voucher. It is quite probable, however, that he or his heirs have a large claim against the Government for supplies and damages.

The 16th and 42d Ohio Regiments, followed by the 1st Wisconsin and the siege batteries, led the column on the morning of the 18th. It was expected we would meet the enemy about eight miles from Roger's Gap, where they had planted a battery of four guns with a view of impeding our progress

toward Cumberland Gap. But as we approached the enemy vanished, leaving their camp fires still burning and part of their tents standing. At every crossroad and lane, and at every farm house people were gathered to see the Union Army. Just before we reached the rebel camp referred to above we passed an aged couple standing by the roadside gazing at us with open-eyed wonder and surprise.

One of the boys asked the old gentleman where the rebels were. "Jest ahead," was the answer. "Yes," said the old lady, "and they will keep ahead, too."

At the junction of the Tazewell road, on a large, flat stone, was the legend: "Follow light artillery. Follow Fourth Alabama." We did follow and met them more than once, and in a month less than a year got their last gun.

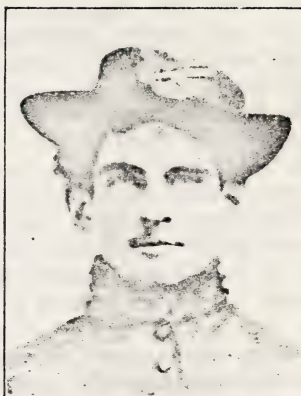
As we neared the Gap we could see the enemy's tents still standing, but there were no men to be seen by the aid of powerful glasses. But we steadily and cautiously advanced and entered the Gap about 4 p. m. and took peaceable possession, having captured that stronghold without the loss of a man or the firing of a gun.

The 1st Wisconsin Battery climbed to the crest of the Gap and fired a salute of blank cartridges, and camped in a natural amphitheater on the Kentucky side, which was our headquarters for three months.

They had left their tents standing and nearly all their cooking utensils, commissary stores, extra clothing, bedding, etc., and five pieces of heavy ordnance, but the tents were cut in shreds so that they were entirely useless: the utensils were broken in pieces and the bedding torn and strewn around.

Their commissary building, containing large quantities of stores, was still burning, flour was scattered over the ground and lard poured in the dirt. Officers had, in some instances, left their mess chests and in others their private baggage. A cistern 10 feet in diameter and 15 feet deep was found full of flour, bacon and lard. The barrels containing flour and lard were broken before they were thrown in. By leaving other soldiers to look after the big knives and other souvenirs, the Battery succeeded in finding a barrel or two of flour and several sides of bacon which were in good condition, and the men were soon engaged in cooking cakes mixed with cold water and fried in grease. They were not what would be considered strictly digestible, or "angel food," although it may to the present generation be a wonder that we did not die just then and be transferred into angels from the eating of the same—but they seemed to "fill a long felt want," and to close an "aching void."

Cumberland Gap was a strongly fortified place, and if the rebels had remained therein we could not have dislodged them



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by assault without a very much larger force than we had, and then only at an immense sacrifice of life. But they evidently feared a siege and starvation, so the post was abandoned.

From unfinished letters found in the abandoned quarters we learned that the idea of an easy victory for the South was not universal with its soldiers, for some of them expressed but small hopes of whipping us in open fight, but thought they might worry us down and bankrupt our Government by maintaining a large army to chase them over the country. They learned, however, that the Yankees could stand tramping as well as they could.

On the north side of the gap was a high and somewhat abrupt point, rising some 1,300 feet above the road at its highest elevation. On this mountain point the rebels had mounted, in a small bastion, one 24 and one 32-pounder gun. Previous to their evacuation, however, they had destroyed the wheels to their carriages and then threw the guns down the face of the mountain, where they lay among the brush, timber and rocks, some 500 feet from the embrasures which they had formerly occupied. The hill was steep, so much so that a man could not make its ascent without clinging to the brush which grew there. Aside from this, the surface was thickly strewn with stone of all sizes, both "fast" and "rolling." It was the desire of General Morgan that those guns be put back in the fort, and that they might be used in firing a salute upon the approaching Fourth of July. With this end in view he conferred with Captain Foster, his Chief of Artillery, the Captain telling him that if anyone could get them back Lieutenant Webster could do it. The latter was sent for and directed by General Morgan to examine the guns and grounds and to report upon the matter. The examination was made and the Lieutenant reported that he thought he could pull them back in the fort in about two days to each gun. The General issued an order directing the Lieutenant to call for a detail of as many men as might be needed and to proceed with the work at once. He was also given an order on the Quartermaster for all tools, lines, etc., that should be needed.

The Lieutenant declined calling for the proffered detail of men, preferring to take volunteers from the 1st Wisconsin Battery. On the next morning early the Lieutenant, with 30 men from the Battery, loaded with the necessary equipments, started for the mountain to begin the work.

At 3 p. m. the same day the Lieutenant reported to General Morgan the largest gun, weighing over 3,000 pounds, in its place in the fort. The General was surprised and said there certainly must be some mistake, as it was utterly impossible to have accomplished the work in so short a time. He said we must have gone to the wrong place; but when the Lieutenant

stepped to the door and pointed to the fort, in which the gun could be seen with a glass, the General was profuse in his praises of the efficiency of the men who had accomplished so much. The Lieutenant now called for a detachment of 50 men to put the other gun in place. He was furnished with a detail from one of the Tennessee regiments in charge of a commissioned officer.

It took one and one-half days to put the lighter gun back over smoother and less precipitous ground.

The difference was in the tact and qualification of the men. The Tennesseans were willing and strong, but they did not know so well how to take hold. The work was accomplished, however, to the satisfaction of the General and the National celebration was not postponed because of the failure to get those guns in position for firing.

CHAPTER VI.

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls."

HHEADQUARTERS were established at the old tavern, the Staff was scattered in tents, the Quartermaster took possession of the store and our blacksmith, Hi Carter, with an assistant, seized upon the blacksmith shop and tools, and reshod the stock. Obe Lindsay afterward relieved Carter. Lieutenant Webster was sent high up on the Virginia side with his heavy guns and fortified at the base of the Pinnacle, while our guns were mounted in the Gap, facing southward, or distributed where they would do the most good. The caissons were parked in the amphitheater and a company of infantry, sutlers, photographers and camp followers camped near them. Springs spouted, gurgled or flowed in every direction. One spring on the Virginia side turned the wheel of a grist mill a hundred feet from its issuance. Picket posts were established far out on all roads and on the summit of the mountain at either side. The stock was taken down to the meadows daily to graze and the drivers returned at night with blackberries, peaches and apples. Quartermaster Sergeant Crocker, in charge of our five mule wagons, made trips to Stanford, Nicholasville, Danville and Richmond for corn and forage, while Joe Millegan, ably assisted by Lindsay, scoured the vicinity for any subsistence that the inhabitants could spare, they being the judges. Expeditions were sent out in all directions to the south and eastward. In the amphitheater stood the large, square witness stone marking the junction of the three States, and a champion of Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky would sit in each State and play a game of cards on the flat top for State supremacy. The bills of the old State banks of wild cat times, long defunct, and the lithographed advertisements from around the bottles of Mexican mustang and pain killer linament passed current with the unlettered mountaineers in exchange for milk, biscuits and berries. A cup of browned coffee or salt was preferable to cash. As the silver disappeared bills were cut in two or four pieces and passed, pioneer of the later fractional currency.

The telegraph wire was brought over and General Morgan calling upon the War Department for the most competent engineer obtainable, Lieutenant Craighill was sent, and he immediately laid out elaborate fortifications which were necessarily extensive. The then Lieutenant is now General Craighill, and

at the head of the Engineer Corps of the Army. The brave, simple mountaineers of that region have been sketched a hundred times in a hundred places. The women much admired our ruddy, husky cannoneers and suggested a return to settle in that region after the heated argument with our rebellious brethren was a closed incident, and for aught we know the stock of the old Battery leavens that segment of humanity today. As illustrative of the simplicity of the people, McElroy, editor of *The National Tribune*, who served down in East Tennessee, tells of a woman coming into camp one day with her daughter looking for the daughter's husband. Being conducted to Starkweather's tent and stating her errand, said they lived about seven miles up in the mountains and that her daughter married one of his soldiers about a fortnight previous. "Who married them," asked the General. "Why, one of your Chaplains." "Where?" "At our house." "Why, no Chaplain would be up there." "Yes he was. I know he was a Chaplain, because he had two stripes on his arm." The General ordered a parade, took mother and daughter along the line, and if the brevet husband could have been identified there would have been a sure enough wedding, if not a shooting.

Upon one occasion as an officer and men approaching a large farm house to ascertain if the place afforded any forage, they were met at the door by an elderly woman whose cheeks were blanched with fear and whose voice was tremulous from emotion, while she implored them to spare her daughters. "Do what you please with me," she said, wringing her hands and dropping on her knees, "but spare, oh, spare my daughters." It was an appeal that would have touched the stoniest heart, and yet, to us, seemed so unnecessary and so uncalled for that it approached the ridiculous, and was made to appear quite so, when one of the Battery boys replied: "To h—ll with your daughters; got any buttermilk?" Upon being assured that she and her household, including her daughters, were as safe in person and personal effects as if they were surrounded by an army of personal friends and relatives, she gladly produced what the house afforded in the line of food and "buttermilk," for which she was paid in good and lawful money of the United States of America.

One or more of our guns accompanied the reconnoissances into Virginia and Tennessee, where we drove back the advanced forces of Sam Jones and Humphrey Marshall in the one, and Colonel Rains the advance of Kirby Smith in the other State.

Early in July Captain Foster, who had been too ill for duty for some days, went to Lexington, Ky., for rest, recuperation and treatment, where he remained for several weeks, leaving Lieutenant Anderson in command of the Battery.

About the 20th of July Lieutenant Nutting, who had recently received his commission as Second Lieutenant, vice Cameron, resigned, started for La Crosse to recruit for the Battery.

Four wagons and teams from the Battery were sent out at one time after forage and were not heard from for fourteen days. It was, of course, thought they had been captured by the enemy, but such was not the case. They never saw a rebel in arms while they were gone. Joseph, "the old soldier," alias Millegan, was in command of the expedition, and he always said he could see just as well when he stood off a little ways from danger. But the adventures he had to relate of their "going up Goose and coming down Stinking Creeks" would rival the stories of Marco Polo or Munchausen.

Comrade Houser writes: "Your sketches of our life at the Gap brings back vivid recollections of our stay, and getting out, and other incidents, such as the boys prefixing the M. D. to their names, and buying commissary, when brought before General Morgan, who explained, or tried to, what the M. D. stood for; but the boys would not accept it that way, and convinced the old General it stood for mule driver, and right they were, for they had been driving mules for many days. Another time old Dr. Hobbins sent me with an order for some beef to make beef tea for the sick. The butcher refused to kill a beef unless ordered from headquarters, which he soon received, remarking he would have to charge it to the Battery. I informed the gentleman it made no difference about the charges, so we got the meat, for the boys never went back on the rations. The old Doctor left us ignobly when he found the rebel lines closing around us, and subsequently demanded of Captain Foster some \$80 for the few old duds he left, and threatened to report it to headquarters if the shekels were not forthcoming."

The next Surgeon to be detailed to the Battery was slight and thin. He seemed to believe the medical stores his own private property and doled them out grudgingly. Him we dubbed "Peknuckle Jack." He was lost in the shuffle at Milliken's Bend.

The next was his antithesis. Bluff, stout, liberal, hearty. Him we called "Old Bi-God," or "Mild Cathartic," from his formula while handing over powders to a patient: "Here's something that's good. I know it's good, for I've tried it myself. It'll purify your blood, open your bowels and act as a mild cathartic, bi-god."

Like the wine at the feast of Cana, the best came last, Dr. Dinwiddie. He was comrade, healer, friend, and deserves a chapter all to himself.

Heard about the mule that strayed from that Tennessee Granger and got to the Battery? So to protect him from the cold blasts that were wont to play through the Gap, the boys found

him a cozy place in a nice ravine and fed him well, making sundry changes in his appearance, such as trimming his mane, making a paint brush tail, and some spots on different parts of his body. In due course of time the boys found out that Mr. Granger was in need of a mule and it was not long before the mule was in the Granger's possession, who turned him loose in the barn yard to become familiar with the surroundings, but he preferred to go to the stable and his stall as of old, and the Granger 'lowed it looked like the mule had been there before, and the boys had no reason to dispute his word.

CHAPTER VII.

"The rattling roll of the musketeers,
The ruffled drums and the rallying cheers."

WE now come to our first fight, and the statements of the affair are so conflicting we must e'en let the boys "tell us just how it was." In the original as published in the *Hokah Sun* appears excellent articles telling just how they saw it, from Johnnie Davidson, Dan Webster, Jabez Spaulding, Joe Bowker, Sam Blake, Jim Davidson, Billy McKeith, Carl Cameron, and Enos Pierson of the 16th Ohio. Amid all this wealth a selection must be made, a mosaic formed from bits here and there. All is good and every line interesting, but there is not room for all. If any fellow thinks he is playing a minor part, let him look pleasant and "act like Martin."

On the morning of August 3, 1862, De Courcey's brigade, 16th and 42d Ohio, 19th and 22d Kentucky, and the 1st Wisconsin Battery, convoying about two hundred wagons, left the Gap and marched to Tazewell, Tenn., where we camped that night just north of the town. The next morning, Sunday, we marched through the village and formed line of battle in the fields. It was a fine brigade drill, with, at present, no enemy in sight. Soon a regiment and two pieces were sent on a reconnaissance and wagons loaded with forage. This work was continued until the 6th, the loaded wagons being daily returned to the Gap. The enemy soon began to come into collision with our different parties, pressing us closer until we of the four guns, on the ridge to the north of the town, saw a line of battle coming over the ridge south of the town, about a mile away. It was the advance of Kirby Smith, who eventually penetrated as far as Frankfort, Ky. We broke this line and scattered it in fragments. They then ran a couple of guns over the ridge and opened upon us, but, like the Indian's venison, they lasted mighty quick under our killing fire. They troubled us no more, and in the darkness we fell back to the shelter of the Gap.

To go back and pick up the tale, quoting from some of the boys:

"A few citizens were also seized as prisoners, one of whom was detected in signaling the enemy. At Big Springs, or Sycamore P. O., some two miles south from Tazewell, our troops drove the enemy back and captured some cattle, sheep and horses. They also found a country store from which most of the goods had been removed. Those that were left were seized and hurriedly distributed by our soldiers. When the soldiers returned to camp that night it was a novel sight to see how

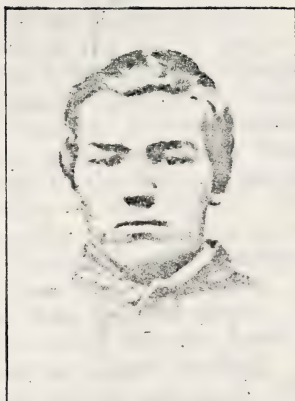
they were equipped. One man would have a violin, one a coffee mill, while others would have looking glasses, books, paper, canes, pillows, bed quilts, blankets, poultry, etc.; some of them were wearing ladies' hats trimmed with gay colored ribbons and others were wearing peacock feathers a yard or more in length in their hats. On Monday another party went out via Big Springs and had a bit of a skirmish with the enemy, but succeeded in loading the wagons. One piece of the Battery, under charge of Sergeant Sawyer, came very near running into a rebel ambush, but they discovered their danger just in time to retire and shell the enemy out of that timber.

"On Tuesday the rebel cavalry made a dash upon our right flank, expecting to find it open, but ran into our pickets and kicked up a fuss in which one of the 19th Kentucky men was wounded and three of the rebels killed. On Wednesday morning the 16th Ohio regiment and two pieces of artillery, the latter under command of Lieutenant Anderson, who was really in command of the Battery, remained just back or north of Tazewell on a ridge with the 22d Kentucky Regiment on its right and the 42d Ohio upon its left. The 14th Kentucky, which, with the 42d Ohio, had come up the day before, were in the advance on the right. The enemy were known to have received reinforcements of both infantry and artillery and were also known to be stronger than our forces.

"This was really the first fight the Battery had ever participated in, and the first time any of them had ever seen a dead rebel. We doubt if Carl Cameron was ever more horrified or disgusted than when he stood gazing at a cadaver that had been killed by a wound in the abdomen, through which the viscera protruded, and a lank infantryman deliberately detached a piece of the adhering fat and quietly proceeded to grease his shoes. That was more than war. - It was rank barbarism. But the aftermath of the battle is the worst of all. While the fight is on no sentiment prevails. The sense of personal danger is completely lost in the desire to whip the other fellow.

"While the Battery was shelling that charging rebel line two terrified ladies leading a child came running from town toward the Battery, when Jim McConnell gallantly stepped forward and cried, 'Run right to us, ladies; run right to us,' which they did, and were passed to the rear. How many, if any, in the Battery would then have liked to have exchanged places with those ladies at that time will, perhaps, never be known.

"On Wednesday morning, while the probability of a fight was being discussed in the Battery, Jerry, Lieutenant Webster's patent leather servant, became very brave and patriotic. He hoped there would be a fight, and wanted to take the place of the first man that fell in battle. When the fight came the Lieutenant wishing to assist in the managing of a gun, handed



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his horse to Jerry to hold until called for. Not long thereafter the Lieutenant found his horse running loose and Jerry among the missing. He had taken an extra horse and departed for the Gap when the first shell from the rebel gun exploded near us, and he reported that the whole army was cut in pieces and captured. Jerry had seen enough of war, and struck out for Lexington, where he had left a wife and slavery to 'jine' the army."

Frank Downs writes: "In writing up the history of the 1st Wisconsin Battery, Light Artillery, there are certain incidents that happened only to a portion of the Battery, which have not found their way into the general history; and thus it happens that an event most momentous to those engaged in it has, so far, passed unnoticed, and that is the part taken by the 'right of center' the day preceding the episode at Tazewell, as well as the part taken on the day of the Tazewell fight.

"The events of the march on the 2d of August, from Cumberland Gap to Tazewell, with De Courcey's brigade, is known to us all, but some of the events of August 5th were only known to the center section. On that day it was stationed on the top of the mountain, or ridge, which separates Tazewell Valley from Clinch River. The rest of the Battery passed on with the brigade down into the valley of the Clinch. They had been gone some hours when an order came for one of our guns to go down and take position where the other four guns had been, near the river ford, and the 'right of center,' of which the writer of this was gunner, was ordered down. We went leisurely along the road, and knowing that our forces had preceded us but a few hours, we kept no special lookout. As we neared the river we were at a loss to know where to take position, as there was not a soul to be seen who could tell us where the other four guns had been placed, and as our gun squad straggled along all at once we were surprised to see a body of horsemen right on our flank, who appeared somewhat surprised, while we were equally astonished. As we knew there was no cavalry in our command it flashed upon us that they were Confederates, and in a moment we came into battery and gave them a round of canister, and, like two colts that had kicked their heels together, both were startled, the Confederates wheeling and going one way, while we limbered up and went in the opposite direction. Our boys claimed that they saw a number of Confederates fall and some horses running off with empty saddles. The firing brought to us a company of our own men, who had been left to watch the road to the ford of the Clinch River. Having now an infantry support we felt more secure, but to prevent a surprise by a sudden dash from the brush or woods we fell back into an open field, as our orders were to remain

near the ford until sundown. The day was warm and we placed our guns ready for action while the boys gathered under the grateful shade of a large tree standing nearby. Some went to sleep, others were amusing themselves in different ways, when, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, a 12-pound howitzer shell passed through the top of the tree under which we were resting; it brought us to our feet with a jump; we had had some little running skirmishes prior to that time and had heard the ping of the rifle bullets, but this was the first time that a shell had passed squarely over us. We replied with a 10-pound Parrott shell, and then the fight commenced in earnest. Soon they opened on us with two 12-pound howitzers, when we sent back for the 'left of center,' which came down the mountain with a rush, and thus reinforced we soon made the enemy withdraw their howitzers, after which they opened on us with two pieces commonly known as 'six-pound James rifle.' The enemy's battery was placed on a little rise of ground between us and the river; the woods and bushes concealed from us the troops that were supporting it, and left us but little opportunity to see the effect of our shells, but we warned it to them, so that in a short time they were silenced. We obeyed orders and remained there until sundown. None of our boys were injured; what loss, if any, the enemy sustained we never knew.

"This was the first artillery duel our section, or at least our platoon, had been engaged in. The 'center' fell back that night and stood picket on the top of Waldron's Ridge, between the Clinch and the Tazewell; our gun, 'right of center,' was placed on the point of the ridge, where the road turned down into the valley of the Clinch, the other gun, 'left of center,' was placed on the top of a little spur of the mountain that put out towards the Clinch, and off from the main road leading down the mountain; the other four guns, together with the brigade, had made a circuit, and by another road had returned to the west of Tazewell.

"A portion (I think) of the 33d Indiana was on picket that night, and in the morning had been relieved by two companies of the 16th Ohio. Suddenly we heard infantry firing all around us. The Confederates during the night had spread out like a letter V, and had passed beyond us, on each flank. We heard 'left of center' fire a shot of canister, but from where we were not a soul was to be seen, and in a moment it dawned upon us that we were surrounded. We limbered up, and then commenced one of the most exciting races that I was ever in or saw. Down the mountain we went, on a full gallop, not a wheel locked, and every cannoneer doing the finest sprinting that he ever did in his life. As we reached the foot of the mountain we looked back, and saw the Confederate lines

drawing together like the lower point of a V. The 'left of center' was still behind us, and as we crossed the bridge over the Tazewell we could see our four other guns in battery on the ridge above town, with the balance of the brigade supporting them. We looked back, and the two lines of the Confederates were just closing together, when, like a shot from a cannon, the 'left of center' burst through the closing ranks, while rifles rang and bullets whizzed on every side; but on sped horse and rider, cannon and cannoneers, through, as it were, the very jaws of hell; bullets were bedded in blankets and knapsacks, harness was cut with flying missiles, but neither horse, rider, or cannoneer fell, and like the cannon's bolt the 'left of center' crossed the bridge and was safe. As we reached the position where the other guns were, their cannoneers had to place our guns in position for us, as we had no breath or strength left to do so.

"What happened after that we all saw. The Confederates closed together, formed lines of battle, and began to sweep across the little valley of the Tazewell; there stood our battery, every gun loaded and ready; nearer and nearer drew the hostile line, when out rang the order, 'Ready!—Fire!' and six 10-pound shells went plunging plumb square into the moving human mass; the line quivered; again out roared the six cannon; the line again quivered and staggered; the third time the six pieces roared in unison; the line staggered, fell, broke to pieces, and did not form again that day, except in isolated groups.

"The two companies of the 16th Ohio on picket fared badly that morning, being nearly all captured. Two of the Ohio soldiers distinguished themselves that day when, finding that the Confederates had swept by them, they started to the enemy's rear and captured Lieut.-Col. Gordon, of the 11th Tenn. (Confederate), within sight and hearing, almost, of his own regiment. What the Confederate loss was that day we do not know, but it appears from the 'War Records' that the Knoxville Register admitted that 'Vaughn's Regiments alone lost 109 men in the fight.'

"One of the stories told of that famous race is that Billy McKeith, gunner, after firing a load of canister, had ordered a shell with a short fuse, but seeing that to run was the better part of valor, limbered his gun and made the rush down the mountain. Nick Hitchcock, who was No. 5, had the shell and cartridge in his hands as the gun was limbered, and did not drop either of them, but with the 10-pound shell in one hand and the cartridge in the other he started in the race; part way down the mountain his suspenders gave way; there was no time to make repairs, so he freed one hand by throwing away the cartridge, and grasping his slipping

breeches, he kept in the race, and brought the 10-pound shell safely through.

"The memory of that beautiful August day will never be forgotten by any one witnessing its stirring scenes. That lonely little valley of the Tazewell, and the town that lay so snugly at the foot of the hill, the terror of its people, when they suddenly found themselves between the hostile forces, the hurrying to and fro, and the pale faces of fleeing women and children seeking safety, will haunt my memory while life lasts."

Sam Blake, chief of piece, left of center, writes:

"Presently we could hear the rebels in our front coming toward us through the timber, and could distinguish their orders to 'close up,' 'guide on center,' etc. We knew by their manner of giving orders they were rebels, although they were dressed in blue uniforms, like our own men. We had a shell in the gun, which we turned out and replaced with a charge of canister, on top of which another bag of canister shot, remnants of some broken cartridges, was put, making a double charge. The gun was depressed so the line of sight would strike the ground about two-thirds of the distance to the timber. As they came out of the timber in our front they halted to dress their line, when Billy McKeith, who was my gunner, fired, then loaded again and fired to the right. About this time they opened upon us. I told Billy to 'git,' and they 'got.' Part of the cannoneers mounted the off horses and others the limber chests, but Charles Withee, Mike Trafts and Nick Hitchcock tried to outrun the horses. They left me behind, as my horse refused to move until he was unhitched from the tree to which he was tethered by a strong halter."

"There were some amusing incidents happened. Jim Crocker was ordered to go and tell Sergeant Norm. Webster to retreat, and Sergeant Aylmer was sent to call my gun in. Webster's gun was having some fun with a rebel howitzer, and horses unharnessed and men taking it easy, when they heard our two shots to their right. They hitched up double quick, just as Jim came in sight, swinging his hat and shouting 'Get out of here — quick, as you are surrounded,' and they did get, but not a moment too soon, for 47 of the 16th boys were captured. A Corporal of that regiment, however, captured the rebel Lieutenant Colonel Gordon, of the famous Gaines regiment of Georgia, and conducted him into the Federal lines. We met Aylmer in a hollow waiting for us. He said he thought, under the circumstances (the bullets were flying as thick as hail), we would know enough to get out of there without being told; and we did."

Johnnie Davidson says: "The afternoon before the fight (I forget the date) the center section was ordered over the

hill. Since reading some of the correspondence in the paper I believe there was one left section gun with us. We went out on a reconnoissance, also to do a little foraging on the side; there was not much foraging done, however, because we had run against Gen. Bragg's advance. At the foot of the hill we went into position, but not seeing any rebels we went into battery under shelter of a large tree. While watching a group on picket in a field to our left we saw the dirt fly about their feet and heard a noise like a good-sized musket, and came to the conclusion that it was a cannon, but not being used to rebel shell could not tell for sure. In a few minutes a shell came through the tree top; then we got to work, center section only being there. After firing several shots we were ordered up the hill again. When the right of the center got on top of the hill, just where the road turned to our right, and facing town, we were ordered to go into position, not to unhitch the teams, nor men to undress. Being an outpost or picket with artillery, we did unhitch and partly undress, but we did not know what danger we were in. We were routed out early next morning, when Billy McKeith let them have a dose of canister. We were not long getting limbered up and into the road. I want to say right here, if you ever saw any one go down a hill without lock or brake, it was a part of the 1st Wisconsin Battery. The rebels were so close to us it is a wonder they did not mow us all down. I guess the only reason they did not hit any one was, we were going too fast.

"Some people reading this might think we were scared. We were not; we only wanted to get back to Tazewell."

Enos Pierson, of the 16th Ohio, sums up with: "Having participated in the Tazewell races which came off on the 6th of August, 1862, just reading an article from Davison reminds me of the events of that memorable morning. Our regiment (the 16th Ohio) went on picket that morning, Companies B and E going on the extreme outpost with one of your guns. Companies C and G were left at the forks of the road on the top of the hill, while Companies F and D were to our right in the blackberry patch watching the woods in their front. I think Sergeant Sam Blake had charge of the piece that was stationed at that point. The reserve had stacked arms and piled up their knapsacks near by and were enjoying themselves, when the Sergeant Major came running down the road telling us to fall in, as the outpost was getting in close quarters. We formed and started on double quick and had only got fairly started when we heard and saw the rebels swarming through the woods on our right. Lieut. Col. Kershner, who was in command, about faced us and came back, fled into the field and rushed to the support of Blake's gun. Just as we got to the brow of the hill the rebel brigade was coming over the fence.

Blake gave them a double charge of canister, and C and G a volley from our French rifles, which laid a good many of them out. We fell back down the hill, loading as we went; then about faced and went up and gave them another volley. The gunner had limbered up, and the way they went down that hill to the orchard was a caution. We fell back across the road into the timber, loading and firing as we went until we reached the top of the opposite hill, where we deployed along a cornfield fence. We stayed there until our ammunition was all gone and we were nearly surrounded, when we struck out for Tazewell, or rather, where the rest of the brigade was. We had to leave our knapsacks in the hands of the enemy. The 16th had only two killed—Captain Edgar, of Co. B, on the outpost, and Private Hoke, of Co. I, near the orchard at the foot of the hill. The 14th Kentucky was in the orchard. I think they had some men wounded.

"Corporal Paul Wilder, of Company B, 16th, in making his escape from the outpost, where they had been surrounded, took the rebel Col. J. B. Gordon prisoner and brought him to camp. He was promoted to Sergeant, and was killed at Chickasaw. Gordon was exchanged for the 47 that were captured on the outpost.

"During our game of ball that day Col. De Courcey resorted to a little strategy. By marching the 22d Kentucky and 42d Ohio around a knoll, part of the troops were in sight of the rebels all the time, but on the march, thereby conveying the idea that the whole of Morgan's Division was on hand ready for them if they made any farther advance. I was in a position to witness the effective work done by the battery, after we all got back together again.

"The rebel artillery soon went out of business when the 1st Wisconsin got down to work. The 16th boys have always thought and still think that there was no better battery in the field than Foster's 1st Wisconsin.

"The ridge spoken of, the same where the rebels tried to plant a battery in the face of our fire, is called Waldron's Ridge. Now Tazewell is of about 800 or 1,000 inhabitants. About a mile south is New Tazewell, upon the railroad. Land is worth from \$10 to \$60 an acre, and the country prosperous. The ridge is now a burying ground for colored people and the trees back of it cut away. The town was alternately held by Federal and rebel until '64, and relics are yet plowed up. A 'man and brother' secured one of our Rodman shells, the fuse of which had failed to ignite. One day, to get the lead, he put it in the oven of his cook stove, after getting up a good heat, and soon after he peered in to see if the lead was yet melted. The agitation of the caloric, or being at the opportune moment, set the fuse spitting. Divin-

ing results, he seized Dinah and waltzed out, quick time. I think we were cutting our fuse at three and a half seconds then—how was it, Gabe, Riffenberg, Downs?—and he and Dinah spent the fourth second dodging stove covers, roof boards and rafters. Who fired that shell? Come to the front, you gunners, and let the guilty man send a written apology to Dinah. Or was it a No. 6 in fault?"

CHAPTER VIII.

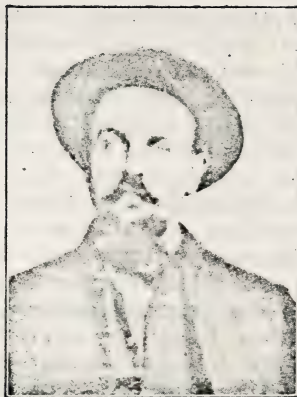
"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

AFTER this Tazewell expedition we were completely hemmed in and besieged. Kirby Smith was in our rear and Stevenson in our front. Our supply of rations and forage was limited, and we were put upon three-fourths rations.

Just south of the little valley in which was located division headquarters was a high ridge of land, known as "Poor Valley Ridge," beyond which was the valley from which it received its name.

This valley was something like, or more than, a mile in width, and beyond which the enemy was encamped. In order to enter this valley from the Gap it was necessary to go to the eastward and around the edge of said ridge.

There was yet some corn standing in Poor Valley, and General Morgan determined to head a foraging expedition for the purpose of getting it. That he might have a battery ready to assist in the defense of his foragers, if they should be attacked, he decided to mask a section of the 1st Wisconsin Battery in a commanding position near the east end of the aforesaid ridge, with which end in view he gave instructions to the military engineers, West Pointers, to prepare a road up and alongside of the ridge so the artillery could be gotten into position without being discovered by the enemy. The expedition was to start at 4 a. m. Lieutenant Webster was ordered to go with the section, and his orders were to proceed to a certain point where he would find a newly-prepared road which he was to follow until he reached a certain other point, designated by certain well-known landmarks, where he was to go into battery and watch the movements of the enemy closely; and, above all, he was especially enjoined not to show himself or his guns. He followed the foraging train until said new road was reached, when he turned into and followed it. The grades were nice and the angles gracefully turned, but the road led to the top of the ridge and in full view of the enemy, some 250 yards from the point designated for the guns to be stationed, to reach which point it was necessary to travel on the crest of said ridge in plain view of the rebels. Webster halted his section as soon as he discovered this condition and hastened as fast as his horse would carry him to report to General Morgan. He found General Morgan just as the column was entering the lower end of the valley, and told him it was now impos-



H. A. RIFFENBERG.

sible to get to the designated point without being seen. The General indulged in some misapplied scriptural language, but said there was no other way now than to go ahead.

When the first gun appeared on the ridge there was seen to be a commotion in the enemy's camp. They at once turned out to oppose our foraging party, and sent a few shell to drive our guns away; but we, at least, held our own. As a result of our early exposure on the "scientific" road plan but little forage was secured.

A few days afterward General Morgan sent for Lieutenant Webster and asked him if he could get his guns up on that ridge and get them in position without being seen by the enemy? Webster told him he certainly could, if he was permitted to try it. The General told him to call for a detail of as many men as he wanted and to report to him when the road was ready.

The Lieutenant told him that there were a few "swampers" in the 1st Wisconsin Battery that he would take to do the work. The word "swampers" seemed to confuse the General somewhat, but when he was informed that it was a name applied to those men who cut roads in the pine woods, that the heavy logs might be hauled to the streams and the mills, he saw the point. The Lieutenant took with him, as nearly as can be recalled, Eph Hackett, Dick Kimball, Billy McKeith, Myron Hill, John Heckman and a dozen or more others, and soon prepared a way by which the desired end could be accomplished, and so reported. The next day a successful raid was made on the corn patch, and the 1st Wisconsin Battery, or a portion of it, was placed where it could do the most good in defending the same, and without being seen by the enemy. This put the Battery another notch ahead in the estimation of the General, who on the latter occasion took a position near our guns from which he could watch the foraging column with a glass.

After this there was no further attempt to go foraging, or expectation of receiving supplies until the siege should be raised.

From the mountain top, where the 30-pounder guns were stationed, we could see the rebel camps some three or four miles away, and we used to amuse ourselves by throwing shells into said camps. They had no guns that could reach us, so it was not as interesting as might otherwise have been.

A comrade thus describes an incident of our isolation from the outside world: "While at the East Spring one day, just after dinner, hearing the assembly sounded, I hurried down the rocky roadside to camp and found the boys in line answering to what I thought was a roll call, but was amazed to hear the Orderly call 'Mary E. French,' and a bronzed soldier answered 'here,' stepped to the front and got a letter. 'Susan Brown,' and another strapping cannoneer answer 'here,' and got a letter.

Other feminine names were called and responded to by persons of decidedly masculine form and feature. Finally, to one of the most feminine names there were two answers and two soldiers stepped forward to get the letter. The tall cannoneer looking down on the shorter like a Shanghai rooster pecking into a jug. They had both been corresponding with the same girl, and this was a blockaded mail, being 'returned to the writer.'"

On the 30th of August, 1862, in General Orders, No. 81, issued to the soldiers of his command, General Morgan said:

Comrades! General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief, thus addresses you: "Hold on firmly. You will very soon be reinforced. Don't yield an inch. Fight the enemy whenever he appears."

I know right well, soldiers, how your brave hearts will respond to this appeal from our General-in-Chief. Already our brothers of the 3d Tennessee and 3d Kentucky have grappled with the foe. At Big Hill Lieutenant-Colonel Childs repulsed, with great loss to the enemy, a force five times greater than his own, and when surrounded cut his way through with a loss of only 80 in killed, wounded and missing.

In Jackson County, Colonel Garrard was attacked by the enemy's cavalry, but he scattered them to the wind.

From Lexington comes the most glorious tidings. Four regiments are daily arriving, and they are impatient to be led against the enemy. Let every man determine to conquer and victory is already ours.

By command of General Morgan.

CHARLES O. JOLINE, A. D. C.

But the relief did not come as was promised. It would seem that the rebels, with their characteristic disregard of our plans and purposes, had interposed an objection in the shape of a superior force. But, perhaps, the following General Order, issued September 5, 1862, will explain more fully:

General Order No. 85.

Cumberland Gap, September 5, 1862.

Soldiers: Unlike the rebel commanders, I have the fullest confidence in the intelligence, as in the devoted courage of the brave men who compose the rank and file, and, as to brothers and friends, I communicate to you all the important movements of the opposing armies. As you are aware, soldiers, General Smith lately crossed into Kentucky with 25,000 men, who were met at Big Hill by a little army composed of 10,000 Kentuckians, Indianians and Ohioans, and after a gallant struggle, which lasted for three days, our forces fell back to the Kentucky River, met a large reinforcement under General Nelson, and, on Wednesday, were again gallantly fighting.

You will all be glad to know that our brave comrades of the 3d Kentucky and Mundy's Cavalry participated in the fight and covered themselves with glory.

Now, soldiers, you are about to be called upon to prove that you possess the highest attributes of courage, endurance and fortitude. If you are true to yourselves and our cause you will receive the thanks and admiration of the Nation.

The first thing to be done is to learn economy. Do not waste a grain of bread or an ounce of meat, and give up the pernicious habit of eating green corn. Let the corn get ripe, for we will need every ear

of it to make bread. Let it be your pride, soldiers, to preserve this mountain stronghold to the Union, and though Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia should be overcome for a time by the foe, let us guard one sacred spot on the soil of each of these States over which the Stars and Stripes shall defiantly wave.

By command of General Morgan.

CHARLES O. JOLINE, A. D. C.
Headquarters United States Forces,
Manchester, Sept. 20, 1862.

General Halleck censured Morgan for presuming to "hold on" in pursuance of his own orders, when he was short of provisions, but General Wright defended Morgan, and Halleck afterwards ungraciously "crawfished."

Our army was now destitute of supplies; not a Union soldier within 200 miles and engirdled by the armies of Stevenson, Smith, Bragg and Humphrey Marshall, with John Morgan and his "fearless riders" ready to pounce on rear or front. The enemy would not attack, for, as Colonel Forsyth, then on the staff of General Bragg, says in his "Memoranda of Facts," "The stronghold of Cumberland Gap would have defied our combined armies in a direct assault." Colonel Capron, one of Kirby Smith's staff, said they looked upon us as prisoners, but thought possibly we might try to get out of the trap by going into Virginia, in which case we would be surely captured by a portion of their army. They never dreamed it possible for us to get away from them. Kirby Smith, when at Cumberland Ford, sent a demand to General Morgan for a surrender, to which General Morgan replied: "If you want this fortress, come and take it." He did not want it—at least he did not comply with the terms contingent upon its surrender.

Perhaps the best idea of our situation and condition may be gained from the following extract from the account of said siege furnished by General Morgan to the Century War Book. He says:

"Our situation was now critical. We had been three months in this isolated position. Our only reasonable hope of succor had been destroyed by the defeat of Nelson's force at Richmond on the 30th of August. We were destitute of forage. The horses of the 9th Ohio Battery literally starved to death, and their skeletons were dragged outside the lines. Our supplies of food were rapidly becoming exhausted. DeCourcey had been sent to Manchester, 60 miles distant, in hope of obtaining supplies, but there was scarcely enough for his own brigade. Enveloped on every side by the enemy, absolutely cut off from my base of supplies, and with starvation staring us in the face, I assembled a council of war, and stating the situation in a few words, asked for the opinion of the members. Spears, Carter and Baird (DeCourcey being absent) gave it as their opinion, in which I concurred, that retreat was inevitable. In fact, I

had already marked out in red chalk on the map of Kentucky my line of retreat, just as it was afterwards carried out. Holding out the idea that we were seeking to obtain supplies by the way of the barren wilderness through which I proposed to reach the Ohio, I had previously caused Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Gallup, of the 14th Kentucky, a soldier of rare merit, to send me at intervals men of his command familiar with the country through which each day's march would have to be made. The information given me by these brave mountaineers was discouraging. The want of water, the rugged character of the defiles, the almost absolute want of supplies, were stated by everyone, but the opinion was expressed that a few wagons, laden with half a ton each, might get through. My topographical engineer, Captain Sidney S. Lyon, a man of fine intelligence and skill, had been the geologist of Kentucky, and was familiar with every foot of the State. Pointing out to him the line I had marked across the map I said: 'Can I take my division by that route to the Ohio River?' 'Yes, possibly by abandoning the artillery and wagons.' However, there was no practical choice. To retreat on Lexington would have placed my division, with its reduced numbers, between Stevenson in our immediate rear, and Smith in our front, Bragg on our left and Humphrey Marshall on our right, with the passes of the Wild Cat or the Big Hill to overcome. I therefore determined to retreat by the red chalk line, and at all hazards to take my artillery and wagons with me.

"Stevenson, who knew as well as I did that I must attempt a retreat, was vigilant and energetic. From a knob on the east flank of Baptist Gap, with the aid of a good telescope, he could see all that was going on in Cumberland Gap. His line was nearly a semi-circle, the opposite points of the diameter resting on the mountain's base to the right and left of the Gap. His policy was to starve us out."

During our occupancy of the Gap a large magazine had been built and stored with a good supply of ammunition, and an arsenal provided in which there had been placed 4,000 stands of small arms. A vast storehouse capable of holding supplies for 20,000 men for six months was built, and until our communications were cut off there were numerous wagon trains transporting rations and other supplies from Lexington. Not so much had been received, however, but what we found ourselves besieged and short of provisions, particularly bread and meat. There was, however, a considerable supply of coffee, sugar and beans on hand. As soon as it was fully decided to retreat by the "chalk line" preparations were promptly made for the "excursion." Strict orders limiting the amount of baggage of officers and men were issued. The former were

limited to a valise while the latter were restricted to as little as could possibly be required. All surplus clothing was to be destroyed. In short, we were to take only that which would be absolutely necessary for the trip. All tents were to be destroyed and all wagons and harness that could not be taken for want of horses or mules were to be cut up or burned. The Battery was furnished with mules in place of its horses, which had been given to the cavalry soon after we were surrounded by the enemy, as were all other serviceable horses in the command. The six 20-pounder Parrotts were put in charge of Lieutenant Webster and a detail of a company of the 5th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Captain Young. As it was thought quite probable that these guns might have to be abandoned, and as there were no serviceable horses or mules, not otherwise "appropriated," the condemned horses, of which there was a goodly number, were turned over to Webster to haul his guns with. These horses were not only poor in flesh but were worn down and afflicted with numerous and expansive collar and saddle galls. They were, in fact, a sorry lot, the only redeeming feature of the case being that there were plenty of them, there being enough to furnish eight horses to each gun and caisson, with 12 or 15 extra. Lieutenant Webster applied for a team to carry supplies and camp equipage, but it was refused, as no camp equipage was to be taken. As he had the horses he thought they might as well haul something along as far as they went, so took a squad of men and six of the best horses from the "extras" and went first to the pile of harness that had been "marked for destruction" and selected harness for them, then to the place where the wagons were being gathered for the burning that awaited them, and selected and hitched on to a good one that was well fitted with sheets and bows. He then drove to the commissary building where the extra stores were being destroyed and loaded into his wagon a barrel of beans, a sack of coffee, and a barrel of sugar, and from there to his headquarters and put in his trunk (which he has at this writing) and then ordered the driver to take his place in the Quartermaster's train when it should start. The "deception" was never detected by the higher authorities, and as a consequence the siege battery had coffee in plenty for use and to trade with the few natives that had anything to trade for it, as well as to share with their less fortunate comrades. Captain Foster also "smuggled" an ambulance, in which he carried his trunk, a tent and sundry other plunder.

The army tents were cut and torn in such a manner as to render them unserviceable for shelter or seclusion, and were left standing. All other property that could not be taken was destroyed. The 30-pounder Parrotts were dismounted, spiked.

solid shot rammed down them and the trunnions knocked off or so weakened as to render them unserviceable, as was thought. They were all placed upon blocks under either end and then subjected to constant hammering with ponderous sledges midway between the said blocks, with a view to springing or bending the said guns. The writer hereof witnessed the spiking, the ramming of the shot home, the commencement of the hammering and the drilling and the wedging of the trunnions and was led to believe that the work had been well and thoroughly done, but he has since learned that two of said guns were not injured and that the rebels had gotten them up and put them in use. General Morgan further says in the *Century War Book*:

"During the night of the 16th of September a long train of wagons was sent toward Manchester under the convoy of Colonel Coburn's 33d Indiana, two companies of Garrard's 3d Kentucky Regiment, and the 9th Ohio Battery. This entire night and the following day, every preparation was made for the retreat. Mines had been constructed to blow up the magazines and the arsenal and fire the vast storehouses constructed and under construction. Everything moved with the precision of a well-constructed and well-oiled piece of machinery, until late in the afternoon of the 17th, when a report came from our signal station on the crest of the mountain that a flag of truce was approaching from the enemy. This was in reality a party of observation. I therefore sent Lieutenant-Colonel Gallup, with a small escort and a few shrewd officers, to meet the enemy's flag outside our picket lines. The officers on either side were laughing and joking together, when suddenly a glare of fire shone from the valley at the foot of the Gap and a volume of smoke curled over Poor Valley Ridge. One of the Confederates exclaimed, 'Why, Colonel, what does that mean? It looks like an evacuation.' With admirable coolness and address Gallup replied, 'Not much; Morgan has cut away the timber obstructing the range of his guns and they are now burning the brush on the mountain side.' This off-hand explanation was apparently satisfactory, but the fact was that some reckless person had fired a Quartermaster's building,—a criminal blunder that might have cost us dear.

"On the night of the 17th Gallup, with a body of picked men, was left to guard the three roads leading from the camps of Stevenson, and to fire the vast Quartermaster buildings, as well as the enormous storehouse, nearly completed, on the crest of the mountain, and near the Gap. The arsenal, containing four thousand stands of small arms, and a large amount of shells and grenades, had been mined and trains had been laid to the magazines.

"At 8 o'clock that night my command wheeled into column with the coolness and precision of troops on review; and without hurry, without confusion, with no loud commands, but with resolute confidence, the little army, surrounded by peril on every side, set out on its march of over 200 miles through the wilderness. Toward morning Gallup fired the vast buildings and trains leading to the mines. The shock of the explosion was felt fourteen miles away; the flaming buildings lighted up the sky as though the Gap and mountain crests were a volcano on fire, and from time to time till after dawn we heard the explosion of mines, shells or grenades. At Manchester we halted for a day and a half to concentrate the command, and to organize for the march before us. A day or two before a soldier had murdered a comrade in cold blood, under circumstances of great aggravation. I had ordered a court to try him. The sentence, of course, was death, and at the very moment of the execution the firing of our troops could be heard repelling the dash of Stevenson's cavalry on the wagon train."

The "chalk line" that we were to follow in our search for "the happy land of Canaan" led through the counties of Bell, Knox, Clay, Owsley, Wolf, Elliott, Carter, Morgan and Greenup. The principal towns through which we passed were Flat Lick, Manchester, Proctor, Hazel Green, West Liberty and Grayson.

General Spear's Tennessee Brigade, with a section of the 1st Wisconsin Battery between the different regiments, led the column and made Flat Lick, 20 miles distant, before halting. It was of General Spear that General Morgan wrote to General Wright, "He is energetic and able, but don't comprehend that war is not extermination." The last of the army had scarcely left the camps before the work of destruction began, resulting in as grand a display of fireworks as one could reasonably expect to see in a lifetime. The grass was not allowed to grow under our feet until we reached Manchester, where the column was halted for rest and concentration. As soon as General Morgan arrived he issued the following order:

General Order No. 98.

Soldiers: Instead of a stronghold you left Cumberland Gap a mass of smouldering ruins, and marched away like conquerors from the field of their triumph.

Without the loss of a man you held it for three months and increased its strength a hundredfold. During the one month you were besieged you sent out five expeditions, four times attacked the enemy, captured five hundred prisoners and killed and wounded about 117 more, and when your services were demanded elsewhere you brought with you all your field and nearly all the siege pieces, and the stores and the magazines were blown into the air in the very teeth of the foe.

But now, comrades, new and greater difficulties are to be met and conquered. A long march is before you through a region regarded as

impracticable for an army. It is for you to prove that nothing is impossible to brave men when fighting for their country.

You must economize your rations and make one canteen of water serve for two days' march. When you drink swallow but a mouthful and your thirst will be assuaged. Those who disregard this advice will suffer for their carelessness, and risk being left upon the roadside to the tender mercies of the enemy's cavalry. But I am sure, comrades, that your judgment and endurance will prove equal to your courage, and that you will secure for yourselves, by your bearing, the confidence and admiration of your country.

GEORGE W. MORGAN,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

E. D. Saunders, A. D. C. Acting A. A. G.

Notwithstanding the hurry and anxiety incident upon a retreat with a vastly superior army following close in our rear, time was taken to empanel a court-martial and try a soldier for the crime of murder, condemn, sentence and execute him in the presence of the whole army, before leaving Manchester.

On the 21st of September Patterson's and Tidd's Corps of Engineers, under direction of Lieutenant Craighill, Chief of Engineers, started about 10 a. m. in advance, for the purpose of repairing the roads, escorted by the commands of Colonels Ray and Edwards.

On the 22d the army moved as follows:

Baird's Brigade, with Webster's siege train, started at 3 p. m. and marched to Island Creek, 10 miles.

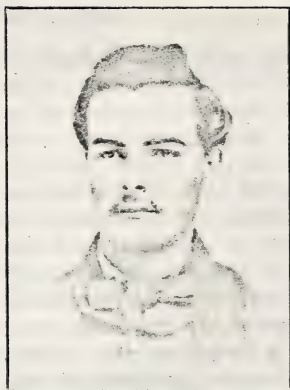
Spear's Brigade, with Foster's and Clingman's Batteries, started at 6 a. m. and marched to Island Creek.

Carter's Brigade, with the 9th Ohio Battery, marched at 9 a. m. and bivouacked at Island Creek.

DeCoursey's Brigade, with Lamphere's Battery, started at 2 p. m. and bivouacked at Clark's, 10 miles from Manchester.

Thus began one of the most difficult and arduous marches of modern warfare. A small army with a large train of wagons and upwards of 30 pieces of artillery, six of which pieces were heavy guns, surrounded by an army of much superior force, with little else than a veritable "chalk mark" for a road to travel upon, and that through a mountainous country which was thought to be impassable for an army. In some instances our route was over roads which were so badly washed that they had not been traveled for years only as bridle paths.

At Proctor, on the Kentucky River, where there was a large grist mill, we had expected to meet the enemy in considerable force, and were prepared for a fight, but when we arrived we found that John Morgan had been there and burned the mill and contents and had withdrawn to attack us at some other point. Here the column halted half a day for rest and rearranging the order of march.



GEO. W. GALE.

PROCTOR TO GRAYSON.

Thus far the traveling had been comparatively easy. There had been some semblance of roads, but, from this on, we were to literally feel our way through rocky hills and rugged defiles. It was once said of a certain railroad in Arkansas that its management had been such that there was nothing left of it but "two streaks of rust and the right of way." We were now entering a country through which the streak of rust was mostly obliterated, while the right of way was to be contested by an armed force.

From Proctor General Morgan sent an officer accompanied by several men as an escort toward Mount Sterling with written authority to purchase supplies, knowing that the officer would be captured by the enemy and the papers seized. This was to cause the enemy to think his objective point was Maysville. We will again quote from General Morgan's article in the Century War Book:

"Two roads run from Proctor to Hazel Green, the Ridge road, then destitute of water, and the North Fork road, which had water, but which the torrents of the previous rainy season had greatly damaged and in part destroyed. DeCoursey and Spears marched by the former, while Carter and Baird, with the wagon train, took the latter. It was largely through the energy of Baird that the wagon train was saved. After a day's halt at Hazel Green to rest and refresh the half famished men and animals the march was resumed toward West Liberty, supposed to be occupied by Humphrey Marshall. However, he was not there. During this march John H. Morgan attacked the rear of DeCoursey's Brigade and scattered a lot of cattle intended for the use of the retreating column. Morgan then passed around us and commenced blockading the defiles between West Liberty and Grayson, and destroying everything that would feed man or beast. He did his work gallantly and well. Frequent skirmishes took place, and it several times happened that while the one Morgan was clearing out the obstruction to a defile the other Morgan was blocking the exit from the same defile with enormous rocks and fallen trees. In the work of clearing away those obstructions 1,000 men, wielding axes, saws, picks, spades, and block and tackle, under the general directions of Captain William F. Patterson, commanding his company of engineer-mechanics, and of Captain Sidney F. Lyon, labored with skill and courage. In one instance they were forced to cut a new road through the forest for a distance of four miles in order to turn a blockade of one mile. At Grayson, however, on the 1st of October, John Morgan abandoned the contest to seek a new field for the exercise of his superior partisan skill and high courage; and on the 3d we

reached the Ohio River at Greenup, without the loss of a gun or wagon, and with the loss of but 80 men. Not only that, but, as General Bragg states in his report, we had detained General Kirby Smith and thus prevented the junction of Confederate armies in Kentucky long enough to save Louisville."

One morning we ran upon John Morgan's camp just as they were about to eat their breakfast, but they left hastily, leaving what they could not carry in their hands. At the headquarters mess we found a large kettle full of poultry, such as geese, turkeys, chickens, etc., which were still boiling and just ready to take out of the "soup." It is, perhaps, useless to say that the aforesaid poultry was taken out and put where it did the most good. Those Indiana boys would run a bayonet through a fowl and take it along for lunch, to be eaten at the next resting place. We arrived at the North Fork of the Kentucky River about 4 p. m. and found that while there had once been a bridge at that point there was now not even a streak of rust or a red chalk mark to designate a crossing place. The banks of the river were high and rocky, while the hills on either side of the river were still higher and sandy, being badly washed by the rains and floods of the last decade. Those long side hill roads were soon put in condition to travel. But the getting into the river and getting out when once in was another matter. It was accomplished, however, and the passage made safely. The hill, after we came out of the river, was the longest, the steepest and the rockiest we had yet found, but by the aid of the infantry the siege guns were taken up without a halt. Each second man of the infantry would take his comrade's gun and accouterments while the man so relieved would seize hold of a trace alongside the horses and pull with the latter, and such was the aggregate strength of the men thus employed that the heavy guns were taken to the top of the hill without a rest.

At one place where we bivouacked for the night General Morgan took possession of a residence, which had been hurriedly deserted by the family, for his headquarters. Soon after night had set in the woman of the house returned and begged for assistance to find her children. She had been told and believed that the "Yankee" army was coming through the country burning property and killing everything and everybody, sparing neither age nor sex, and had hidden her children among the rocks in one of the many defiles in the immediate neighborhood. She saw the army come and take possession of her home, and expected to see the flames issuing from it momentarily. As everything remained so quiet and orderly about the premises, she came to the conclusion that she had been misinformed and had ventured forth to find out what

the enemy was doing. In her hurry and confusion she became lost, or, at least, could not again find her children, and as the mother instinct overcame all fear, she boldly came into the camp and appealed for aid to find her babies. Soon scores of "boys in blue" were scouring the defiles of the neighborhood, and succeeded in finding the lost and restoring them to the agonized mother. That woman held a very different opinion concerning the morale of the Union soldiers after that night than she had done before.

General Morgan says that we brought all of the wagons through with which we started, but such was not the case. One day between West Liberty and Grayson we came to a place where the road ran along the side of a hill, and was at one point very narrow, in fact so narrow and so rocky that it was necessary to keep close to the upper side or the wagons would run off the bank. To aid in keeping the wagons in the road a trench had been dug in the rock on the upper side for the wagon wheels on that side to run in. On the upper side the bank was some feet higher than the road bed; on the lower side was almost a precipice for 10 or 15 feet and then a steep declivity covered with growing brush and rocks for a distance of 50 yards. Colonel DeCoursey, feeling some anxiety lest the teamsters might prove unequal to the occasion, took a position on the bank just opposite the narrowest place that he might give directions to the drivers as they came along. The first wagon to attempt the passage was the one that hauled the engineer's outfit for building and repairing the roads. As the driver approached Colonel DeCoursey began gesticulating like a runaway windmill, and shouting to the driver to be careful and "hug the bank," etc. The lead mules were, of course, frightened, and pulled so hard away from the bank that the wheel missed the trench on the upper side and the wheels on the lower side of the wagon dropped over the ledge, and wagon, mules and tools rolled over and over through the brush and among the rocks to the bottom of the defile, while the driver escaped by jumping from the saddle early in the engagement.

Said driver was not at all sparing of his doubtful complimentary remarks concerning the interference of that "one-eyed —" who was responsible for the catastrophe. Colonel DeCoursey, thinking that the passage of that place could as well be made without him as with, quietly withdrew. The wagon was so badly broken that it was abandoned, together with the tools, the mules being the only things about the whole outfit that was worth saving, and, strange to say, they were not injured in the least, and behaved, when released from the wreck, as if that was their accustomed manner of going down hill.

We reached Grayson about 3 o'clock in the morning. We had expected to find a Confederate force here to contest the "right of way" with us. The column was halted about half a mile from town, and the little army put in position for offensive or defensive operation. The utmost silence was enjoined. All orders were given in an undertone, lest the enemy's pickets should hear. The guns were run to their positions by hand, and all was as still as if there had been no army within a dozen miles. Everything was in readiness before daybreak, and all was eager expectation as to what daylight would reveal to our vision. Suddenly voices were heard in our front. Could it be that the enemy were coming to attack us? Before any action was taken, however, we could begin to distinguish the spoken words and found they were anything but of a belligerent indication. They were, in fact, of a decidedly friendly import, and were something like this: "Hellow, Jack; mighty glad to see you;" "How are you John; how are the folks?" etc. It was the home of some of the Kentucky boys in our army, and they could not resist the temptation to venture forth to see if, perchance, they might not find some of their friends without being detected by the enemy. They were not long in discovering that there was no enemy there, as he had left the day before. It did not take long to spread the news of our arrival among the Graysonites, and they began turning out to welcome us to their town.

Here all fears of further annoyance from the enemy was at an end. The "promised land" was in sight and we were about to enter therein and enjoy the fruits thereof.

We had left Cumberland Gap on the night of the 17th of September without a pound of flour or meat, not a box of crackers or hardtack, and not a grain of corn or oats for our horses and mules. There was a reasonable supply of coffee and beans, but much of the time there was no time or opportunity to cook the latter. We would frequently begin our march in the morning before it was fairly light with a light breakfast, if any at all, and without knowing what we were to have for dinner or where it was to be had, but we generally managed to get the dinner and very nearly on time, too. There was considerable quantities of pigs and poultry as well as mutton in the country, and corn was just passing out of the milk or "roastingear" stage, although much was found that was excellent for roasting. This corn was gathered and carried along with us in the wagons to be used whenever opportunity permitted. The hardest of it was made into a coarse meal by grating it on graters made out of tin plates by punching holes through the bottoms, leaving the underside rough and sharp. It was no uncommon thing during that march to see men sitting on the loaded wagons industriously "grating" corn for

the approaching meal of their mess. Some days the men were undoubtedly hungry, with nothing in sight or in hand to satisfy it, but, as a whole, none suffered seriously. The horses, which were half famished when we started, had gained in strength and flesh daily during the march. Mrs. S. S. Luce, of Galesville, Wis., one of the warmest friends of the Battery, upon being told of the manner of making meal of the green corn on upon the march, wrote the following poem to commemorate the same:

GRATING CORN.

Have you heard how Morgan's forces
Lately left the Cumberland,
Where against the Southern rebels
Vainly they had hoped to stand?

But a foe more dire than traitors
Menaced them on every side;
With pale want and cruel famine
They no longer could abide.

Long and drear the march before them—
Rough and difficult the way;
With guerrilla bands awaiting
To attack them night and day.

But they boldly faced each danger—
Toiling, suffering as they marched,—
Weary, fainting oft with hunger,
And with thirst their lips are parched.

When each day's drear march was ended,
With tired limbs and garments torn,
You might see each gallant soldier,
For his supper, grating corn.

Ah! how oft fair scenes of plenty
Rose before the mental sight;
And sweet dreams of home and kindred,
Thrilled each soldier's breast at night.

Still they toiled and nobly suffered—
Still they grated golden corn;
And at night still dreamed of dear ones—
Faced new dangers on each morn.

Till at last the march was finished,
All its keenest sufferings o'er,—
In a Northern land of plenty
They shall grate their corn no more.

Aye, this war hath made heroes,
And we think of them with pride,
While we mourn with deepest sorrow
Those who have so nobly died.

When we reached the Ohio River, at Greenup, we, for the first time in 50 days, felt that we were free from the danger of attack or surprise from the enemy.

Of this retreat the Cincinnati Commercial said: "Reliable information reached this city last night of the arrival of General G. W. Morgan at Greenupsburg, Kentucky, on the Ohio River. Greenupsburg is about 15 miles above Portsmouth, and, as any map will show, is the point within easiest reach of General Morgan, provided he had to strike the river above Maryville.

"General Morgan left Cumberland Gap on the night of the 17th of September, the force of the rebel General Stevenson being at that time within three miles of his front—that is to say, south. He was apparently cut off from the Ohio by the forces of Bragg, Kirby Smith, John Morgan and Marshall. General Morgan left the Gap amid the explosion of mines and magazines, lighted by the blaze of the storehouse of the Commissary and Quartermaster. The rebel commander Stevenson was entirely surprised. At 5 o'clock on the evening of the 17th (a few hours before the evacuation) General Morgan sent official communications to Stevenson, and the officers of the two armies remained in friendly chat, under the flag of truce, for more than an hour. All the guns at the Gap were brought away except four 30-pound Parrotts, which were too heavy for transportation. The trunnions were knocked off.

"During the march northward our army was constantly enveloped by the enemy's cavalry—at first by Stevenson's men and then by John H. Morgan and his gang. Our Morgan maintained the offensive throughout, and on one occasion marched 24 successive hours. Three nights in succession were the rebel Morgans driven from their supper. The rebel Morgan first assailed the rear of our force, but changed tactics, passing to the front, and blockading the roads and destroying subsistence. For a period of three days our troops had no water but that found in stagnant pools, and the quantity thus found was very small. Humphrey Marshall was expected, by the way, but declined to risk himself in an effort to check the march of our Cumberland army, which made a march the most arduous and hazardous of the war."

On Saturday, October 4th, the army forded the river, it being very low at the time. The water was deep enough, however, to come into the beds of the wagons and above the bottoms of the limber and caisson chests, so the latter were taken off and, together with the ammunition that was carried in wagons, as well as other articles that would be damaged by getting wet, were put in a barge and ferried across. Then the batteries and the wagon train, followed by the infantry regiments at a right shoulder, forded the stream. Our Battery lost one mule in the passage, which was drowned by getting water into its ears; or at least that was the verdict of the "quest" that afterwards sat on the bank of the river to ascertain the cause of suspended animation in said mule. The wife of Colonel Bird, of the 1st Tennessee Regiment, rode on horseback by her husband's side through the river, as she had done all the way from the Gap.

We were now in a thoroughly loyal country and among friends where was no danger of surprise or attack from the enemy, however much we may have been in danger from over attention from our new-found friends. We had heard nothing from the outside world for the last three months, and did not know if the Government at Washington yet lived or not, but were not in the least surprised to learn that it still existed and was yet "on top." We also learned for the first time that while we were "prisoners of war" in the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky the battles of Groveton and Gainesville, Va.; the second battle of Bull Run; the battle of Bolivar, Tenn.; of Richmond and Mumfordsville, Ky.; of Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, Turner's and Crampton's Gaps, Va.; of South Mountain and Antietam, Md.; of Iuka and Corinth, Miss., and dozens of lesser battles and skirmishes had been fought, and that Pope had made a successful campaign into Virginia. But we were the heroes of the hour to the loyal people about us, and nothing they could do for us was withheld. We were ragged and dirty, but heroes all the same. We, ourselves, were very much like the client in court who was not aware of the sufferings he had endured until he heard the plea of his counsel before the jury. We were sensible of the fact that we had suffered from hunger, thirst and fatigue; true we had marched and worked roads almost continually, day and night; that we were obliged to "grate corn" to make bread; to use water from stagnant ponds to quench our thirst; that we were oftentimes allowed but three or four hours of sleep in the 24, and frequently less than that, but we did not realize how much we had suffered and endured until we saw it in the papers. Our lack of knowledge of our own condition was, perhaps, owing to the fact that we had been too much engaged in search of a way out of "the wilderness" to pay any attention to the accommodations along

the way. It mattered little to us now, however, what our sufferings had been; they were over and we were more in danger from a surfeit from a too liberal supply of the good things of the land than we had been from starvation in the mountains of Kentucky.

As we marched from Haverhill to Portland the farmers and citizens turned out generally and brought of their abundance to supply our supposed pressing necessities in the line of good things to eat. The first night we camped at Sciotoville, where we were treated right royally by her people. At Wheelersburg and at Webster, two hamlets on the route, the road was barricaded with tables groaning under the "best the market afforded," and scores of ladies on hand to serve cake and coffee while we helped ourselves to the substantials. This was heaven to the Northern-raised boys, but to the mountaineers of the South it did "not fill a long-felt want" very satisfactorily. They liked the pie and the cake, the coffee and the chicken and the turkey, the roast pig and other dainties, and stored away "right smart" of them; but there was a dearth of their beloved "corn pone." The light bread was, in the parlance of one of the most disgusted of the lot, just "d——d cotton bread." It had been the intention to take the army to Portland for the purpose of taking the cars for camp Dennison, near Cincinnati, but when we arrived at the railroad the plans had been changed and we went into camp near Oak Hill for the purpose of fitting up with new clothing, equipments, getting pay, etc.

It was here at Oak Hill that many of us first met up with a persimmon, and a driver fed a green one to a connoneer, who thus describes the result: "I think you will remember me; I am the boy the smooth-headed driver of the right of the right says ate the green persimmons, and wants to know what my remarks were, as if I said anything, with my mouth puckered up like a burnt boot. A few minutes later I met Cap. Foster and he threatened to put me in the guard house for making faces at him, but after a great effort I stammered out 'persimmons!' A broad smile crossed his face, he chuckled, then laughed, and said I was excusable. All the same, I would like a good mess of ripe persimmons now."

There was, of course, much newspaper criticism of General Morgan's generalship indulged in, but the loyal press of the country spoke in the highest terms of his successful retreat. The *New York Post* ranked it with the retreat of Xenophon, and the *Herald* demanded that he be given an independent command. General Von Moltke, the eminent German soldier, whom General Morgan had met in former years, while the latter was in Europe, after the war had ended, wrote to General Morgan a complimentary letter in which he ranked the



SAMUEL HOYT.

retreat from Cumberland Gap as the greatest strategic achievement of the war. Colonel Capron, of General Kirby Smith's staff, also pays a high tribute to the enterprise and dexterity of General Morgan in getting out of there.

While at Oak Hill quite a number of Tennessee and Kentucky soldiers deserted and returned to their mountain homes. They did not desert the Union cause, nor were they disloyal to the flag of their country, but they felt that their families needed their services more than the Government did just at that time. And, furthermore, they could not seem to understand why their homes should be abandoned to the enemy. It is safe to say that they all joined their regiments again as soon as the latter returned to the South. Q. M. Sergt. L. A. Paddock, of the Battery, also deserted at this place, and was never heard of or from by any of his former comrades afterwards. He had been put under arrest while on the march from the Gap and was apprehensive that a court-martial might go pretty hard with him, so he "skipped." Lieutenant Anderson had also been placed under arrest by Captain Foster while on the march, and had filed charges with General Morgan against him, which the General was disposed to ignore, owing to his former valuable services at Tazewell, Tenn. General Morgan, however, sent for Anderson, and the next day the latter's resignation was promulgated and he soon left the Battery. Thus ended the career of Lieutenant Anderson in the Army of the West. He returned to his native State, Maine, re-entered the army in the cavalry service and rose to the rank of Captain therein; was wounded in one of the prominent battles of Virginia. He there proved a very valuable and efficient officer. He probably found more congenial company associations, for he certainly possessed the qualifications to have become a brilliant officer in the artillery service. His old associates were glad to learn that he not only had, but that he merited, a name for bravery on the field, and that he lives to enjoy the result of the service rendered his country.

We were sadly in need of clothing, some of the men in the Battery having absolutely no trousers, some of whom wore drawers, while others wore the army overcoat, which served as a whole wardrobe. Complete outfits of clothing, underclothing, blankets, boots and socks were issued at Oak Hill, but no pay.

Captain Foster went to Cincinnati to meet his wife, but soon rejoined us.

On the 25th of October, as the Battery was on the point of starting on an expedition up the Kanawha River toward Gauley Bridge, and after he had mounted his horse to go with the Battery, Lieutenant Webster was ordered to resume command of the siege battery and to refit the same and to organize

and equip another battery as soon as possible, which were to follow us as soon as they were ready.

In the meantime the army had moved to Gallipolis, on the Ohio River, and was busily engaged in preparing for service in the field. While here, Henry Poifar, F. J. Miller, William Farrell, Augustus Peterson, A. W. Clark and W. B. Potter were discharged on Surgeon's certificate of disability and left the Battery and the service.

Lieutenant Webster thus relates an incident that occurred while at Gallipolis, which illustrated the sterling, inborn honesty of one of the most popular of the Battery boys—we were all boys then.

"The 'boy' in question was in convalescent hospital and was out of money, not having received pay for several months. His clothing was in very bad order and he needed many things for his comfort. On Sunday evening he attended church, and as he arose to receive the benediction he observed a purse lying in the seat just in front of him. As two young men had left the seat a short time before the close of the service, the purse undoubtedly belonged to one of them. He took the purse and contents and put it in his pocket. But his conscience was not easy, so in the morning he came to me and said: 'Web,' he always called me by that name, except when on duty, 'I want to tell you something. Last night I found this purse of money in the church, on the seat just in front of me. Two young men, soldiers, had been sitting in the seat and had gotten up and gone out before the meeting was dismissed, and I think it belongs to one of them, but I do not know who they were nor where to find them, and I want to know what to do with it?' Said I: 'Can't you find use for it?' 'Yes,' said he, 'but it is not mine and I cannot use it. It is mighty tempting, though, I can tell you, for I do need a little money awfully just now.' He afterwards found the owner of the money and restored it to him, and he was not more delighted to receive it than was our comrade to restore it to him. When the owner of the purse offered him a liberal share of the money for his honesty he promptly refused it, because he had done nothing but his duty and did not want pay for doing that. That boy was our late comrade, William McKeith."

One night as we lay in our tents—bell tents, the finest tent outfit we ever drew, but like the Indian's venison, they "lasted quick"—a soldier under the influence amused us by trying to explain language used to the satisfaction of a sober comrade. "Now, Charlie, I said that to the crowd, and you ain't a crowd, are you, Charlie?" Charlie allowed that he was, at least, an integral portion of that assemblage. "No, you ain't a crowd, Charlie. What I mean by a crowd, is a damned ornery crowd." The tents were lost in our first Vicksburg campaign

and we never thereafter drew a tent for the rank and file. A few turned up after Chickasaw, but were left at Milliken's Bend.

Of one episode in this campaign through the wilderness Comrade Paddock writes:

"I shall never forget what a time we had at Proctor. We reached there just before night, got into line of battle on the hill overlooking the town, which seemed to be all on fire, but proved to be only the flouring mill. When we moved on our Battery went by piece from the left front into column. When the right section, which was in the rear, reached the bed of the Kentucky River, which was almost dry, we were halted and stayed there till after dark. During our stay some of the rubber buckets we used with the guns went away, got into a distillery and came back chuck full; but it soon evaporated and greatly revived the spirits of the boys, so much so that some were nearly overpowered. What a time I had to get little Peterson on his mule. That night everybody was jolly, and Bill Pink rode up the hill astride the trail of the gun. Right section went on picket opposite town that night. I had to forage for the teams again. The next day I took your team and rode it until the night before we reached Grayson. About 8 o'clock we were settled down for the night, as we supposed; the men had lain down here and there and were asleep almost as soon as they touched the ground, for sleep was in big demand, more precious than gold and very scarce, as well as food, with us on that trip. I was on guard. We were to stand two hours each, so all would get some sleep. Just as I had called my relief and before he had taken his post an orderly rushed up to me and shouted, 'Where is your Captain?' Before I had time to answer he said, 'Wake him up, quick.' I was not long in arousing him, as he slept but a few steps away. The orderly said, 'Cap., hitch up as quick as God will let you; we are attacked in front.' Cap. shouted to Jerome, 'Boots and saddles.' Before Jerome was half onto his feet, boots and saddles was rushing out of the mouth of that old bugle by the dozen, and before the last notes had died away the leather was going on those mules at double quick, which was a characteristic of the old 1st Wisconsin Battery. D. C. rushed forward and mounted his mule and I took my place at the gun. The worst of all was I had captured a tough old gander that night just after halting and had him boiling when we pulled out and had to eat him half cooked. It was tiresome on the jaws, but I was goose hungry and could stand a little fatigue."

Gabe Armstrong replies: "Paddock is badly off when he says we struck Proctor in the evening. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning, and instead of one gander we had three; nice

ones they were, too. I heard that some of the boys used the soup to write with instead of ink. About all I remember after that was getting my canteen filled with the applejack, and think the balance of our squad had theirs filled also. We were then on the hill above town. The next thing I remember was waking up near the river side, a big colored gentleman being the only living object in sight on that side of the river. I can testify that when I caught up with the Battery they looked fully as tough as I felt. Another thing will ever linger in my memory: the march on top of that mountain without water, but every canteen with more or less corn juice in it.

"Paddock also speaks of the big grist mill being burned. Well, Don, don't you remember the mill was run with a sweep and one-horse mule attached?"

Cameron testifies as follows:

"I'll make a clean breast. Not having recovered from diphtheria of the previous Spring, I was able only to set the buckles, hitch the traces and climb into the saddle after Freeman, Paddock, or some other good cannoneer had thrown the leathers on to my mule; and my stomach was 'out of whack.' Gunner Kimball, Sergeant McConnell, or some Christian cannoneer, brought a cupful of the stuff to me. It was colorless, pungent of smell, and very, very searching, and they called it applejack. I surrounded a swallow, but my stomach wouldn't have it that way and repudiated, throwing up everything but my hope for the hereafter. Thus, 'I was the only sober man in the Battery.'

"That move out of Proctor, on the Kentucky River, where the extra cannoneers were strapped on the caissons. I've heard 87 men, not counting the buglers, tell that story, and somewhere in the recital, preface, body, or finis, they'd weave in that gauzy legend, 'Every one was drunk but me.' Long ago I came to believe the story of the other 86. That gander. I may have induced Comrade Paddock to sample a green persimmon, but I owed it to him. He got his features moulded into their usual classic form before the setting of the sun, but the piece of that tough old gander that he brought to me lay on my stomach for two days to the exclusion of all else but an hourly nightmare. One is vividly remembered as of that long-legged Paddock clothed in a scowl and white feathers, stalking through camp and planting his army brogan on the pit of my stomach.

"Years thereafter I was one evening sitting on the edge of the platform in front of a store in a frontier town, about sunset, when the muzzle of a gun was pushed along my shoulder from the rear, past my right ear. Slowly turning my head I followed the barrel along with my eye up to the stock, along the stock to—Paddock. And thanked my stars that it wasn't a leg of that old gander he was holding out."

CHAPTER VIII.

KANAWHA.

"Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield."

OCTOBER 13, 1862, Major-General Jacob D. Cox, fresh from the field of Antietam, where he won his second star, was assigned to command the District of Western Virginia. Major-General Horatio G. Wright, commanding the Department of the Ohio, shook out the Tennessee troops, all under General Spear—the 33d Indiana, 14th Kentucky, 9th Ohio Battery and others—ordering them to Covington. The balance of the Old Seventh Division was dubbed the Cumberland Division and ordered to join Cox in the Kanawha.

We had passed out from the Army of the Ohio, General Buell, into the Department of the Ohio, General Wright, and were never again a part of the Army of the Ohio nor of the Department of the Ohio. Neither did we again serve with the 14th, 33d, or the Tennessee troops. Never again to hear the cherry chirp of young "Bob" Johnson crying "Press forward men, press forward. Stand aside, boys, and let my poke-gunts get at 'em."

On October 27th, with new horses, equipments and clothes, but empty pockets—for the expected Paymaster failed to connect—we struck out up the north bank of the Ohio River from Gallipolis. Anderson had left us, while Webster was left behind as Ordnance Officer and Inspector for Spear's Brigade. Foster was Chief of Artillery and Kimball commanded the Battery. The early morning was fine and our hearts were light. What was our ultimate destination? Our faces were to the eastward. Were we eventually to become a part of the Army of the Potomac to do battle with "Lee's Miserables"? With true Western habit of sizing a man up by what he accomplished, unbiased by popular hero worship, we were distrustful of McClellan and wondered at his long halt at Antietam's field, and wanted none of him.

We camped amid a cold rain within sight of Grant's birth-place and lunched off hardtack and raw salt pork. Having for months lived on bacon for our salt meat, the pork was elegant. Many of us here ate it for the first time raw.

Crossing the river we skirted the village of Point Pleasant and moved up the right bank of the Kanawha. Now, the railroad having been built down the left bank, the villages are all on that side. The sections were separated the second day and

the right was mixed up with the 54th Ohio, and at Buffalo, where the mountains, or ridge of the same name, impinges on the valley, the retiring rebels made a stand, and the boys with skull caps bearing long red tassels and wearing zouave jackets went into line and the crack of the rifles was soon on. It was here many of us learned to distinguish between the report of a gun pointed at us and a gun pointed away from us. The infantry debouched from the road; we ran forward, unlimbered, and at the second round the rebs decamped.

The next day, at Red House, they made a slight stand and the entire Battery went into action.

After our experience in Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee this valley seemed broad and the finest spot we had struck on earth. Charlie Hewitt, who afterwards went up there with intentions of locating, reports it as narrow and confined. The large farm tobacco houses, wherein the crop was drying, were new to us, and the boys filled feed sacks with the leaf and spent many evenings stemming, twisting it into rolls and then twisting it on itself in the form of the old-fashioned "nut cakes" our mothers used to make. After drying, it was good smoking, and months after many a boy between pay-days was glad to get a twist of "sixty-two." Bill Pink had three or four bushels of it and was no niggard in relieving a distressed comrade.

Halloween night we camped near the headquarters of General Cox, who, by the way, was gorgeous in dress and equipments and wore two stars. "Giggerdier Brindle Commanding." Back of the house was a line of bee-gums, a chain of sentries encircling the whole, to guard "the Presence." Eph remarked that honey was "turrible good." Dick Richards, Summy and Cameron got together and Dick said if Eri and Don would take care of the sentries he would get a gum. Eri and Don moved on the sentries. Don proposed to inveigle 'em into partnership, but they were a new regiment and all recruits had an exaggerated conscientiousness about orders, responsibility and discipline. They struck the beat where two sentries met and Eri posed as a veteran of several campaigns and soon had them breathless over his vivid recital of the fight at Shiloh. Whether Grant was on Summy's staff, or Summy on Grant's staff, or whether he commanded until Grant got up late in the forenoon is not now quite clear; but Dick, who was a powerful fellow, crossed the beat, seized a gum, and setting it upside down on his head walked off into the gloom. Summy remarked, "Continued in our next," and the pair sauntered off towards an infantry camp; thence joined Dick in the feast. While we were feasting that infantry camp was visited by a Sergeant and guard, searching for a stolen bee-gum. Cameron asked Dick how he dare pick up a bee hive that way and Dick replied, "Huh! Bees crawl up in the dark."

On the river we, most of us, saw for the first time the old-fashioned keel-boats, and men walking them out from under foot, up stream.

The next rebel stand was at Glen Elk Point, and the next at the crossing of Elk River, but we soon brushed them away, and rebuilding the bridge, which they had destroyed, crossed over into Charleston, formerly and now the Capital. For years the Capital see-sawed between this place and Wheeling.

Halting here until near sundown, "Joseph, the old soldier," headed a foraging party, and in the suburbs, meeting a young woman, he accosted her in his usual genial and characteristic style. She immediately began a plaint as to the conduct of some of the boys in blue, but halted in her recital with the query, "But, are you an officer?" "U-m-m," replied Milligan, with a jerk of his head towards the halted column, "I've got considerable to say over there. Go on, lady." "But, are you an officer?" "U-m-m, I've got considerable to say over yonder."

Passing through Charleston that evening on our march out, a finely dressed young lady at a front gate was asked by Cameron if she wasn't glad to see us boys, and received a disdainful answer that she preferred seeing the others. Just then a squad of prisoners hove in sight, coming from the front under guard, and Carlie, pointing to them remarked, "Have, then, thy wish."

The weather was fine and the roads superb and we skimmed along 25, 35 miles a day. Through Malden, Webster, Cannelton, Edgewater, Twenty-One Mile Landing, Fourteen-Mile Landing, Kanawha Falls, Gauley River and above to the bridge. As we entered the little towns the rebels were just leaving them, and, notably at Malden and Webster, the young ladies would stand at the doors and windows waving small United States flags. Some even would come hurrying out dragging the flags from out among their draperies, where they had carried them concealed for weeks.

A few days' halt at the junction of the Gauley, and the Cumberland Division turned towards Cincinnati, which the Battery reached partly by march and partly on the powerful tow Webster and a barge lashed alongside for the stock.

The campaign was one of the pleasant episodes of our battery life, with the loss of one horse, killed.

DOWN THE RIVER.

About the 10th of November the command of General Morgan was ordered to report at Cincinnati for the purpose of preparing for an expedition down the Mississippi River. The Tennessee troops were ordered to Nashville and from thence

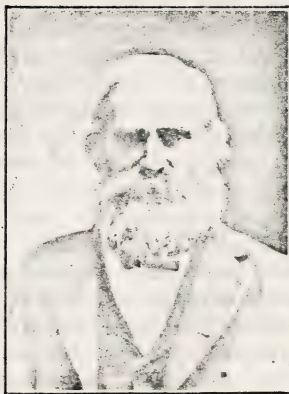
sent to East Tennessee, thus being severed from our command, never again to be united with us.

General Morgan was determined to have a battery of 20-pounder guns and at once decided to arm the 1st Wisconsin Battery with them, which was done on its arrival, about the 21st of the month. The Battery also received a lot of new horses and other supplies as well as a payment while stopping in the city.

On the afternoon of the 29th of November the Battery was loaded on the steamboat Westmoreland and on the morning of the 28th the horses were also loaded and we sailed toward "Dixie." Just before we started, however, there was an exciting episode occurred on the levee, which at one time bid fair to delay us for a time. As the line that held us to the shore was about to be cast off a dray was rapidly driven to the wharf conveying a quantity of liquors for the bar of the boat. Captain Foster demurred at its going on the boat, but the captain of the boat said they were a part of his supplies and that the boat could not go without them; whereupon Captain Foster told him that if that liquor went on board of that craft his men and battery would come off. The result was that the dray carried whiskey both ways and the boat carried none at all.

We arrived at Memphis on the 6th of December and went into camp at the Fair Grounds, about two miles from the business center of the town. Here we found the 16th and 42d Ohio and the 22d Kentucky Regiments, which had preceded us a few days. The people of Memphis were the most intensely "secesh" of any we had yet met in our army experience. The ladies were especially so, and did not attempt to conceal their contempt for the Union cause or its supporters. They would not associate with the wives of Union officers who had accompanied their husbands to that place, nor yet treat them civilly when they met by chance. Mrs. Foster had accompanied the Captain from Cincinnati and found rooms in a hotel in the city, but she could not remain there because of the treatment toward her of the Southern ladies stopping at the house. She then found a home in a private house near the camp.

Captain Foster again instituted battery drill, and there was need for it, too, if we expected to maintain our standing and reputation for efficiency in that line. We had been so situated for several months that we could not drill with horses and had become somewhat rusty; then, there were the recruits to be instructed in the manual of the piece as well as in foot and battery maneuver. It was while here that the second serious accident occurred in the Battery, which mutilated and permanently maimed one of the best men of the company. The man was John C. Malbon and his injury was the result of a premature discharge of a piece while firing blank cartridges in a



JOHN CASTLES.

drill for speed. One arm was taken off and he lost one eye. A purse of \$200 was made up in the Battery and left with him when we started down the river from that point. Lieutenant Kimball went to Wisconsin on recruiting service before we left Memphis.

We were now to be in a department or army corps under command of General W. T. Sherman, who was concentrating a force for a descent upon Vicksburg in conjunction with and under the general supervision of General Grant. There were four divisions, commanded respectively as follows: The 1st, by General A. J. Smith; the 2d, by Morgan L. Smith; the 3d, by George W. Morgan; the 4th, by General Frederick Steele. General Sherman had not then reached the degree of popularity that he afterwards attained, but his presence was inspiring to the troops there gathering, notwithstanding the slanderous reports concerning his sanity that had recently been circulated. As he rode among the soldiers, speaking encouraging words to them or giving directions to his subordinates, we could but feel that if he was "crazy" it would be a good thing if the Government would hunt up some more of the same kind and put them in command of troops in the field. A fleet of river boats was assembled from St. Louis, Cairo and other points, which was convoyed by Admiral Porter and his gunboats. On the 19th of December, the troops being embarked, we steamed down the river. One section of the Battery, with Captain Foster, was on the steamer *Empress*, which was General Morgan's headquarters, while the balance was on the steamer *War Eagle*, with the 49th Indiana Regiment, Colonel John Kegwin. The fleet was led by one or two gunboats, and was maneuvered by divisions, brigades, etc., as if it was an army on foot, and it was a magnificent sight to see it as it wended its way down the Mississippi, each boat following its file leader and preserving equal distances as nearly as possible. The fleet only ran during daylight, tying up at night. As there were no wood yards or cord-wood along the river, and as they were dependent upon wood for fuel, it was necessary to forage for it; but as men and axes were plenty and rails and log buildings not at all scarce along the route, that problem was soon solved.

Near Friar's Point, some few miles below Helena, a transport was fired into by guerrillas, whereupon some of our forces landed and burned the buildings in that vicinity. The next night the boat just ahead of the *War Eagle* was fired upon from the bank. Here, too, troops were sent on shore and the buildings in the vicinity burned and some cattle and mules secured. A few miles below this place we tied to the bank for the night at a plantation landing where there were several buildings and a large persimmon grove. The officials

were willing that the men should have the persimmons, but not that they should burn the buildings, as no one in that vicinity had attempted to annoy us. Colonel Kegwin, of the 49th Indiana, and Lieutenant Webster, of the Battery, were commissioned to see that the said buildings were protected. They were on shore among the men to see that they confined their depredations to the persimmons until the last one was gathered and the men had all gone on board and presumably to their rest, when the Colonel suggested that as there were no men ashore to do any harm they might as well all go and turn in as to remain up any longer. Webster was agreed, so they, too, went on board, but they had scarcely retired to their state-rooms before the whole surroundings were lighted up with lurid flames issuing from the buildings they had spent the greater part of the night in watching and guarding. Those Indiana and Wisconsin boys were at war to hurt the enemy wherever they could. If any inquiry was ever instituted to find out who the guilty parties were we never heard of it.

Another evening, while the boat was taking on wood, some of the boys were on shore and discovered a "rick" of sweet potatoes in a yard near the landing. They could not think of leaving without some of those tubers, but how were they to carry them on board? A method was soon devised, however, by emptying the corn from the sacks in which it had been received, upon the deck of the boat, and using them to carry the potatoes in. By this means and by the help of the Indiana boys, which was freely given, something like a hundred bushels were brought on board and safely stored away where they would do the most good. It is very likely that the number of bushels thus taken have been increased several fold and the proper claim presented for them long before this.

There was, of course, a well stocked bar on the boat, but it was kept closed by order of the army officers. The bottles of champagne, wine and other "goods" were to be seen arranged on the shelves, through the transom over the outside of the bar. This transom was kept open most of the time, but it was too high for anyone to reach over. By standing on a stool a man could see the bottles readily, but they could not reach them. One of the boys—was it Riffenberg?—rigged a "der-rick" by the use of which he lifted the coveted articles from their places and brought them within the reach of the hand. This was done by using a string on the end of a stick some three feet long, with a running noose in the loose end, which noose was thrown over the necks of the bottles, hauled tight and the "goods" safely transferred to the army for sanitary purposes. The barkeeper knew that his goods were taken, but did not know how or by whom.

A member of the 114th Ohio writes of going down from

Memphis to Chickasaw on the same boat with Foster's Battery, and tells of how men of the two organizations got away with a sutler's stock, but thinks the Battery got the major portion of the plunder, which, of course, sounds reasonable. It took about three regiments to preserve the "balance of trade" as against the Argus-fingered Battery. He further says that the blame was finally laid at the door of the boat's crew. In this we can see the fine Italian hand of Obe Lindsey, Joe Milligan et al. Had it been absolutely necessary, Obediah and Joseph—the "old soldier"—single-handed could have convinced the sutler that he must have robbed himself in his sleep or in a fit of aberration. Devereaux was an excellent witness in a case of this kind. He would throw an increased French idiom into his American and look graver and more innocent than a picture of the Virgin, and give evidence without a flaw. Heckman, in this line, was a most accomplished and convincing diplomat. In arguing on the negative once with a sutler who had lost a large portion of his stock and entertained a belief that Hewitt and Heckman were of the raiding party, Heckman first proved an alibi for himself, then descanted on the sterling quality of honesty inherent in Hewitt, called attention to his general air of integrity and ingenuous countenance, and closed his peroration by extending his hand towards Hewitt and saying, "Why, my dear Christian friend, look at him; had he been of, or with, any such party you wouldn't have had a damned can left."

You ask me whence this prize I hold.
It was not given, nor found, nor sold.

CHAPTER IX.

"The ragged gaps in the walls of blue,
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,
Which De Courcey builds with a breath again
As he cleaves the din with his, 'Close up, men.'"

ON the 26th of December the fleet entered the mouth of the Yazoo River, which flows into the Mississippi a few miles above Vicksburg, and moved up that stream some 12 miles to Johnson's plantation and disembarked. For a description of the place of debarking we will quote from the Memoirs of General Sherman, based upon reports written by him at the time, or soon after the event happened:

"The place of our disembarkation was in fact an island, separated from the high bluff known as Walnut Hills, upon which the town of Vicksburg stands, by a broad and shallow bayou—evidently an old channel of the Yazoo. On our right was another wide bayou, known as Old River; and on the left still another, much narrower, but too deep to be forded, known as Chickasaw Bayou. All the island was densely wooded, except Johnson's plantation immediately on the bank of the Yazoo, and a series of old cotton fields along the Chickasaw Bayou. There was a road from Johnson's plantation directly to Vicksburg, but it crossed numerous bayous and deep swamps by bridges, which had been destroyed; and this road debouched on level ground at the foot of the Vicksburg bluff, opposite strong forts, well prepared and defended by heavy artillery. On this road I directed General A. J. Smith's division, not so much by way of direct attack as a diversion and threat.

"Morgan was to move to his left, to reach Chickasaw Bayou and to follow toward the bluff, about four miles above A. J. Smith. Steele was on Morgan's left, across Chickasaw Bayou, and M. L. Smith on his right."

Of what occurred thereafter we will relate as it was then told in a private letter written by Lieutenant Dan Webster:

"While disembarking our pickets were disturbed by a force of the enemy, whereupon a brigade was sent out to investigate, and drove them back to the timber. Our forces then returned to the landing to prepare for an advance in the morning. When morning came Morgan's division was put in motion, the 16th Ohio Regiment taking the advance, the 1st Wisconsin Battery next, supported by the 42d Ohio with the 22d Kentucky as a reserve, followed closely by the balance of the division. Steele's division went to our left and M. L. Smith's to our right. After advancing nearly a mile our advance skirmishers

came in contact with the enemy and pressed them so hard that they returned to the timber from whence they came. Our forces now rested a few hours to reconnoiter, and to ascertain if the enemy purposed making an attack upon us. About 4 o'clock we were ordered to advance across a large plantation to the edge of the woods, where the enemy was supposed to be in force, and to engage them. The plantation was on bottom land, and, as in all bottom lands in this country, was full of ditches and small bayous. They were simply deep ravines frequently containing water of considerable depth. But whether dry or containing water the banks are too steep to cross with artillery. But on we went as fast as we could construct roads, until we struck a levee leading directly to the place we wished to reach, which was the plantation headquarters. We were now ordered forward and into battery ready for action. This drew the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters. Our infantry returned the fire, but as they could see no one we could not tell with what effect. One of these deep bayous was close upon our left hand and extended to our front, while another one passed from our right directly across our front. Upon the opposite side of the bayou on our left was a thick, dense wood, with bushes running close to the water. The woods on our front were not so thick, but the open space between them and our lines was covered with a luxurious growth of weeds which stood as high as a man's waist when on horseback. At our right and for some distance to rear the field was clear and smooth. We shelled the woods to our front and left, but could see nothing, yet the rebel bullets kept whistling by us. They paid but little attention to the infantry, but tried to pick off the artillerists.

"I confess that it made my hair stand somewhat before I got my section in working order, for they were undoubtedly picking out officers, but luckily for me my horse would not stand still, but kept jumping around, so it was difficult to get a good shot at me. Our men all stood to their posts nobly; not one upon whom the last responsibility rested flinched or faltered a particle. Captain Foster was in the thickest of the fight. Lieutenant Hackett paid no attention to the bullets that flew around him, and Lieutenant Nutting was as cool as an ice-house, while I—well, I did as well as I could, and guess I did not flinch much, but I did dodge whenever a bullet came too near. One of our men, William Mattison, of Caledonia, Minn., was shot through the side as he was thumbing the vent during the operation of loading his gun, but he stood at his post until it was loaded, when he stepped back and fell, never to get up again, dying 36 hours afterwards. The gunner of the same piece, William McKeith, of Galesville, was struck in the shoulder by a spent bullet and felled to the ground. As he

fell he said, 'Boys, I'm shot; don't mind me; point her a little to the left and give it to them.' But, immediately finding that he was not seriously hurt, he jumped to his feet saying, 'No, I ain't, either; get away, there; let me have that handspike until I point her.' One horse was killed and two wounded.

"During the hottest of the fight I was ordered to take a position with my section to the left and rear. I rode around to find a suitable place to station the guns, and while doing so, one of the rebels deliberately fired at me three or four times. But when we got the guns in position we soon silenced him. Several men were killed from the 22d Kentucky Regiment, which was standing at order arms just at our left, not having been ordered to take any part in the fight. Not liking to be a target for the rebels without resisting the assault, they began to show signs of breaking to the rear. Colonel DeCoursey, commanding the brigade, observing the situation and taking it in at a glance, rode to the front of the regiment, still under fire of the enemy, and called out in a clear staccato voice, 'Attention, 22d Kentucky!' Upon the command every man was in his place in an instant, and DeCoursey put them through a short drill in the manual of arms, then turning to the Lieutenant-Colonel in command gave directions as to where to go to work, and they went at it with a will. While Colonel DeCoursey was thus engaged he was a target for the rebel sharpshooters, and notwithstanding the fact that he received several shots through his clothing he was as cool and as unconcerned as if it had been snow balls instead of minie balls the enemy was throwing at him. The only complaint he was ever heard to make was that they had spoilt a new overcoat for him which had cost him \$80 in Cincinnati. It is a wonder that half of the Battery were not killed or disabled. I am confident that if I had not dismounted just as I did I should have been shot, for as I threw my body forward that I might pass my foot over the cantle of the saddle a bullet passed less than a foot over my back. I don't know what it was, but, somehow, I could not resist the inclination to get down off that horse; and as I saw the other officers were on their feet, I got down too. I will here say that events afterwards assured me that I was right in my diagnosis of the danger there was in remaining longer on that horse.

"Some seven years after that battle, while I was living in Fayetteville, Ark., I met a man who had been in the rebel service, and who was originally from Tennessee. We, of course, at once proceeded to compare notes, and I learned that he was not only 'ferminist' us at Tazewell, Tenn., but that he was at Chickasaw Bayou. Without telling him where I was on that first evening, he said that he was in a rifle-pit with the rebel sharpshooters and shot three times at an officer

who rode a black horse near those two guns that were stationed near the house, and, said he, 'I think I hit him, too; for he got off his horse right quick.' When I told him that I was the man he shot at he said he was real glad he did not hit me. I assured him that he was not more pleased over the 'miss' than I was. As I was the only officer of any grade that rode a black horse in that part of the field, and as I was sensible of being shot at at that time, I am satisfied that it was 'both of us.' The firing was continued until dark, when the Battery withdrew to the open field to the left and rear, out of range of the sharpshooters, and bivouacked for the night. The next morning we were up and had our coffee, and were ready for duty by 4 o'clock. During the night, at the request of Captain Foster, a breastwork had been thrown up on the ground occupied by the Battery the evening before, to protect the cannon-eers from rebel sharpshooters. Into this we were ordered before daybreak.

"Day dawned beautifully. It was Sunday morning, and a calm, quiet one, too. No one would have supposed there was an enemy within a day's march, but just as the sun's rays tinged the eastern sky the head of our assaulting column, with bristling bayonets, passed by with flying colors. It was but a short time until the ball was opened in earnest. The Michigan Battery (Lamphere's) was put forward this time, while we were held in reserve. The enemy were in the timber behind trees and logs, and in hollow places, for protection, while our men were in the open. The firing was brisk, the roar of musketry awful and the cannonading dreadful.

"About noon the rebels broke and ran and our army advanced. Our Battery was now ordered forward, and as we entered the timber an orderly came from the front with instructions for us to advance and relieve Lamphere's Battery, which was out of ammunition. The enemy had fallen back to the Chickasaw Hills and opened upon us with their artillery, of which they had an abundance. We were now in the woods and they were in their intrenchments, with two deep bayous and an open slashing between us. A short distance to our left and front, across the deep bayou in our immediate front, was a rebel battleflag floating over an angle in a rifle-pit. Its position was such that we could not reach it with our guns as they were located, so Lieutenant Hackett and myself rode in that direction to select a place to set a gun to 'bring it down.' We looked the ground over leisurely, and as no shots were fired from that direction we were disposed to think there was no one there. However, as the guns were crowded where they were, we decided to bring one of them around and give that flag a round or two. The gun was brought and put in battery and the men were in the act of taking implements when there

came a volley of musketry from the vicinity of that flag that had the effect of causing us to revise and reverse the opinion recently formed concerning that part of the field not being inhabited.

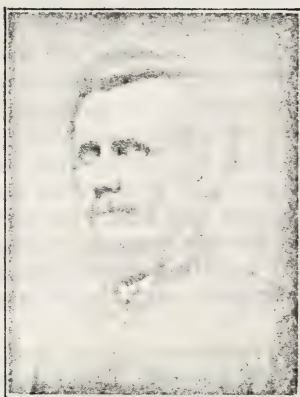
"The men, though not hurt, fell to the ground and hugged it pretty closely, while Lieutenant Hackett and myself dodged behind some convenient bushes. But the rebels had captured our gun. The boys, however, concluded that if they could not recapture it that they could steal it, which they did by crawling on the ground until they were out of reach of the rebel bullets, then getting several prolonges (long ropes) and tying them together, then one of the men crawling to the trail of the gun and attaching the rope to it, when all hands took hold and drew it back over a little rise and behind some bushes, from which position it soon caused the rebels to leave and abandon the rifle-pit. My Arkansas acquaintance was also one of the rebels who captured that gun.

"About this time, in response to a call from DeCoursey, the right of the right moved up and unlimbered to cut down a bright silken flag bearing the legend '28th La. Inf.' Behind the low epaulement whereon the flag waved, 75 yards distant, was the regiment, and the balls from their rifles sounded like hot lead dropping into water. The 22d Kentucky came up in column of fours and lay down to our left. A small tree obstructed our aim, and Gabe Armstrong called for an ax. Frank Greene, a caisson driver, responded with an ax from our caisson, ran to the front and attacked the tree from the other side. His bunkie, in an agony of fear, called 'Face the other way.' He didn't want Greene shot in the back. Frank whipped around, faced the other way, and felled the tree. No man ever took greater chances and came out unhurt.

"The second or third shell did the business, and we limbered to the rear and got out of there.

"Sergeant Stewart was standing near a tree, when a shell struck it and a splinter from the tree struck him on the head and felled him to the ground, but he was not seriously injured. A shell buried itself in the ground under Lieutenant Nutting and exploded, throwing him in the air and reversing his position, but doing him no injury.

"When we ceased firing at night, which was when it had become so dark that we could not sight the guns, we held the ground occupied by the enemy in the morning. The whole line extended some three miles, but the heaviest fighting was in our front, the center. The next morning, as soon as it was light, firing was resumed, but was confined to the artillery on both sides. We succeeded in blowing up several of their ammunition chests and otherwise worrying them. About 10 o'clock in the morning General Morgan was ordered to charge



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the enemy's position. Our Battery and two others were to engage the enemy's artillery while the infantry should carry the rifle-pits and assail the batteries. Pontoons had been thrown across the bayou in several places, on which the troops crossed. About noon the charging column entered the open slashing in our front and formed for the charge. The moment they did so the rebel artillery fire was directed to them alone, they paying no more attention to our artillery fire than if we had been a thousand miles away instead of being on the ground and occasionally silencing a piece for them. But onward went the charging column, through fallen timber and muddy sloughs, exposed to a cross-fire from the enemy's guns, until they reached the foot of the bluff on the opposite side, where they encountered a deep bayou which it was impossible to cross except at one point, and that so guarded and defended by infantry and artillery that it was almost sure destruction to attempt it. A portion of the 16th Ohio Regiment did make the effort, and were at once captured by the rebels. Meanwhile the rebel batteries were pouring a constant fire of grape and canister into the rapidly thinning ranks of our boys. There were several guns behind a point of the bluff which we could not reach with our guns, and which had not before disclosed their position, that poured an enfilading fire into the ranks of the infantry. Yet resolutely our men pressed forward through it all until they came to the bayou within a few hundred feet of the rebel works, where they were obliged to retreat, seek shelter or surrender.

"Thus ended one of the most desperately hopeless charges of the war up to the present time. The most of the 16th Ohio and 22d Kentucky Regiments were killed or captured. Colonel DeCoursey went into the charge with as fine a brigade as ever shouldered arms, and came back with only about half of it. But three commissioned officers were left in the 16th Ohio Regiment and only one of those was a Captain. It was a terribly grand sight. I was situated so that I could overlook the field with my glass. The charge was a failure, and those soldiers who had not entered the rebel lines or surrendered were forced to lie on the ground behind logs, in the brush or behind any other object that would screen them until the darkness should enable them to retreat within our lines. Before dark it began raining and rained as it can only rain in this country, all night. As it was feared the rebels might come out to attack us the next day, it was decided to throw up some breastworks in the edge of the timber to protect our guns, and behind which our men might find protection from any assault. I was appointed by General Morgan to take charge of the work and direct the men in its construction. Trees were cut down and the trunks carried to the works and laid down as a lining for

the inner side of the same. Although the rain was falling fast the work progressed fairly well until dark, when it was difficult to keep the detail together. The men assigned to this work were from a new regiment lately from Iowa, and although a fine body of men, they complained bitterly of being put to that kind of work in such a storm. As the night wore away their numbers grew less until there was less than half of their number to be found. Each party that went after timber returned with fewer numbers than it started out with. Seeing that it was next to impossible to keep the men together much longer, I dismissed the whole lot, and about 2 o'clock in the morning, thoroughly wet through, I found a place in one corner of my tent that was out of water, where I curled down on my saddle and a few other traps and was soon fast asleep, to be awakened soon after daybreak by hearing General Morgan inquiring for me. I feared censure for suspending the work as I did, and was naturally averse to meeting him, but there was no alternative. Judge of my surprise, then, when he greeted me very kindly and commended me for my humanity in sending the men to their quarters such a night as that was. On Tuesday but little work was done; the rain had ceased, but the weather had turned colder, and our condition was very disagreeable. One of our batteries had run out of ammunition and was withdrawn to the boats and re-embarked. Our battery shelled the rebels all day, but as our ammunition was getting low we worked slowly. The rebels did not show themselves, and no engagement occurred that day. Our dead and wounded were yet on the field, and on Wednesday morning a flag of truce was sent to the enemy for permission to care for the wounded and to bury the dead. During the truce the pickets of both armies laid down their arms and met on neutral ground as friends. We learned that there were some of the same troops here that we had met at Tazewell, Tenn. They asked if Foster's Battery was not down there in the woods, and upon being told that it was they said they thought so, for it was the only 'ironclad battery' they had ever met. They had tried to shoot its men in Tennessee and here in Mississippi, and, though they had good aim and range, they could not hit any of them.

"Thursday evening we were ordered to withdraw as quietly as possible to the boats and re-embark. The whole army was on the move soon after dark, or rather sundown, for it was a beautiful moonlight night. As we were 'crawfishing' through the woods and the mud of the Chickasaw bottoms the rebel band on the Walnut Hills played for our benefit that very appropriate air 'Getting Out of the Wilderness,' although they did not know at the time that we were 'getting' as fast as we knew how. By sunrise Friday morning we were all on the boats ready to leave that country. The Battery is now on the

steamboat Empress, which is General Morgan's headquarters. Our division remained until the last, and as our boat was ready to cast its lines off the rebels appeared, following us up, but a few shells from the gunboats drove them back."

General Morgan's report of his operations during the above six days' engagement closes as follows:

"Nor can I close my report without speaking in terms of highest praise of the meritorious and gallant services of Captains Foster and Lamphere. Their batteries silenced several of the enemy's works, and throughout the operations rendered good service."

General Sherman was disposed to censure General Morgan for the failure, and in his Memoirs says:

"This attack failed; and I have always felt that it was due to the failure of General Morgan to obey his orders, or to fulfill his promise made in person. Had he used with skill and boldness one of his brigades, in addition to that of Blair's, he would have made a lodgment on the bluff, which would have opened the door for our whole force to follow."

The promise referred to above was the one which General Sherman says was thus made:

"I pointed out to General Morgan the place where he could pass the bayou, and he answered, 'General, in ten minutes after you give the signal I'll be on those hills.' Of course he would have made a lodgment on the bluffs' if he had kept the promise. But promises in war are one thing and the performing is another."

There must always be a "scape-goat" somewhere, and in this instance General Morgan was made use of for that purpose. General Sherman says further on, that owing to Grant's failure to keep his promise and to the reinforcements received by Pemberton in Vicksburg "had we succeeded we might have found ourselves in a worse trap when General Pemberton was at liberty to turn his full force upon us." General Grant had promised to co-operate in the attack on Vicksburg, but had not done so. If he had "kept that promise" we might have captured the city at that time, but he had found it impossible to do so, as had General Morgan to keep his promise. Morgan had failed, as had General Grant. Then why blame the one and not the other?

The morning of our retreat, after we had everything loaded on the boat, some of us wandering along the bank of the river a few steps from the boat came to three graves in one, or three in one grave, the center headboard bearing the name of William Mattison. Someone, Jabez Spaulding, I think, took his pencil from his pocket and wrote under his name "1st Wisconsin Battery." With sad hearts we returned to our boat, reach-

ing there just in time to take passage for Arkansas. Billy was the first man killed in the company.

General George W. Morgan, in an article contributed to "Battle Leaders of the Civil War," published by the Century Company, in reference to this charge, says:

"The withdrawal of Steele from Sherman's left enabled the enemy to concentrate his right on the threatened point at Chickasaw. As soon as he discovered that a brigade was being thrown over McNutt Lake, Barton occupied the woods bordering the woods on the bluff side. Patterson had succeeded in placing and flooring his pontoons, when the enemy opened a fire of artillery and small-arms on the pontoniers and drove them from their work. Two of the boats were damaged and a number of the men killed and wounded.

"A short time previous to this, while standing by Foster's Battery, I saw approaching from the enemy's right, about a mile away, a caisson, with gunners on the ammunition boxes, and a few horsemen in front. I asked Foster if he could blow up that caisson? He replied, 'I can try, sir.' He waited until the caisson came within fair range and fired. The report of the gun and the explosion of the caisson seemed to be instantaneous; caisson and gunners were blown in the air; every man and horse was killed, and a shout went up from around Foster and his battery. On the next day, when our flag of truce to the enemy had returned, I learned that one of the victims of the explosion was Captain Paul Hamilton, Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of General S. D. Lee. He was but 21 years of age, was distinguished for his gallantry, and had gone through several battles without a scar."

Relative to DeCourcey's charge he says:

"I sent orders to Blair and DeCourcey to form their brigades and a request to Steele to send me another brigade for the assault. Just then Colonel DeCourcey, who was an officer of skill and experience, approached and said: "General, do I understand that you are about to order an assault?" To which I replied, 'Yes, from your brigade!' With an air of respectful protest he said: 'My poor brigade! Your order will be obeyed, General.'

"The brigade of DeCourcey was massed from the abatis, across the road or causeway and fronting the corduroy bridge, and I ordered Thayer to support DeCourcey, and indicated the point to assault. Thayer's brigade was now composed of five regiments and a battery of artillery, which did good service, though it did not cross the bayou. It was my intention to make the assault with the brigades of Blair, Thayer and DeCourcey. By some misunderstanding—a fortunate one, I think, as it turned out—four of Thayer's regiments diverged

to the right, leaving only one regiment, the 4th Iowa, with him in the assault.

"The signal volley was fired and with a wild shout the troops of DeCoursey, Thayer and Blair advanced to the assault. As soon as the corduroy bridge was reached by DeCoursey and Thayer, and the bayou to the left by Blair, the assaulting forces came under a withering and destructive fire. A passage was forced over the abatis and through the murky bayou and tangled marsh and dry ground. All formations were broken; the assaulting forces were jammed together, and with a yell of desperate determination they rushed to the assault and were mowed down by a storm of shell, grape, canister and minie balls, which swept our front like a hurricane of fire. Never did troops bear themselves with greater intrepidity. They were terribly repulsed but not beaten."

DeCoursey's brigade brought back its colors, or what remained of them. The flag of the 16th Ohio was torn into shreds by the explosion of a shell in its very center.

The losses in this charge were: DeCoursey, 48 killed, 321 wounded and 355 missing; Blair, 99 killed, 331 wounded and 173 missing; Thayer (in the 4th Iowa) 7 killed and 105 wounded.

CHAPTER X.

ARKANSAS POST.

"Charge! Charge! With a yell,
Like the shriek of a shell—
O'er the abatis, on through the curtain of flame."

WHEN the fleet arrived at the mouth of the Yazoo River General Sherman found Major-General John A. McClelland there to supersede him in command. General McClelland divided the army, which he designated as the Army of the Mississippi, into two corps; the first to be commanded by General Morgan, composed of his own and A. J. Smith's divisions, and the second, composed of Steele's and Stuart's divisions, to be commanded by General Sherman.

The army moved up to Milliken's Bend, where the boats landed, but the troops did not disembark. It was a thoroughly discouraged army; had been one week in the Chickasaw and Yazoo bottoms fighting, wading in the mud, cold, wet and defeated, with great loss and nothing gained. The reasons for anticipating a victory or the causes of defeat were not then known to or so well understood by the rank and file as they were afterwards. They only knew that they had met defeat and that many of their comrades had been killed and taken prisoners in an ineffectual attempt to do what then seemed to them to be an utter impossibility. The logical conclusion was that "some one had blundered."

There was a fort on the Arkansas River known as Fort Hindman to the rebels and as Arkansas Post to the Federals. This fort was garrisoned by about 10,000 men. For a description of this fort we will quote from the History of the Confederate Navy, by J. Thomas Scharf, an officer in said navy. He says:

"Fort Hindman, or Arkansas Post, as the Federals called it, was a regular bastioned work, 100 yards exterior side with a deep ditch some 15 feet wide and a parapet 18 feet high. It mounted 11 guns of various sizes."

This fort was a menace to the forces of the Union in its operations against Vicksburg, as from it the rebels could forage, as it were, upon the commerce of the Mississippi River. While we had been operating against that stronghold in the Chickasaw bottoms, the steamer Blue Wing, a boat carrying supplies and the United States mail to the army, was captured by the enemy and carried to this fort. Generals McClelland, Sherman and Admiral Porter held a consultation and decided to go up there in force and capture the said fort. The

fleet was again put in motion and moved up the Mississippi to the mouth of the White River, when it entered that stream and proceeded up the same until the "cut off," a channel leading into the Arkansas River, was reached, which the fleet entered and proceeded up the latter river until it reached Notrib's farm, some four miles below the fort, where the troops were disembarked. The Confederates had thrown up heavy earthworks and extensive rifle-pits all along the levee; and the fort itself was built not more than 20 yards from the river bank.

The army landed on Saturday morning and one of Sherman's divisions moved forward and drove the enemy from the rifle-pits to their earthworks, from whence they retreated to the fort. Two or three of the gunboats ascended the river and shelled the fort in the evening and then withdrew for the night. One section of the Battery, under Captain Foster, was sent with a brigade across the river to prevent the enemy's escape, if they should find it necessary to attempt one, while the right section, under the command of Lieutenant Webster, was assigned a position on the bank of the river about 1,000 yards below the fort and on the same side of the river with said garrison, with instructions to silence, if possible, the casemated guns of the enemy, being admonished to keep his guns masked until they should be needed. The country between the first rifle-pits and the fort, except some 300 or 400 yards next to the fort, was heavily timbered, which enabled the Lieutenant to get a desirable position unseen by the enemy. About noon the gunboats moved up to the fort and attacked it. Then the guns under Lieutenant Webster were run out and put in position for work, and were greeted by a salute from the rebels' largest gun in the shape of a shell which passed over and killed a man or two in the infantry regiment which was assigned as our support. General Osterhaus, who was now our division commander, directed Lieutenant Webster to confine his fire to the two rebel guns in casemates, as the gunboats would attend to the big guns en barbette. Gunners Gabe Armstrong and Ira Butterfield were respectively in charge of the directing and sighting of the two guns in the right section, and better service in that line was never performed than they did that day. As true as the needle to the pole did their shots go to the mark they had selected, and it was but a short time until the task assigned them was accomplished, and the casemated guns of the fort completely silenced. So satisfactory was the work done by them that General Osterhaus rode up to Lieutenant Webster in the midst of the engagement and said to him: "Let me congratulate you upon your success; you are doing more good than all the gunboats; I never saw such shooting with artillery."

Soon after this a shell from the large gun entered the ports

of one of the gunboats in the river and set it on fire, upset one of its guns and demoralized matters generally. Then General Osterhaus sent an orderly to Lieutenant Webster with orders to "silence that gun, or it would sink the fleet." Both guns of the section were loaded with solid shot and trained upon the rebel monster, and in less than three minutes it was completely silenced, having about 100 pounds broken off its muzzle and its carriage ruined and disabled. After those guns were silenced by that section of the 1st Wisconsin Battery the gunboats moved up to the fort and poured heavy broadside after broadside into the bank of the river under the fort, and claimed all the merit for having silenced all of the guns, whereas they did not, in fact, silence one of them. The section under Captain Foster occupied a position from which it enfiladed the enemy's rifle-pits and did its work so well that they killed more of the enemy than all other pieces of artillery combined.

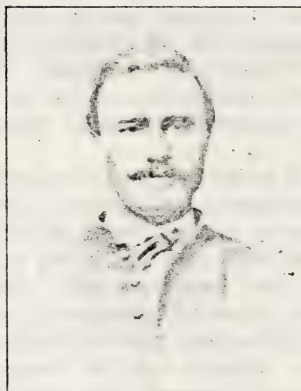
The following account of this battle, written by Captain Dan Webster, and published in *The National Tribune*, will be found to be a true and succinct account of the engagement so far as the Battery is concerned:

"The capture of Arkansas Post—or Fort Hindman, as the rebels called it—by the combined land and naval forces, commanded, respectively, by General John A. McClernand and Admiral David D. Porter, on the 11th of January, 1863, was considered of enough importance to be accorded a place in the history of the war for the preservation of the Union, as its capture, aside from the munitions destroyed and prisoners taken, removed a formidable obstacle to the prosecution of military operations against Vicksburg.

"It is that certain important facts concerning the part taken therein by a portion of the land force—facts which have, through ignorance or prejudice, been smothered—may be known, and that some of the alleged facts which grace the pages of nearly if not all the published histories may be discovered and corrected, that this article is written.

"I wish to state a fact here—a fact which was well known to the Thirteenth Corps before operations against Vicksburg were closed, and that is that the 'Regulars,' including Grant, Sherman and Porter, were disposed to look with disfavor, if not disgust, upon and to withhold confidence from General McClernand. However much prejudice may have had to do with this, it is not my purpose to discuss, but whatever it may have been it did not justify those officers in withholding honors from those to whom they justly belonged, simply because they were serving under a volunteer General who was distasteful to the aforesaid 'Regulars.'

"Fort Hindman was situated on the left bank of the Arkansas River, about forty miles from its mouth, at the head of a



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long oxbow-bend, and at the time of its capture was some 25 feet higher than the water in the river. J. Thomas Scharf, author of *'The Confederate States Navy,'* says, page 384: 'It mounted 11 guns of various sizes.' The diagram given by him in said work shows that there were two eight-inch casemated guns and one nine-inch en barbette. The other guns were smaller, some of them being rifled field pieces.

"It is concerning the silencing of those larger guns that I wish to correct history 'as she is writ.'

"*'Greeley's Conflict'* is the only history that has, so far as I am able to ascertain, seen fit to mention the land batteries in connection with the reduction of that fort, and it merely says:

"General Morgan's Batteries, by a rapid fire, silencing a part of the enemy's artillery; Lieutenants Webster's and Blount's Parrott guns, with Hoffman's, Wood's and Barrett's Batteries rendering efficient service.'

"The land force upon that expedition was designated as the First and Second Corps of the Army of the Mississippi, the former commanded by General W. T. Sherman and the latter by General George W. Morgan. The relative positions of the two commands will be better understood from the following description as given by General Sherman in his *'Memoirs,'* page 298, vol. 1:

"When daylight broke it revealed to us a new line of parapet straight across the peninsula connecting Fort Hindman on the river bank with the impenetrable swamp about a mile to its left or rear. This peninsula was divided into two nearly equal parts by a road. My command had the ground to the right of the road and Morgan's Corps to the left.'

"General Sherman further says, pages 302-3:

"McClernand's report of the capture of Fort Hindman almost ignored the action of Porter's fleet altogether. This was unfair, for I know the Admiral led his fleet in person in the river attack and that his guns silenced those of Fort Hindman and drove the gunners into the ditch.'

"W. T. Michael, of the U. S. Navy, in an article published in *The National Tribune* in June, 1888, said:

"Everything being ready, the DeKalb, Louisville and the Cincinnati moved up to within 400 yards of the fort, and opened the ball in earnest. Each boat was assigned a particular casemated bastion, with orders to reduce it. This plan was carried out completely. The gunboats dismounted every gun in the fort.'

"The *'Military and Naval History of the Rebellion,'* page 336, says: 'It was not long before the heavy guns of the fort were silenced by the gunboats.'

"*'The Gulf and Inland Waters,'* one of a series of histories published by Charles Scribner & Sons, page 122, says:

"It was impossible that the work of the navy could be done more thoroughly than in this instance. Every gun opposed to it was either destroyed or dismounted, and the casemates were knocked to pieces, the fire of the 10-inch guns of the DeKalb being in the opinion of the enemy most injurious."

"Schmucker's History of the Civil War," page 240, says:

"The spirited and accurate firing of the Federal gunboats soon began to tear up and penetrate the solid timber, three feet in thickness, which formed the casemates of the fort, and which were covered with railroad iron. The battered rails began to tumble from their positions, and many of the guns behind them were dismounted. One shot penetrated a caisson of the enemy, exploding it, destroying six men and nine horses."

"Lieutenant-Commander Walker, who commanded the gunboat Baron DeKalb, in his report says:

"In the attack on the 11th one of the 10-inch guns was struck in the muzzle and both gun and carriage destroyed."

"In the above excerpts from 'history' we have had a great deal of fiction. Now for the facts in the case.

"It was my privilege and duty to command the right section of the 1st Wisconsin Battery of 20-pound Parrotts, which section was stationed during the engagement upon the bank of the river about 600 yards below the fort. This fact could not have been unknown to Admiral Porter, as General McClermand says in his report: 'At the request of Admiral Porter two 20-pound Parrotts were placed, as already explained, for the purpose of dismounting the guns in the lower casemates which had seriously annoyed the gunboats on the previous evening.'"

"And I wish to say right here, incidentally, that those two guns, placed there at the request of Admiral Porter, accomplished just what he had them put there for, as will be shown further on.

"Our guns had been run up under cover of some brush and timber in the morning, with instructions to keep under cover until the gunboats should move up to us and open the attack. We were then to run our guns out by hand, and confine our work to the lower casemate guns. As soon as the foremost boat came opposite us we ran the Parrots out in plain sight of the enemy and drew their fire, two or three of the first shells from the fort being directed towards us. We, of course, replied promptly, the first shell going a little too high, the second a little too low, but the third went straight into the casemate, and from that on we did not miss sending shell after shell into the casemates until the guns therein were silenced.

"In the meantime there was a field piece just at our right of the lower casemate which had annoyed us a little, and we put

a shot where it dismounted it and another into a caisson, exploding it and killing all six of the horses. All this time we were religiously ignoring that nine-inch barbette gun, notwithstanding the fact that it had invited our attention by sending one or two of its shells unpleasantly close to us. But we had been told that that was game for the gunboats, and that they would take care of it in good shape. At last, when the DeKalb, which was just abreast of us in the river, received the shot which dismounted the gun spoken of by Commander Walker, as quoted above, General Osterhaus sent an orderly to me with a verbal order to 'silence that gun before it sank the fleet.' The Parrotts were loaded with solid shot and trained upon the said nine-inch gun, and but three or four shots were fired before that gun was a cripple for life, with a piece of about 100 pounds in weight knocked off its muzzle and a shot in the cheek of its carriage. When this was done there was not a gun left in the fort that could reach the boats, and the fleet then moved up and poured broadside after broadside into the river bank under the parapet, as the latter was so high that their guns could not give elevation enough to do effective work on the fort itself.

"It was at this time that General Sherman saw the men run into the ditch. That our guns silenced those rebel guns we know, because we could and did see nearly every shot fired by us from the time it left the smoke of the gun until it struck.

"General Osterhaus, who was near us watching the effect of our work, rode up to me when he saw the shot strike that disabled the nine-inch gun, and, seizing my hand, congratulated us on the excellence of our work, and said: 'You have done more good than all the gunboats.'

"A Confederate officer who was in the lower casemate, and who did not at the time know in what part of the field I was during the engagement, said to me that 'that little battery on the bank did us more harm than all the fleet, as it would not let us work our guns.'

"This was a fact, as we could load and fire three shots to their one. With us every condition requisite for accurate shooting was favorable, and when the range was once obtained it was maintained to the last. With the gunboats it was different; they were at least 30 feet lower than the embrasures, and fully 40 feet lower than the barbette gun, while they were constantly moving, which made it difficult for them to get or maintain the range.

"General L. A. Sheldon, late Governor of New Mexico, and who commanded the brigade in which we were serving, wrote to me recently as follows:

"You will remember that my brigade occupied the extreme left of our line, its left resting upon the Arkansas River, and

that for the larger part, and particularly for the latter part, of the bombardment I stood near your guns, and between them and the river. I saw your guns silence one casemate gun and dismount the barbette gun, and also explode the caisson a little to our right of the fort.'

"Sergeant McKeith, of the 1st Wisconsin Battery, who made it his especial duty to watch each shot, thus reports:

"From my position on the bank of the river I had our guns on my right, the gunboats on my left and the fort in front. Gunner Armstrong would ask of me the effect of each shot, which was not difficult for me to give, as I could see every shot from the time it left the smoke of the gun until it struck. The gunners, Gabe Armstrong and, I think, N. D. Ledyard (it was Ira Butterfield), soon got the range, and they made quick work with the casemate guns. I know our guns silenced the casemate guns, and I know it was a shot from Armstrong's gun that broke the piece from the muzzle of the barbette gun, for I saw the shot from the time it raised from the smoke until it struck the gun. I also know that the fleet claimed all the honors, and I know, too, that we were not slow in telling them they were a little off in doing so.'

"General Osterhaus says, in his report of the engagement:

"The right section, under Lieutenant Webster, took position about 1,000 yards below the fort; the remaining sections, under Captain Foster, being placed on the other side of the river. During the cannonading which followed, lasting two hours, the right section reduced and destroyed the enemy's casemates in their front, silencing three heavy guns and dismounting several smaller ones. They also blew up one of the enemy's caissons and disabled a large barbette gun. The left section meanwhile enfiladed the enemy's rifle-pits, doing great execution. I heartily congratulate Lieutenant Webster and his men on their reduction of the lower casemates. The silencing of four formidable guns is their exclusive merit.'

"I do not doubt that General Sherman was honest in his belief that the fleet silenced those guns, particularly after Porter told him so. But, from his own statement, published above, he could not have known from personal observation, as he was, at the least calculation, half a mile from the river, whose banks were so high that only the smokestacks of the gunboats could be seen 100 yards from the shore, while his view was obstructed by brush and timber.

"That the fleet did much to demoralize the enemy with their furious firing, or that, from the noise made by them, they and the rebels may have shared the delusion of General Sherman, I will not deny: but the fact still remains that 'the silencing of those formidable guns' was accomplished by a

section of the 1st Wisconsin Battery of Light Artillery. The fort could not have been taken by the gunboats alone.

Of this battle a lead driver writes:

"A bright, sunshiny day, like a Minnesota November Indian Summer day. Sunday. The right section filed early off from the boat—who recalls the name? Not the Empress. Our depleted gun squads recruited from the center section, and struck out up the Arkansas River, through Notreb's plantation, to the sullen growl of an occasional heavy gun. Sergeant McConnell was sick, and, after a mile, at my urgent solicitation, returned to the boat, and we proceeded without any chief of piece. We halted within eight or nine hundred yards of the Post Arkansas water batteries, screened by a fringe of young timber, under orders to run the pieces up by hand as soon as the gunboats steamed past our left flank. Lieutenant Webster, commanding section, reproved the left of right chief of caisson for not getting in line with his gun, and directed him to dress to the left. I remarked that it made very little difference about aligning anything, as we would be wrecked in short order after fire was opened. Most of the cannoneers moved up under cover of the trees to take a look at the work cut out for us. I observed that every one came back whispering. I dismounted and moved up in rear of Freeman and looked at the sun shining into the black throats of those immense guns. Freeman whispered, 'Loose grape. They'll throw a bushel of it,' and we moved back whispering. I took out the little Testament given by the ladies of La Crosse and wrote my last will and testament. January 11, 1863. They have run us up close under the fort; we are but waiting for the gunboats, when we open fire. The rebels will knock us into pie. 'It is a brave man that knows his danger but faces it.' The book of Psalms follows in the little volume and opened at the 76th. (I'll bet nine of ten who read this will turn to that Psalm and read it now.)

"Soon the gunboats came up, led by the Benton, and Lieutenant Webster commanded, 'Pieces by hand to the front,' and the boys sprang to their places. Scarce a half dozen revolutions of the wheels when the white smoke belched out of the left casemate gun, a shell burst high in the air and the pieces went hurtling overhead to the rear, killing two men and wounding two more of the infantry regiment drawn up in support to our left rear. Bless the man that cut that fuse, and why didn't Webster wait until the gunboats drew their fire, ran through my mental machinery. They gave us but three shells then, all bursting short, when we opened. The first shell we sent went a little high, the second a little low, but the third went square into the casemate and thereafter not a shot missed its mission.

"Freeman, our No. 1, found a convenient water hole for a

sponge bucket, cool and fresh and clean, but the gun was soon too hot to touch. The recoil soon imbedded the wheels in the soft sod and the work was severe. Jim Davidson and I carried ammunition and once went below to fill canteens. While on our way down, and walking in his rear, I heard a shell burst, and looking back saw a huge piece hurtling over. Crying 'Jump, Jim,' I halted. He sprang forward; the iron struck just behind and covered him with mud. Had he not sprang upon the instant he would have been cut in two.

"The woods to our rear was filled with skulkers and steam-boat men, and once in a while when one of these large shells went bounding and rolling in among them it was fun for us drivers to see 'em scatter. Soon the muzzle of the barbette gun was knocked off and I cried to Ira Butterfield, who was acting gunner for the left of the right, 'That was your shell, Ira; I saw it;' and the cry was echoed by others. Ira was so pleased that he held up his canteen to me and said, 'Let's take a drink on that, Carl.' 'Twas commissary, sure enough. I took a reviving drink and, as Nutting would say, was 'turrible brave' thereafter. But the problem with me is, where did he get it?"

Frank Mason, of the 42d Ohio Regiment, and afterwards United States Consul to France, and John W. Fry, of the same regiment, furnished an account of this battle, as they saw it, to The National Tribune, of Washington, D. C., in which they say:

"The 20-pounder Parrotts of Foster's Battery were run up behind a large sycamore log on the river bank, about 800 yards below the fort, and from that advantageous position sent shell after shell into the embrasures of the casemates. These two guns, which were fired with the deliberate accuracy of a sharpshooter's target rifle, also dismounted and capsized a 12-pounder iron gun that during the morning had worked industriously from the northeastern portion of the fort."

W. C. Paddock, of the Battery, writes: "You will probably remember that during the battle, a little to our left and a few paces to our rear, behind a tree, with pencil and paper, stood a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune watching the operations of the land and naval forces. General Osterhaus, having ordered us to cease firing, as we had made it pretty hot for them in the fort, remarking that he had seen artillery practice in the old country and in this, but that was the most accurate he ever saw. Myron Whitney, our cook, had prepared coffee, and we sat by the guns and partook of it and hardtack, the correspondent partaking with us. Before we had finished our meal a white flag was raised over the fort, and we dropped our hardtack and broke for the works, the correspondent with the rest, he going directly to the casemates which we had been

firing at, and talked with the officer in command thereof in regard to the battle. He reported him as saying something like this: "When those two guns came there in front of the fort we did not pay much attention to them; the gunboats were what we feared most. But those two guns damaged us more than all the fleet. The first shot went a little too high; the second shot a little too low, and the third—oh, God! look here, pointing to the dead gunners lying by the side of the gun."

We sent them 63 shells and solid shot, of which we had a few. Soon after the white flags went up we moved up close under the casemates and camped for the night, almost among mangled men from the fort. Away from the river was a sheet of water, and during the early night I sent many a straggler who had been sneaking the fight out into the water and darkness looking for his regiment, the shallowness only preventing him from drowning.

I think I heard Osterhaus exclaim while witnessing our work. "Mine Gott; had Sigel such artillery as that, he would whip the world." I know that the next morning I heard General Morgan remark to a general officer very impressively, "The way those men fought their guns yesterday was war." It was war. I close with an extract from the report of Peter J. Osterhaus, Brigadier-General, U. S. Volunteers, commanding Second Division, Thirteenth Army Corps:

"This cannonade lasted fully two hours, during the whole of which time I was near Lieutenant Webster's section of artillery, my presence not being necessary at other places, and I consider it my duty to state that I never saw a better officer or better men serving artillery. Cool, deliberate, and intrepid, they sent their deadly shot against the enemy's stronghold, their commander controlling every round and its effect, the men quietly obeying his orders without the very superfluous huzzahing and yelling, which is incompatible with the dignity of the arm of artillery. I heartily congratulate Lieutenant Webster and his men on their great success. The reduction of the lower casemate and the silencing of three or four formidable guns are their exclusive merit."

Upon entering the fort after its surrender one could the better see the effects of the fire from the 1st Wisconsin Battery. The shot and shell from the section on the bank of the river had literally destroyed the two casemates and dismounted the guns therein, had ruined the carriage of the large gun en barbette, broken a large piece from the muzzle thereof, broken the axle and dismounted a smaller gun at the left of the inner casemate and behind the parapet, and blow up a caisson and killed six horses attached thereto; while the two guns across the river so enfiladed the ditch behind the parapet that it killed and wounded a great number of the enemy.

Admiral Porter claimed all the honor for having silenced the guns of the fort and for reducing the said stronghold, and caused the captured guns to be so labeled, whereas the fact was that not a rebel gun was dismounted or silenced by the gunboats during the whole engagement, owing, in part, to the height of the fort above the water in the river, which was fully 25 feet, and partly to the fact that the boats were constantly moving and could not get the range readily, but principally because the right section of the 1st Wisconsin Battery got the start of them and silenced the guns before the navy knew there were any guns on the bank of the river below the fort, and so they thought they had "killed the bear."

Lieutenant Webster had been ordered to confine his fire to the two guns in the casemate, and leave the big guns for the gunboats; but after the said casemate guns had been silenced by him and the big gun aforesaid had put a shot into one of the gunboats, General Osterhaus sent word to the Lieutenant to silence that gun or it would sink the fleet. While the firing was going on one of the gunboats drifted into the bend of the river in direct line between the said big gun and the two guns on the bank of the river, but the right section kept sending the shells where they would do the most good, when one of them failed to take the rifle and with a terrible whirring noise "tumbled" between the smokestacks of said boat, passing over the decks but a few feet. The commander of the boat sent an orderly, whom he hailed on the shore, back to tell that little battery on shore to cease firing, as it would hit the fleet. Lieutenant Webster sent his compliments to the officer of the boat together with the information that he had received orders to silence that gun, and was going to do it if he had to sink the whole fleet in doing it. It was never known if the commander ever received the message or not, but it is certain that the boat moved out of the way.

The weather, which had been fair since starting upon this expedition, now turned cold, with frost and snow, which added further discomfort to the troops in the field. But everybody felt good over the victory. As soon as the fort was demolished, the stores removed and captured arms and prisoners put on board of transports for shipping North, the army re-embarked and moved toward the Mississippi once more. The Battery, with the 42d Ohio Regiment, were put on board of the steamer *Empress*, one of the largest boats on the Southern rivers, and which was also General Morgan's headquarters. The guns were put upon the forward deck and covered with tarpaulins. As we approached the little town of Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas, Tom, the colored servant of Lieutenant Webster, came rushing into the cabin of the boat, and, running toward the Lieutenant excitedly, exclaimed,



FRANCIS DOWNS.

"Lieutenant, tarpaulin's all on fire," turned and as hurriedly left the cabin. This caused the Lieutenant to feel somewhat alarmed, as he supposed the 'paulins covering the guns were on fire, which, if the case, would endanger the lives of all on board of the boat in case of an explosion of the caissons and limber chests. He lost no time, therefore, in "going to the rescue" only to find that the fire was on shore and in a small house in town. The colored brother had confounded the name of the town with that of the canvas covers to the guns.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM YOUNG'S POINT TO BBUBINSBURG.

"There's a voice on the wind, like a sprit's low cry;
'Tis the muster roll sounding. Ah, who shall reply
For those whose faces turn white to the sky,
With their eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly?"

GENERAL Grant met the fleet at Napoleon and assumed command of the entire force operating against Vicksburg. Steaming down the Mississippi to Young's Point, opposite the mouth of the Yazoo River, and a few miles above Vicksburg, the army debarked in the mud. The river was nearly bank full and still rising, only the levee and highest places being above water. Owing to so much recent exposure and having been so long on the boat with poor conveniences the men were, many of them, unfit for duty, which made it doubly hard for those who reported for duty. But all that were able to do so took hold with a will and we were soon again "wallowing" in the mud. We had lost our tents while "campaigning," they having been appropriated by some other troops, but by using the tarpaulins, of which we had two sets, we managed to shelter ourselves from the rain until new tents could be procured. The ground was so wet and soft that one would sink in it half shoe deep at every step, the levee being the only absolutely dry ground to be found anywhere in the vicinity. As the levee could accommodate but comparatively few of the troops, most of the tents had to be pitched in the field, where the ground was soft and decidedly damp. It was upon such ground that we were to make our beds, and as we had no hay, straw or anything as a substitute therefor to make beds out of we were certainly in no enviable condition. But, when were the boys of the 1st Wisconsin Battery ever known to sleep in the mud? They had never yet done so and did not propose to do so at this time. Across the field, half a mile away, was a rail fence, and it was not long until there was less fence standing and more rails in camp than when we landed. These were laid upon the ground and covered with dry weeds, a dense growth of which were standing in the field close by, and this made very comfortable sleeping accommodations. A narrow ridge of ground was found nearby which was utilized for picketing the horses upon, but do the best we could they were in the mud most of the time. Owing to the rain and the mud there was no exercise to be had for man or beast; all manner and form of drill being out of the question. Sickiness prevailed until in some regiments more men answered the sick

call than reported for duty. This was noticeably so of the new regiments that had come direct from the North to the present camp, being made up mostly of men from the farm and unused to camp life. The change was so great and their army experiences so brief, the water, provisions and general accommodations so different from those they had been accustomed to, that they succumbed to the camp diseases much more readily than those that had seen service. This sickness was very often complicated with homesickness, which feature was one of the worst, the Surgeons found, to contend with. This was not confined to the boys by any means; in fact, those who were the worst affected were the elderly or middle aged. Bearded men, men of family, would brood over their sickness and privations of camp until they would cry like children and beg to go home to die. To add to the hopelessness of their cases no furloughs were granted for any purpose. Many a man died during the Winter of 1862 and 1863 from homesickness pure and simple. Did they any the less die for their country?

Captain Foster was Chief of Artillery for the division, but retained a supervision over the Battery. Lieutenant Kimball was appointed Division Ordnance Officer by General Osterhaus, but continued to mess with the Battery as before.

About the 1st of February General Morgan procured leave of absence, on account of impaired health, and went home, never again to return to the army. His leaving was a matter of regret to his old command, which had followed him from Louisville to Cumberland Gap, Greenupsburg, Cincinnati, Memphis, Chickasaw Bayou and Arkansas Post to Young's Point, as they had become much attached to him. He, too, had formed a strong attachment for the membership of that little army that had never failed him, which lasted to the end of his days on earth.

On the 22d of February the Battery was honored by being selected to fire the National salute.

Captain Foster, in addition to his other duties, was appointed as a member of a commission to examine line officers as to their proficiency in tactics. The appointing of this commission created quite a stir in some commands, as there were many subordinate officers in the army at that time who were entirely ignorant concerning the drill of their commands. It did not worry the Battery in the least, for Captain Foster had not neglected that very essential adjunct to military discipline.

About the 25th of February General Osterhaus was requested to place a battery on the bank of the river below Vicksburg for the purpose of intercepting the ram Queen of the West, which had recently been captured by the rebels and run up the Red River, should she attempt to ascend the river so far as to interfere with our transports which were below the

city. Lieutenant Hackett was sent with his section, but the Queen did not show herself, so it was never demonstrated if the said guns could cope with the navy or not. It was while that section was on that duty, and while they were having a little target practice with a large cottonwood tree on the opposite side of the river for a target, that General A. J. Smith came along and thought to instruct Charley Harrington in the art of gunnery by showing him how to sight a gun. He put the elevation up as he was wont to do with the old smooth-bore guns in use in the Mexican war, and as our guns were rifles and long range guns he, of course, shot so far over the top of the timber that it was never known where the shot went to. Charley then reloaded and told the General that he would show him how to shoot, at the same time sighting the gun "for bear." The General said he would not reach the tree if he fired with such directing, and Charley wanted to bet him that he would hit the tree. The General would not bet on so sure a thing for himself and contented himself by insisting that he would never hit the tree at that elevation. The gun was fired and the tree was centered as nicely as it could have been by a target rifle at short range. The General mounted his horse and rode off, saying, "A chance shot, a chance shot; no d——d man can shoot like that."

About the 1st of March the 7th Michigan Battery (Lamphere's) was left without a commissioned officer in charge, as the Captain was home on leave, the Senior Lieutenant was on duty at General Grant's headquarters as Ordnance Officer, one Lieutenant had resigned, another one had never been with the Battery and the fourth was then under arrest under charges of conduct unbecoming an officer. General Osterhaus, therefore, detailed Lieutenant Webster, of our Battery, to command the same until some of their own officers should report for duty.

It was while here camped in the mud that General McClermand, who usually rode through his command every morning to see how they were situated, issued a general order complimenting the Battery by name for its discipline, the neatness of its quarters and the general condition of its camp. This order was read before the whole command, and as the 1st Wisconsin Battery was the only command that was thus mentioned we naturally felt proud of the distinction thus given us, and resolved to maintain the same, which was done so long as we remained in the service.

The army rations did not include fresh vegetables or canned goods or fruits of any kind, and as foraging was absolutely out of the question, owing to high water and scarcity of population, the army suffered for anti-scorbutics. The result was that many men were afflicted with scurvy, some of whom never recovered entirely from its effects. The sutler and the steam-

boat stewards had canned goods for sale, but as the soldiers had not been paid since we left Memphis they had nothing to purchase with. In this emergency Captain Foster arranged with the steward of one of the boats to let the men have some canned goods as they should want, and he would see that the steward got his pay when the Battery should be paid. It was soon apparent, however, that the men were getting something besides canned fruit and vegetables. They were, in fact, getting whiskey, and as a consequence there was trouble in camp. The steward was requested not to let them have any, and promised not to do so, but it was still procured. Finally the Captain notified that personage that if any more liquor came into the Battery camp he would lay the matter before the Commanding General. This stopped its introduction indefinitely.

About the middle of March the water had become so high that the army was driven to the top of the levee in order to get out of the wet and mud. It was therefore decided to move the army to Milliken's Bend, some 25 miles up the river, where higher grounds were to be found.

Leaving Young's Point and our dead comrades, E. J. Harris, David McConnell, William Murphy, Henry E. Meigs and J. W. Randall, buried in the levee, for the next crevasse to send their bodies down to the Gulf, our muddy camp and the dreary scene, where the very birds learned the notes of the dead march, we took boat and steamed up to Milliken's Bend, where we found higher ground, sunshine, and, what was better for the scurvy-stricken, tiny shoots of new grass springing up. By industrious picking a soldier could in a half hour gather as much as would lay in a tablespoon, and the mastication of it was better than a surgeon's chest full of remedies. Who of that scurvy-afflicted crowd can ever forget the efforts to hold that solution of vinegar and salt in the mouth, or the gathering of the Battery around that barrel of vinegar, at the Point, when we drank it dry in a few hours? Little did we know that that scurvy would leave us toothless old men ere we had passed the half century mark, and make our knees ache whenever we should get wet.

Here we refitted and recruited and blossomed out in the genial sunshine, regaining our wonted elasticity and vim. Our own and Lamphere's Michigan Battery were assigned to the Ninth Division, Thirteenth Army Corps. Captain Foster was assigned Chief of Artillery; Lieutenant Webster, then commanding Lamphere's Battery, was detailed as Ordnance Officer, Thirteenth Corps, and Lieutenant Charles B. Kimball commanded the Battery.

There was no chance for battery maneuver, but for the necessary foot drill and manual of the piece there was ample facili-

ties. The drivers put in a great deal of their time in individual training of their horses, many of whom succeeded so well that they could make their horses lie down at the word of command, in harness or out. As a result of this exercise the health of the men improved until the per cent of sick in the Battery was much lower than in any other command of the army at that point. Owing to this proficiency in drill the Battery was frequently called upon for exhibition drill, particularly when distinguished visitors were in camp, as was the case when Governor Yates, of Illinois; Mrs. Livermore, of Chicago; Mrs. Governor Harvey, of Wisconsin, and Mrs. Colt, of Milwaukee, were there. A boat load of sanitary stores for the army had just arrived from the North and the above persons had accompanied the same to see to the proper distribution thereof and to look after the soldiers from those States. There was general rejoicing upon the receipt of these stores, for there had not been a potato, onion or cabbage or any other vegetable in camp for weeks, and "sowbelly" and hardtack were very monotonous. There were men who could never before use onions in any shape who would now take them howsoever served and call them good. As Spring advanced the weather improved until it was possible to get about above ground, and active operations were resumed looking toward the reduction of Vicksburg. It had been demonstrated that the canal which had been dug across the peninsula at Young's Point would not suffice for the purpose of passing the fleet through, principally because the water could not pass through in sufficient volume and with force enough to wash the channel large and deep enough to float the boats, and partly because the rebels had anticipated the building of the canal and had planted a heavy battery opposite its mouth on the opposite side of the river.

It was therefore decided to move the army across by land as soon as the condition of the roads would permit. Several gunboats and a number of transports had been run by the batteries at Vicksburg and were ready to transport the troops wherever needed whenever they should reach the river.

Captain Lamphere, of the 7th Michigan Battery, having returned and assumed command of the same, Lieutenant Webster was, on the 27th of March, relieved from duty therein and returned to the Battery and took his place at the head of the right section, but remained scarcely long enough to assume command thereof, for on the following day he was detailed as Ordnance Officer, Thirteenth Army Corps.

He at once reported for duty and was no more with the Battery until the October following, taking Charley Harrington with him as Ordnance Sergeant. His headquarters were established upon the steamboat Fred Lorenz, where the Bat-

tery left him when it on the 8th of April moved to Carthage on its way to Perkin's Plantation, across the Peninsula. Lieutenant Kimball had returned to the Battery and was nominally in command thereof, as Foster was still Division Chief of Artillery.

Here also we left all that was mortal of our comrades D. W. Clark and William Foster.

Striking southerly across country just above the level of the Mississippi backwater, plenty of opportunities occurred to test the talent of our Western boys in combatting natural difficulties. Bayous were bridged, or navigated, or turned. Levees were cut, and steamboats navigated tortuous bayous whose waters never before floated anything heavier than a bateau. Flatboats were made to assume the port and air of genuine gunboats by aid of a section from a gin-house smoke-stack for funnel and stovepipe for guns and bales of hay and cotton armor. The rush of the negroes and their cries of wonderment at the steamboat in the bayou were frequent. Names of stream and slough and bayou were changed to suit impressions. Vidal became Bayou-be-damned, etc.

At Perkin's Plantation we tarried a few days, waiting the gathering of distant detachments of the army with which Grant had been amusing the enemy by real or feigned expeditions throughout all that country on both sides of the river.

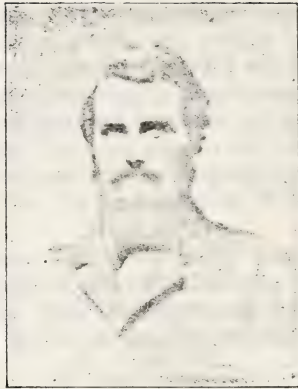
Here was a country fairly well supplied, and the fowls hopped the perch and flew into camp. Cows left the plantation and came to us to be milked; corn was plentiful, and our stock fattened. Thence on to New Carthage, where could be seen acres of men gambling, and the Lieutenant with his guard moving about confiscating cash and paraphernalia and arresting participants. But before he was 40 steps away the rattle of the dice box would again be heard, and chuck-a-luck, sweat-board, "bandoon," draw or loo would be in full blast. As Joseph, the Old Soldier, remarked, "Gentlemen, if you bet you are liable to lose, but if you don't bet you can't win. Nothing lost and nothing won, and still the game goes on."

Charley Harrington, who was Ordnance Sergeant with Lieutenant Webster, had come over to Perkin's Plantation to superintend the forwarding of ordnance stores and was quartered in a tent by himself. One evening a soldier had killed a half-grown goat, but before he could secure his game was arrested by the provost guard for shooting within limits. As he was being carried to the guard house the innocent cause of his arrest lay weltering in his own gore, and Charley asked the officer in charge of the guard if he should not remove the same. Upon being told that he might do so, Charles carried the carcas to his quarters, dressed the same and had a feast for himself and friends, Lieutenant Webster arriving that

evening to help eat the kid. The man in the guard house was not forgotten, as Charley smuggled some to him.

It is but proper to make mention at this place of a circumstance which exemplified the patriotism that animated Charley Harrington. It will be remembered that all that was known concerning him at the time he enlisted in the Battery was that he had been for some years engaged in the mercantile business in La Crosse and that he was an honest man with excellent habits, but was looked upon as being rather effeminate for a soldier, by many of the boys. Some of the members of the Battery went so far as to say that he only volunteered that he might get a commission, and that he would never muster in the service as a private. But he did, and if there was a man in the Battery, from start to finish, who was more prompt in the performance of his duty or who performed it more satisfactorily to his officers it was never made manifest. During the siege of Vicksburg A. W. Bishop, then Lieutenant Colonel of the 1st Arkansas Regiment, corresponded with Lieutenant Webster concerning the organization of a new battery of artillery in that State and furnishing officers therefor, which resulted in the recommending of Charley Harrington for a Lieutenant therein, and his appointment thereto. A furlough to permit him to go to that State to accept the commission that awaited him was procured and he was ready to go. The boat was at the levee which was to take him, and he visited the Battery, which had returned to the city after its surrender, to bid the boys good-bye. As he returned from this visit he called upon Lieutenant Webster and asked if the authorities could do anything with him if he should refuse to go. When told that they could not, he threw down the papers, saying: "Take them; I won't leave the boys." And he did not go.

Just before the troops began their movement across the country one Colonel Montgomery, a large planter of that vicinity, and a professed Union man, obtained permission to market his cotton. He at once began getting it out to the river by way of the many bayous on flatboats. For this purpose he used the help of some half dozen negroes who had belonged to him, and who yet supposed they were his property. After the Colonel had gotten the most of it to the levee, ready for shipment, he left the force of negroes to get the balance out while he should go to Memphis to procure a transport to ship the same on. While the Colonel was gone the cotton was taken by the military authorities and used to sheathe the boilers, pilot houses and hulls of the gunboats and transports that ran the Vicksburg batteries, and the negroes were assigned to Lieutenant Webster to work on the ordnance boat, thereby relieving that many soldiers, who, in turn, were permitted to join their companies. When the Colonel, who was a regular "be gad, sah" Mississipp-



S. D. BLAKE.

pian, returned and found both "niggers" and cotton gone, his wrath knew no bounds. As the former chattels were still on the boat, under charge of Webster, and were in sight, the Colonel at once made a demand for his "people," but, as they were now part of the military force operating against Vicksburg, the Lieutenant refused to let them go unless he should bring an order from General Sherman or General Steele. This he could not get. He then was very anxious to know where his cotton was. Lieutenant Webster told him he thought he knew where it was. The Colonel would be ever so much obliged if he would tell him. But when he was told that it was on the transports and gunboats below Vicksburg, and what it had been used for, his anger broke out in a new spot, and the officials berated soundly for using cotton when there was plenty of baled hay on the levee which was just as good and cost much less. Thus far he had managed to hold himself together, but he flew all in pieces when the Lieutenant told him that the hay had cost the Government something, but the cotton was free, and that the horses and mules of the army could eat the hay and could not the cotton, and left swearing a blue streak. It was learned afterward that he was getting out lots of cotton belonging to rebels, in his name, and that he was to divide the receipts with them. It might be interesting to know how much of a claim has been filed with the Government at Washington for this "loyal" man's cotton.

General McClermand had announced that those who lived through the fiery ordeal of the next 30 days would camp on the heights of Vicksburg, and the boys seemed imbued with the idea that those who failed to so live would need no cash, and thus got rid of it.

Captain Foster was left sick at Perkin's Plantation. Some of our boys were left on hospital boats at the Bend. D. W. Clark died on one of these boats and was buried there. Does it ever strike you, comrades, that when Jerome blows assembly in Paradise from what devious ways the old Battery will assemble? Battlefield, National Cemetery, fever swamp, fen, and the bed of the Mississippi.

Skirting Hurricane Island by devious ways, passing through Ashville, under an all day's rain, just at dark we slid in between the river and the backwater at Hard Times. That night, as we were just nestling down in our blankets, spread on the sodden earth, a flatboat of infantrymen "frogging" from the stranded boat towards our campfire were separated in the darkness and one of them let out a long drawn wh-o-o-pee! which brought Frank Green up on end with an exclamation of "Hosier, by dad!" They were the 8th Indiana, with whom we afterwards fought many a day. The new boots lately drawn from Crocker, or through his agency, got thoroughly

soaked and the adhesive clay caused upper and sole to part company, and some of the cannoneers trudged with an entire boot on one foot and an upper alone on the other. Lieutenant Kimball's tall \$14 boots were chafing his ankles, and he and Viets here consummated an exchange; the latter hauling off his left complete boot, securing Kimball's; then, securing the right boot, he skinned his solesless right upper off, slipped it into Kimball's hand and ran. Kimball's face was a study as he contemplated that limp, muddy upper and listened to our smiles that could be heard by the rebel garrison at Grand Gulf. That night we heard the heavy cannonading of the 200 guns at Vicksburg, answered by our gunboats, and knew that more gunboats and transports were running the rebel batteries. As morning dawned the fleet began to reach us, and they were an interesting and a battered lot.

We here drew three days' cooked rations, ate one, and the next night, April 30, drew three more days' cooked rations, and no more were issued to us until May 13. At night we put the guns on a boat and the stock and equipments on a flatboat lashed to her port side and lay there all morning. During the night a splash was heard, but no outcry. At breakfast a little German, detailed, was missing, and discussion developed that the splash was caused by his falling off the boat. When this was patent, old man Dedrick exclaimed with much emotion, "Why, ain't that too bad? He had over \$80 in money."

April 29, preceded by five gunboats, we steamed down the river to attack Grand Gulf. The scheme was for the gunboats to silence the water batteries, when the infantry would land and run up the bluff and brush away the support. Preceded by the flag boat Benton, Admiral Porter in command, the boats steamed steadily and stolidly down under fire, delivered their port guns, cut a circle and returned, delivering their starboard batteries. For five and a half hours they kept up a steady pounding, sometimes backing up to depress the elevation of their guns; but of little use; they were unable to silence the water batteries, and a battery on the bluff rained shot and shell down upon them. The Tuscumbia's hogchains were severed and she dropped helpless below. Our transports would drop almost within the line of fire and then steam up, giving us reserved seats to witness as gallant and fine a naval and land fight as was ever witnessed.

That night we disembarked a short distance above and bivouacked. Here the navy buried 17 men in one grave. Then during the darkness the gunboats and transports ran the batteries and next day we marched across and went aboard the Silver Wave, which lay with her guards nearly level with the banks. Lamphere's Battery had preceded us across on the same boat. In 15 minutes we went aboard, bag and bag-

gage, while the Captain of the boat stood on the levee loudly expressing his admiration of our celerity. "Why," he said, "it took that other battery an hour and a half to get aboard, and then they left some baggage."

Landing at dark near Bruinsburg, we took up our march for the interior, swinging around towards the rear of Grand Gulf in the darkness, escorted by the 54th Indiana. Tents were left behind, and never again did the boys draw a tent.

Grant had feinted his right, under Sherman, towards Haine's Bluff, up the Yazoo, and struck out with his left, under McClelland, straight at the enemy. Here we were on the same side of the river with 5,000 or 6,000 men ahead of us and some 25,000 to follow us in time, 30,000 in all, swinging along hunting trouble and Pemberton, who had 60,000 gun-bearing men under his command. Occasionally we would halt for a few minutes and the cannoneers would disappear in the darkness, soon returning with a choice assortment of fowls and other desirable plantation supplies. Along about 2 a. m. as the advance half of the 54th was descending into a cut, and the lead piece was entering it, some son of belial stuck a shotgun over the crest and let a charge of bird-shot into the infantry.

A whoop went out on the night air and the column came to a halt. It then developed that not a gun was loaded, and a hundred enterprising rebs could have scooped in the entire outfit. They loaded and threw out flankers, but the marauder was miles from there, probably.

CHAPTER XII.

THOMPSON'S HILL TO VICKSBURG.

"The rattling roll of the musketeers,
The ruffled drums and the rallying cheers,
And the rifles burn with a keen desire,
Like the crackling whips of the hemlock's fire;
And the singing shot, and the shrieking shell,
And the splintery fire of the shattered hell;
And the great white breath of the cannon's smoke,
Where the growling guns by batteries spoke."

TOWARDS daylight we began to hear the boom of the enemy's artillery, and at dawn the answering guns of Lamphere's Battery. We stepped out right brisk, whether we were hungry for rebel gunpowder or not. At sunrise Osterhaus met us in a dip between two hills, halted, and told us to get some coffee, quick. Down came a rail fence and fires were blazing in a minute. In another an Aid rode down and urged dispatch. In two Osterhaus tore down with, "Just as quick as possible, boys," and back up the hill. Just as the coffee boiled up he galloped down with, "I can wait no longer, boys; come mit me." Filling our canteens with the boiling fluid and holding them out at respectful distance we hurried up the hill, Osterhaus telling Kimball and the advance squad what a superior place he had for us, expatiating on its advantages. We topped the hill, filed left around an orchard in which was a disabled gun and caissons of Lamphere's Battery, and some dead and many wounded. On the road we met an occasional soldier hurrying to the rear with a brisk and business step who invariably hailed, "What battery, böys?" And in reply to our answer always cried, "Give 'em hell, boys." On divers occasions thereafter we met similar business men and this colloquy invariably ensued. Why this fierce desire that we should monopolize this hell business, and why their self-denial to participate is one of our problems of war. Around the trees we came into the open and before us was Lamphere with a gun, one coming back disabled and a battle line of skirmishers to right and left. Streaming back were men with stretchers carrying wounded, and dotted among them were men supporting wounded comrades to the rear. A rebel battery of two guns in front of Lamphere was what seemed to be doing the mischief. As Osterhaus led us up in front of this battery some of us began to doubt his judgment as to what might be the desirable places of this earth. A lead driver suggested to Kimball that it would be a good scheme to drop the caissons out here under cover of a rise of ground, which he proceeded to do, also halt-

ing the left section. The right went forward under Aylmer, and the center under Hackett ranged up on our left. Into battery with a rush and smash went a shell from the right piece, laying out five horses hitched to the rebel gun limber. The 42d Ohio was to our right front, unslinging knapsacks preparatory to going in. At the crash of the gun they turned in their tracks, recognized the Battery, gave a cheer and went into the woods in their immediate front; to the left flank, front, of the rebel guns. Sometime thereafter a wounded Lieutenant coming to the rear stopped to give us an encouraging word, saying that while unslinging knapsacks preparatory to moving into the timber they dreaded the fire of those brass guns; that Lamphere didn't seem able to care for them. But at the smash of our first shell they turned to see the source of the heavier report and recognizing us went in satisfied that those guns would have no time for the infantry. The commander of these guns, who was also a Chief of Artillery, swung his pieces to a left oblique and began to sow the woods, wherein were our infantry, with canister. Fatal mistake, and our opportunity—and this same luck was nearly always with us. In seven or eight minutes we dismounted both guns, killed every horse, the Chief of Artillery, Lieutenant commanding the battery and several men. The battery was literally wiped out. It was not a fight. It was not in any sense a battle. It was a giant crushing a pigmy. It seemed literal murder to some of us, hard to shake off in the exultation of signal victory hours later. The fight was practically over for us until late afternoon.

In The National Tribune many years thereafter a controversy sprang up and was carried on for a year as to who took two guns at Thompson's Hill. For a long time it puzzled some of us and we began to doubt that we were in it at all. Finally it developed that it was other guns in controversy. We did our work too quick and too clean to allow of dispute, and the guns and the dead and dying lay there a few hundred yards to our front for hours unapproached by any. Having no more work to do, leaving our guns in battery, we fell back a few yards into the shade of a few plum trees.

Bowen was commanding the rebels and, knowing the ground, handled his troops with skill. As our column came up, regiments were distributed towards the right and we lay idly in the shade watching the infantry to our right and left holding their own, seemingly without orders to advance. Few rebels were in sight, none in our immediate front. Voileys came out of the woods beyond and were answered from the nearer woods by our men. There was no stubborn fighting and a regiment, getting out of ammunition, lay in their places, singing "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," over and over again. About noon Grant rode up, sat on his horse and critically examined our

front. None saw him come. He was simply there, as often thereafter happened, when we had our hands full. Of course, not knowing him, Cavanaugh interviewed him. Jim interviewed more general officers than any four other men in the Battery. He once got a chew from McPherson's tobacco box. Towards "hungry time" Logan came along and sent his regiments into line on our left as they came up. Governor Yates was with him, but soon remarked that he could see just as well a little further back. He gracefully retired. Kimball and the caisson drivers came up to visit us during the day, and the bullets kept passing over and among us, but no one was struck. Soon Logan had his men in line; none of his batteries were up, and just then hell broke loose. The bullets flew like bees, and 12-pounder Borman fuze caseshot issued from breaths of white smoke at the margin of the woods beyond the battery dismounted in the morning and came straight at our guns. They burst among us, ricocheted over us and burst in admirable style—for the other fellows. We had to fire at their smoke, being unable to see their guns in the woods. E. B. Clark went down with a bad wound of the leg. A bullet from a caseshot went through Phil. Welch from breast to back and Jim McGill got his death from a bursting shell, all within a few minutes. Aylmer clung to his work with a peculiar viciousness, and the boys put up a style of fighting that won hearty applause from our supporting infantry. Amid the din Eph Hackett's voice rang out, "Fire slow, boys. Take it cool; damn 'em, if we can't whip 'em we can tire 'em out."

The long line of infantry broke cover and with a hearty Northern cheer, in marked contrast to the snappy rebel yell, went sweeping over the field. The rebel battery ceased firing and their line melted away. The first battle of the Vicksburg campaign—the most brilliant campaign ever fought on the American continent—was won.

Jim McGill died that night in the church nearby and was buried in the churchyard. His bones now lie in the Vicksburg National Cemetery among those of thousands of his comrades.

"Close his eyes; his work is done!

What to him is friend or foe-man,

Rise of moon or set of sun,

Hand of man or kiss of woman."

Clark was sent North and mustered out, and at this writing is in the Soldiers' Home at Los Angeles, Cal.

Phil Welch was left on the field until the last of the wounded were removed, as it was thought he could live but a few hours at farthest. He was then left until all other wounded were cared for, when he was assigned to a cot in the field hos-

pital upon which to die. The Surgeons would not torture him by probing his wound. They administered some palliative treatment and waited for him to die; but Phil's time had not come to shuffle off his mortal coil. Some days after he was wounded, while the hospital Surgeon was examining a patient on a cot next to Phil, the latter, feeling he had been neglected, put forth a mighty effort, seized a slop pail and struck the Surgeon in the back with it, saying, "Now, d——n you, attend to me." He was rolled over and a rosin-covered ounce ball, which had entered his right breast, cut from under his left shoulder blade. Phil recovered, and rejoined the Battery some six months later, strangely quiet and subdued for him.

Of this battle Sergeant S. D. Blake writes as follows: "Those two guns spoken of were on our right and we had nothing to do with them. The right and center sections went in battery to the left and front of where Lamphere's Battery was then located, but one section of Lamphere's went in battery still in our front. When we opened fire there were two guns in our front (12-pounder Napoleons), one of which we struck with a shell just under the gun and broke it loose from the carriage and it came down the hill toward us. The other limbered up and started up the ravine toward their rear, but a shell from one of our guns struck the fore axle in the hub, cut it off and killed six horses and two riders. I know this, as I went over the grounds afterwards and examined them. Also I saw the dead Lieutenant, the whole back part of whose head was shot off. I will never forget it. His face looked like a mask. At the time there were two things that we thought were guns in a grove about half a mile in their rear. They were examined by General Osterhaus and other officers and pronounced logs on wheels, but the General gave Gunner McKeith permission to get the range on them, which he did. In the meantime Generals Grant, McPherson, Logan, McClernand and Osterhaus, with some members of their staffs, came near our guns, looking the thing over, and when a portion of Logan's division came in on our left the said log guns opened on us. You should have seen those Generals 'git.' We answered immediately and soon disabled one of the guns, while they got away with the other, but not until Jim McGill, Phil Welch and E. B. Clark were wounded. Welch was struck with a bullet from a caseshot, in the breast, which followed the ribs around to the spinal column. McGill was struck by a piece of shell which tore the flesh and muscles from the back of the shoulders, from which wound he died, and Clark was wounded in the calf of the leg, which resulted in a fever sore.

"As we met Lamphere's Battery coming out at Thompson's Hill when we came up Captain Lamphere mounted one of his guns and proposed three cheers for the 1st Wisconsin Battery,

and they were given with a vim, and, being taken up by the infantry, woke up the rebels to our sorrow.

"I have been looking over my diary and find that the center section went to the left first and the right came in soon after in command of First Sergeant Aylmer, who was riding a white horse and which made him so conspicuous that he drew the enemy's fire from their sharpshooters, whereupon Lieutenant Hackett ordered him to dismount and send his horse to the rear."

Of this battle Captain Lamphere reports that he fought his entire battery for an hour and a half before we came up, losing six men and eleven horses.

Lieutenant Kimball reports:

Headquarters 1st Wisconsin Battery,
Port Gibson, Miss., May 2, 1863.

Sir: I have the honor to report below the part taken in yesterday's engagement on Thompson's Hill by the 1st Wisconsin Battery, which is as follows, viz:

The battery, under command of Lieutenant Charles B. Kimball, after marching all night, received orders about 6 a. m. to move up rapidly to the front, and was placed in position in the following manner:

The right section of the battery, under charge of First Sergeant Edward P. Aylmer, was moved to the extreme left of the line, to relieve a section of Captain Lamphere's (7th Michigan) Battery, which had suffered severely from the fire of two brass pieces of the enemy, planted on an opposite hill, about one and one-fourth miles distant, which we dismounted shortly afterwards. This position it occupied all day, with slight changes to the right or left, as occasion required.

The center section, commanded by Lieutenant E. L. Hackett, moved up to a position on the left of the right section, and opened fire on some buildings immediately to the front, occupied by rebel forces, where it did fearful execution. It occupied the position all day, and late in the afternoon shared with the right section the satisfaction of silencing two guns which the enemy brought to bear upon us with great effect from an open field about a mile off. This was the closing scene of the engagement.

The left section, under command of Lieutenant Oscar F. Nutting, took position on the center of the line, but was ordered by General Grant to reserve their fire until further orders were received from himself, as our supply of ammunition was very limited. This position it held all day under a galling fire of musketry, which, as ordered, it was compelled to face in silence.

Each section was planted under a galling fire, which was kept up throughout the day. Both men and officers did their duty nobly, and although our numbers were small for 20-pounder guns, and the men greatly fatigued after marching all the previous night, not a complaint was heard, but each man sprang to his work with a right good will, forgetful of their weariness in their desire each to do his duty.

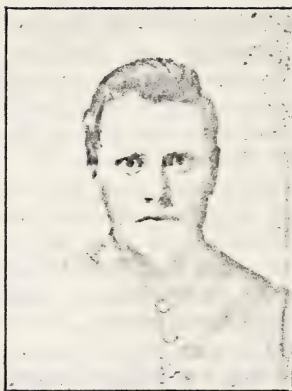
Casualties, four men wounded.

Hoping that our future engagements will be crowned with equal success, I have the honor to remain, Captain, your obedient servant,

CHAS. B. KIMBALL.

First Lieutenant Commanding 1st Wisconsin Battery.

Capt. J. W. Thompson, A. A. A. G., Ninth Division, Thirteenth A. C.



EDWARD LUNN.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial thus writes of us in the fight:

"The heaviest fighting of the day was done about two hours before sunset, on the left. The rebels planted a battery of field pieces on a range of hills very difficult of access to our infantry, and commenced a vigorous onslaught upon General Osterhaus's division, compelling it to seek refuge in a ravine and behind the timber on either side. Osterhaus sent word that he was hardly pressed. The 1st Wisconsin Battery of four Parrott guns, under command of Captain Foster, was sent to his relief. Securing as favorable position as could be found, Foster opened upon the rebels and turned the scale against them in a few minutes."

This was our May-day party, and there wasn't any "If you're waking, call me early, mother" business about it. It was the oft-repeated tale of marching all night and taking a cold skirmish for breakfast, the skirmish warming into a battle for dinner, and chase or be chased all night for dessert.

We camped on the field that night, watering our horses in Port Gibson, and struck east in the early morning, two of our brigades leading off. Of course, Grand Gulf was left in a hurry by the rebels, leaving their heavy guns and some stores. The fleet took possession, and on each gun was painted "Taken by Admiral Porter, May 2, 1863, at Grand Gulf, Miss."

On the route an interval occurred between us and an infantry regiment just where a road came in at a left oblique. Logan's advance cut us off, notwithstanding Kimball rode up and asked the officer to halt his column a few minutes and let us in. And there we halted in the hot sun until Logan's large division marched by. Scarcely had the rear passed when Logan himself galloped up from the front with an order from Grant for us to go with him. This was the first of our being lent. Sometimes the entire battery, and again a section or two, would be detached to serve with some other division. We soon began to feel like nobody's child; or, rather, everybody's mule. If there was a nasty piece of artillery work to do anywhere in that army they seemed to call on us to go to the front. Logan got his division out of the road and we marched by, passing a six-gun battery of 20-pounder Parrotts en route. They had run upon a 12-gun battery on the opposite side of Bayou Pierre, and Logan having seen our work the day before thought we were just the tool he wanted to his hand. The roads were heavy and the guns lugged. Logan, in his impatience, would get far ahead, look around, ride back and persuasively ask the drivers if they "couldn't just touch 'em up a bit." The lead driver was sulky over being cut out by his division, the long wait in the sun and the ungraciousness of the officer who cut us off, and wouldn't "touch

'em up," and surlily remarked that we'd have been just where he wanted us but for the piggishness of said officer. Logan kept his pleasant suavity all through, and that lead driver is ashamed to this day when he thinks of Logan.

We went in on the right of DeGolyer's five guns—he had one disabled at the May-day party—and the skirmishers just then discovered that the twelve masked guns were Quakers, and the rebel support decamped.

We straggled along with Logan a day or two, when Osterhaus rode up with an order from Grant and cried: "You come mit me, my boys." We cheered, mounted and followed him over to where his division was camped. He seemed as pleased as though he'd found a lost treasure. When addressing any man he called him Foster. He led us up on to a knoll, saying, "Here you camps; there is water; I send you a load of corn;" pointed to a rail fence and said, "You must look around and get you some chickens and some pigs, and make yourselves comfortable." We did.

The next ten days are soon told. Johnston, who was hurrying matters further inland to come and take personal command, urged, and Pemberton should have evacuated Port Hudson and joined Gardiner's forces with his; abandoned Vicksburg, swung around to our front and right, called in his force from Jackson, and fought us with his back to the northwest, or east. But Grant's celerity confused him and he couldn't dispossess himself of the idea of holding on to Vicksburg. Fortunately for us, General Joe Johnson didn't get up in the early days of May to take command. We sauntered through the country, finding that an army could live gorgeously, sacking a wayside store here and making reprisals in a village there. No plundering was done in a house where the women held the fort. The advance would break in the doors of a store, inspect the empty safe and cash drawer, get into a pair of summer trousers, and march on. The last straggler would emerge with a straw hat or a mouse trap. At Rocky Springs Bill Pink, from a garden, unearthed a tin can of cash, and a woman came rushing down the steps crying that it was her savings; that she was a Union woman; came from Illinois, et cetera ad infinitum, snatching at the can as Bill shifted it behind him. Upon completion of her vociferous tale he handed her the can and contents, advising her to keep it in her trousers pocket while these marauding Yanks were about.

Among the new order of civilization we found that the rebel country newspaper retired as we advanced, often failing to retire in time, and our advance, taking possession of the office, got out a later edition, needless to say with a change of politics and sentiment. The late copies also taught us some things anent the war and principles involved and status of

the combatants. Having long known that we were "Lincoln's hirelings" we now found that we were "ruthless invaders, uncivilized hordes, despoilers of firesides, oppressors of the chivalric South," and other gems fit to name only in published mirrors of Mississippi refinement. We learned that the "blundering audacity of Grant" was leading him and us to hospitable graves at the hands of the chivalric sons of that foremost civilization. These papers often found temporary haven for one issue only in the same town. The Memphis Avalanche, Port Gibson Gazette and Raymond Times were all published for one issue in Bolton, and then they moved on quickly.

Disregarding these benevolent intentions, we continued to slosh around the State monogramming the sacred soil with our bean holes, loading limber and caissons with sugar, molasses, honey, hams and hens. Plums got large enough to stew, and sauce was always on tap. By and by we seemed to thrive on capturing a battery here today, wiping out a regiment there tomorrow, and annihilating a brigade or a division some other day.

Gardiner shook off two brigades who hurried north and ran into Crocker and his Iowans at Raymond on the 12th of May. Sherman had made a quick retrograde from Hayne's Bluff, crossed the peninsula, ferried the river, and hurrying up was taking his place on the right, and McPherson was swinging into his place in the center. We had been "left in front" until now. Crocker held the rebel brigades until Tuttle came up, when the forces being nearly equal, he and Tuttle proceeded to thrash them too quick. We marched to the sound of their guns, but were too late to be of any material service. Special orders permitted us to place "Raymond" on our flag. We had heard much of the Southerner as a superior fighter, and that one of their brigades was a match for a division of ours, but we wish to emphatically say that from start to finish we never met them out of their works, in the field, in anywhere near equal numbers, that we didn't thrash them good. At Champion Hill Grant got in about 16,000 only, and we took prisoners from 69 regiments and the rest ran like company cooks.

That night we camped in Raymond and, our supplies reaching us, we drew rations for the first time since April 29. As usual after a battle, it rained and continued a steady downpour for 12 hours. About 10 a. m. we were detailed and swung into Quinby's column under the sheeted rain and pushed for Jackson. Between the hills the water ran across the road a half yard deep; but on we plodded, halting at dark within "two shoots and a horn blow" of the Capital City, to be told that it was taken by Sherman. We got no farther, and are unable to affirm "who planted the first flag on the State House." We bivouacked beside our harnessed horses and the next morning

Quinby and his division marched away, leaving us alone and unsupported. Here was again a full equipped battery for the taking and the country full of armed detachments of the enemy. Finally the bugle rang out "Boots and saddles; mount," and, Lieutenant Kimball ordering left reverse, we set our faces to another front and plodded through the fast drying clay to the westward, bivouacking north of Raymond. But we were allowed, by special orders, to put "Jackson" on our flag. Its folds were now entitled to be emblazoned with: Cumberland Gap, Tazewell, Kanawha, Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Thompson's Hill, Raymond and Jackson.

CHAMPION HILL.

Captain Foster, who had been left sick at Perkins' Plantation, joined us sometime in the night and assumed command. Obe Lindsay also came with him and gave us interesting accounts of scenes in the rear.

Distant cannonading aroused us from where we lay beside our harnessed horses and Foster's well-known voice ringing out in command was the first some knew that he was with us. We fed, watered our stock, breakfasted and mounted while day glimmered in the east and the white moon hung like a misty vapor in the cloudless sky. Setting our solemn faces, under the solemn stars, slowly dying out, under the solemn trees, we marched toward the sullen, solemn throbbing of the guns. Hell was just before us, and with the superb effectiveness that Foster's constant drill and discipline had brought, every equipment in order, every shell and cartridge, bunch of primers and fuse carefully inspected: the wisdom born of battlefields, our grim 20-pounders, alert drivers and sturdy cannoneers, we were as compact a bunch of hell as moved on earth. Nearer and faster came the booming of the cannon, soon blended with crack of the skirmisher's rifle. Then deepened from volley into one continuous roar. As fierce a fight as was ever fought on the continent was on. The rebel lines being selected with rare skill, every piece of woods, and there were many, every acclivity being taken the utmost advantage of, and we the attacking party, they on the defensive.

A word as to the situation. General Joe Johnston had twice suggested to Pemberton that he should not let himself be shut up in Vicksburg; that he should gather his forces and beat Grant outside; failing which he should slip around our right flank, putting his back to the northeast, and Johnston would soon be up. Pemberton intended making his stand at or near Baker's Creek and gathered everything except Gardiner's force at Port Hudson and the force at Jackson. Gardiner, like Pemberton in regard to Vicksburg, could not divorce himself from the idea of holding Port Hudson and an independent com-

mand, and was caught by Banks. Grant wished to gather Banks up with us, and Johnston wished to gather the entire force which Pemberton had scattered, and the two Generals proposed to settle the supremacy of Mississippi and the opening of the river by one great battle in Mississippi. Fortunately for us, Johnston could not get west soon enough, and Pemberton had no greater military instinct than Banks.

Sherman was to swing from Jackson around to our right, McPherson close up in the center and McClernand, who was close up on the left, was to hold his hand until all was ready. Sherman and McPherson showed jealousy of McClernand and discounted his ability. Probably Grant was tinctured with similar sentiments of doubt. Anyway, Grant censured McClernand for opening the fight earlier than was wished, perhaps forgetting the difficulty of keeping two armed bodies of American citizens with guns and divergent sentiments, in proximity, from entering into a heated argument.

In the night of the 15th Pemberton got more than a suggestion not to fight with his back to the west, and on the morning of May 16th was actually trying to left flank his army out of our vicinity when McClernand's left got entangled with the enemy's right and this was what we heard as we were marching up. Peremptory orders were sent McClernand to stand fast and not press the enemy, but Pemberton had stopped his flank movement and serried his troops on center. The enemy thinking the reception accorded our attack had satisfied our hunger for a fight, and no doubt surprised at the inferior article presented, very jubilantly made a counter attack to sweep us off the face of the earth, the brunt falling on Hovey. Forgotten then was the order to hold our ground, nor could any orders except those of the Creator hold an army of Western boys when their blood was up. It was an infantry fight, and the lines rocked to and fro amid the timber and up and down the slopes. Crests of hills were taken and lost, and taken and lost again. Charge and counter charge, rebel yell and Northern hurrah added to the din of unceasing roar for about five hours. Hovey pressed back their center. The left pushed through their right wing, cut off Loring, who double-quickened to the southward and was lost, and rolled their flank up on to their center. In the meantime Logan, Grant with him, did just what Warren did later at Five Forks, moved at a right oblique, reached out too far, crossed the Vicksburg road, leaving it open for Pemberton to escape, and swung around in the woods feeling for a fleeing enemy. Sherman wasn't in it. We took prisoners from 69 regiments, and still Grant did not estimate the enemy at over 15,000 until long after the siege begun, and then did not put them at over 20,000. We killed 1,000, wounded and took prisoners three times as many, cut off

Loring, who escaped with his division, and rounded up 30,000 in Vicksburg. In this fight we had 16,000, they 15,000, and the advantage of position.

The Battery went into a field to the left of the road in the morning and took position just where the tide of battle was expected to break after Grant's orders to hold our hand reached us, and the Battery's part in the great fight was small.

As the enemy retreated Osterhaus' division was drawn back and hurried to the right and pushed in pursuit. Crossing the field from left to center we encountered all the horrors of the residuum of a foughten field with its sickening sensations. Crowding the fleeing enemy until after dark, we lay down beside our guns and horses at Edward's Station. The horses had not been unharnessed in six days.

The whole route was strewn with guns, equipments, wounded rebels who had dropped by the way, and impedimenta of war. At the station they had fired and abandoned a train of cars laden with ordnance stores, the exploding shells forming a fit postscript to the horrors of the day.

During a momentary halt, just before crossing Baker's Creek, Sergeant Norm Webster remarked to the Hokah boys that a few steps away Major John Thompson lay, breathing his last. Knapp joined the group that gathered around the Major and suggested that a swallow of whiskey from his canteen might be a good thing, and it was put down his throat. Years after the Major told how he made an unavailing effort to intimate his desire, and added that the whiskey saved his life.

Just at this spot an infantryman stopped by a dead comrade and, remarking that he believed the dead man didn't need those boots any more, discarded his ragged shoes, removed the comrade's boots and drew them on. The boots had bright yellow tops and a heart pegged in the center of the tap.

As we obliqued from the road into the field to our left the morning of the Big Black River fight, that soldier lay dead just at the edge of the grove, with a portion of his head torn away by a piece of shell. Practically the Champion Hill episode was reenacted and the live infantryman marched off with his trousers tucked into the yellow-topped boots.

The next morning we flanked left from the big white house and over on the crest of the hill near where General A. L. Lee came back to us with his head bound up and bleeding from a bullet wound, that soldier lay under a tree, shot through the heart. None of our crowd wanted those boots, believing that we could worry along with what we had until Crocker came up.

BIG BLACK RIVER.

But, hark, the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue—weakness a sin:
There's a lurking and loping around us tonight;
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in.

All through the night troops came up and lay down silently near us, or passed with that hushed hum of marching men into the darkness beyond. As at the crossing of the river, Thompson's Hill, across to Raymond, Champion Hill, the Thirteenth Corps was leading again, Osterhaus in front, Carr next, but with many regiments sandwiched in with ours. Hovey with his shattered legions was left at the battlefield to pull himself together after his fearful experience, and to care for the wounded and bury the dead. Osterhaus, alert and vigilant, pushed the enemy through the darkness until meeting stubborn resistance a mile or two from the Big Black, halted for daylight and sent back an Aid for us to feed, water, breakfast and "come to him." When the prospect of a fight was on General Osterhaus resembled the boy whose boast it was: "I'se a tuff from tuff alley. De farder up de alley you goes de tuffer dey is, and I lives in de las' house." Always a genial gentleman, his battle enthusiasm was unbounded, and he seemed to think we were his trump card.

The battle was on at the first glimpse of light, but at sunrise we were still in column in the road close up to the timber fringing Black River, mixed up with General Lawler's Brigade. The enemy's shells were passing just over us, coming from right and left oblique and front, showing a line of some extent. As they nipped off the limbs of the trees, that came crashing down, and tore up the ground, we felt that the enemy was reaching out for that road and wondered why we were not flanked to the left into a field out of the line of fire. Osterhaus, had he been there, would not have left us uselessly exposed. Lawler sat stolidly on his horse under a tree with the branches falling about him. His saber suspended by a surcingle slung over his shoulder and his stomach o'er shadowed his saddle pommel. A slim lead driver slipped from his saddle, stealthily approached and "fortified" behind Lawler's ponderosity, much to the disgust of his staff, when noted.

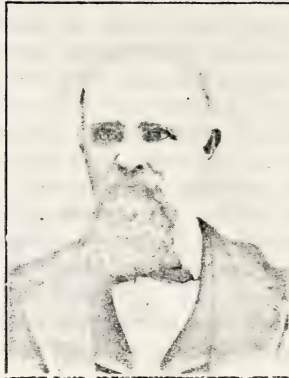
Osterhaus soon came riding from the left front, toward which regiment after regiment had been moving, consulted with Foster, and we moved over the prostrate rail fence into the field. The center section, under Lieutenant Hackett, moved off to the front in rear of Osterhaus and Foster, and passing around the plantation house, through the grove, came into a cultivated field and advanced to the crest of an incline and took position alongside the Vicksburg & Jackson Railroad. Osterhaus, as usual, flattered the boys with promise of an elegant position. "I shows you a place where you gets a good chance at 'em." In front of them, beyond a parallel bayou, was as pretty a line of fortifications, with cotton bales embrasures, as ever a regiment or battery would wish to be behind. As the limbers were making a left reverse after action front 17 rebel guns cut loose on them. Charlie Withee, who was number six,

had hurried to his limber and, throwing up the lid, reached for a shell while the limber was still moving. The limber was blown up, mortally wounding Charlie, blowing the drivers, John Castles, Peter McNally and Jacob Deidrick, a detail from infantry, clean out of their saddles, scorching the horses, which tore off on a mad run. A piece of shell struck Capt. Foster on the shoulder as his horse made a demi-volte, hurling him from the saddle, and General Osterhaus got a bullet through the fleshy part of his thigh. Others of the men were hurt, but not disabled. Number five ran over to the limber of the other gun to get his ammunition and these "coffee coolers," "Lincoln's hirelings," "draft sneaks," "bounty jumpers" of the center section put up as pretty a fight as was possible for two guns in open field to present to 17 guns behind fortification. Perhaps prompted by a conscientious endeavor to earn their \$13 a month.

The wonder of it all is, now as we look back at it, what impelled men to stay at their guns under such circumstances. Every man knew that he was a target for a sharpshooter and for three or four field batteries. Can anyone conceive what reward would induce a private soldier to walk into such a place—and stay there?

The right section was hurried up to their assistance, the infantry crept closer, where they could pick off the rebel gunners, and the iron and leaden hail soon abated. Gunner Billy McKeith reached out and dismounted one particularly vicious piece, and McPherson with a division drew the fire of some of their guns to our right.

A slight, soldierly man bearing the single stars on his shoulders, whom we had for a day or two noted as acting Aid, rode up at a gallop, slacked his pace, crying: "I am General A. L. Lee; I command this division. You will report to me for orders," and galloped to the front, along the rear of our infantry line, presumably repeating the above legend; a mark for a thousand rifles. Returning to us and consulting with Lieutenant Hackett and Orderly Sergeant E. P. Aylmer, who commanded the right section, he wrote on a leaf from a note book, using his hat for a rest, an order for an infantry detail to help man our guns. Soon back from the 16th and 42d Ohio and other regiments of our division came men who stayed with us all through, some of them veteranizing, and were mustered out with us at Milwaukee. Although coming from as stanch a regiment as ever went to the front, if today asked their service, promptly reply, "1st Wisconsin Battery." One of them, Thomas Akers, had a bright red blister across the end of his quite broad nose from too great a degree of intimacy with a rebel bullet. Lee, before riding down on us, had sent the left section over to the right and they went in with a division of



B. N. BRADFIELD.

McPherson's Seventeenth Corps. (The Battery boys have the right to wear three Corps and five Army badges.)

Lawler crept up on our left, found a place to cross his brigade and went over the works with a rush, taking more prisoners than he had men under him. The rebels shook white handkerchiefs and pulling cotton out of the bales hoisted bunches of it on their bayonets in token of surrender. The greater part rushed across the wagon and railroad bridge, firing the same behind them, leaving us in possession of the works and 19 guns. We moved over to the left section and lay down in the shade awaiting the laying of a bridge which was contested by their skirmishers on the opposite overshadowing bank. Sherman reached out down on the far side of the river and brushed them away before the bridge was completed.

While lying here in the shade Bailey Webster fired the last shot of the battle of Big Black River. In the rebel camp the men struck a prime article of old Jamaica rum, and the drivers of the right piece took possession of a "fly" bearing the legend "44th Ala. Inf.," and used it for a tent until the Red River campaign. Many gathered mementoes and trophies from this camp and rebel love letters were handed about.

On the evening of May 17th we crossed the river on an impromptu bridge and pushed on towards Vicksburg, skirmishing heavily with the enemy and pressing them back until far into the night. Years thereafter a member of the 26th Mo. Inf. related that while crossing the cotton bale pontoon at Black River bridge with his regiment, it looked so scaly they were afraid to go on it, feeling their way across, when up came that d—d Wisconsin Battery. The lead driver looked at the bridge, gave a cluck to his horses and then used the whip, and on he went, and came very near throwing the whole regiment into the river.

To which the lead driver responds:

"I was the lead driver who lashed across the temporary bridge at Black River when that Missouri regiment hesitated, and 25 years thereafter learned that it really did rock and pitch under the crossing of the army. As we sat in our saddles watching the finishing of that bridge, Hargraves came from near the rebel commissary tent with a pan of Jamaica rum. The pan had two holes in the bottom and Mark had two fingers stopping the holes, balancing the pan on one hand and steadying it with the other. He held the pan aloft to my lips and I took a 'grown person's drink.' When Jerome blew 'forward' I thought it was the rum rocking in my head."

J. B. Davidson writes:

"I was sent after right section. When I got there I could not find the Lieutenant commanding, viz, C. Kimball. Jim McConnell came to me and asked what was the matter. I told

him the center section cannoneers were played out and could not work the guns fast enough, and Eph had sent me after this section and I could not find a commissioned officer. 'I am commissioned officer enough for this section. Do you want her?' I said: 'Yes.' Jim said 'Wait and show where to go,' and Jim did some lively commanding, and in less time than it takes to tell it he was after me like a hurricane."

Early the next morning we were on their trail, and about 9 o'clock we ran against their fortifications at Vicksburg, and the siege of 46 days and nights had begun.

Sergeant Blake, in charge of one of the guns of the center section at Black River Bridge, writes of the part his section took in that engagement as follows:

"The center section was ordered in and General Osterhaus and Captain Foster went to show us a position, but Hackett wanted to go to another position nearer and on a lower bench, which position was assigned us. As we were getting into position a shot from one of the rebel guns struck the ground just in front of our section and ricocheted through my limber chest just as Charlie Withee was reaching for the lid to open it, exploded the primers, set fire to the powder and blew the chest into kindling wood, but did not explode a single shell. The drivers were just dismounting, some were off, the others were more or less hurt as the team ran toward the enemy's line until stopped by our skirmishers. One piece of the chest struck Captain Foster between the shoulders and another struck General Osterhaus upon the leg, disabling them both. Withee was so badly burned by the explosion that he died from the same in a Memphis hospital. General Lee assumed command of the division and Lieutenant Kimball of the Battery. Notwithstanding the seriousness of the occasion an incident occurred which drew peals of laughter from the men of the section. When the limber chest was blown up Gunner McKeith, having no ammunition left, jumped straddle of his gun. Hackett asked him why he did not commence firing. Billy replied, 'I have no ammunition.' Hackett says, 'Why in h—I don't you use out of Stewart's limber?' Billy jumped down saying, 'Well, I swear I never thought of that, but I will give that rebel gun h—I.' And he did, for he dismounted it in short order.

"The first section was not with us. It was a fearfully hot day, and Hackett had sent twice to Kimball to be relieved, but no attention was paid to the request. The boys were awfully tired and about ready to give up, when General Lee came up, and noting it, spoke to Hackett concerning their condition. Upon being told about sending to Kimball and the barren result, the General wrote a note to Kimball which he sent by an Orderly. Soon the right section came and relieved us and

we went to the rear. Nutting had taken one gun of the left section and gone over to Lawler's brigade, on the extreme right, where they ran the gun by hand out upon a sand bar from whence they enfiladed the enemy's breastworks, soon driving the enemy out, after which Lawler charged and carried the enemy's position."

THE INVESTMENT.

"You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights,
How ripped and torn and tattered we lay."

At sunrise, May 18th, we met their line of battle on the second range, on heights outside of Vicksburg, and the right gun unlimbered in the road just in front of a large white house that became a hospital, and sent a few shells into the line of rebel infantry, and they retired beyond the crest. In the garden the "husky cannoneers" noted a bed of onions rapidly wilting under the morning sun, probed, found resistance, and unearthed a large box of silverware; but before they could divvy the provost guard took possession. Soon we were taken over on the left, and General Lee, being out on the skirmish line, looking for a position where we could do the most good, came back with a bullet wound in the head, and Osterhaus, who was up in a carriage, again took command. Our troops were all day getting into position, and we fired but few rounds until, towards sundown, the right section was taken back into the road and sent forward to the next range of heights, occupied by the rebels in the morning. The Regulars, with their 30-pounders, were pounding away in the road at the top of the hill, and the right section took position on the brow of a hill to the left. Here we found a 12-pounder brass gun that had been abandoned by a Chicago Battery, and the rebel bullets buzzing like bees. We immediately opened fire, and the Chicago gun squad soon came and dragged their gun away by hand. There were no dead artillerymen around and the gun appeared uninjured. Soon the section was taken back into the road and run up to the position occupied by the Regulars, whose gun had been hauled back below the crest and around the turn in the road. As we came up, the gun-squad was doing considerable grumbling about using heavy artillery as field pieces in the advance line. After reconnoitering the cannoners unlimbered and with the assistance of the drivers, ran the pieces forward by hand. Our skirmish line was but a few paces in front and the fighting was stubborn. The rebels were crowded back into the fortifications of Vicksburg, and the dome of the court house was in sight—the objective point upon which we were to gaze longingly for 47 long, weary, hot, dusty, bloody days.

The left and center were occasionally talking to rebels from the left and the right had little trouble in closing up the rebel pieces in their front, but the rebel bullets were particularly vicious, and a gun from an unexpected quarter on the left, or far to our right, would smash a shell at us. The infantry pressed up closer to the rebel works, and the left and center sections advanced a half mile on a line with the right, but far over to the west. Osterhaus had swung far over to the left and had left the center and left sections with Hovey, who came up during the day, and the right section with Carr.

Night came down with our line on the left close up to the rebel works, and the connoneers lay down by their guns, while the drivers dropped back into a valley to water their stock, and for the first time in many days and nights to unharness their weary horses, and those not too tired undressed for a sleep from dark to daylight almost. That night slight earth epaulements were thrown up on commanding points and the guns moved in. Headquarters, forge, battery wagon, caissons, drivers and horses, were established in rear of our guns with Hovey. The gun drivers of the right piece and Green, lead driver of the caisson, pitched their Alabama fly and made themselves comfortable in a pleasant nook in rear of the right section with Carr. This section was to the west of the main road and railroad to Jackson.

The rebels opened a brisk fire at daylight from batteries in front of us, but we soon put a stop to that business, and only at intervals would they open from a gun or battery during the day. Our entire line got into place, and in the late afternoon an assault was made. Our troops were not all up, but Grant depending on the demoralizing defeats they had sustained, thought no stubborn resistance would be made. But they were 10,000 stronger than we knew, and putting up a good fight, the assault was unsuccessful. That night we strengthened our works and the infantry crept closer.

THE ASSAULT.

The morning of May 22, 1863, broke hot and unrefreshing. We intuitively felt that desperate work lay before us. Grant had his men all up and the artillery well pushed forward and protected by epaulements. After we had eaten our dinner with what appetite we could, orders came to open with every gun on the rebel works, and there then broke forth a storm of shot, shell, caseshot and shrapnel from the whole line that shook the hills and silenced every opposing gun. Soon our infantry broke from the pits and double-quickened down the slopes under the fire of our artillery, and with a wild hurrah dashed up the rebel slopes. Of course we could do nothing with the Battery but hold our fire and watch with breathless interest the

blue line meet the gray. The enemy had their artillery double-shotted with canister, and cut loose on the blue line with every gun and poured in volley after volley of musketry, tearing gaps and holes through the advancing lines; but still the blue squads, for they were but squads now, struggled up the slope, through the chevaux-de-frieze, into ditch, out, up the epaulement and at the crest were met by, and used, bayonet and musket-butt. Back and forth they struggled, now over the works, now back, and at last fell sullenly back, loading and firing as they went, leaving the intervening space dotted with blue; Sergeant Griffin, of an Iowa regiment, bringing 11 rebels and a Lieutenant with him. But some remained on the outer slope of the principal rebel fort in front of us to guard two flags planted on the crest. And there "Old Glory" waved for hours flaunting defiance in their very faces, defended by our men who had made for themselves standing places in the slope, and with watchful eyes and ready rifle kept it flying. It would take pages to tell of those hours of heroic effort, and every man who thus watched and defended those colors on that day deserves the "medal of honor," which is now so freely dispensed. As soon as our infantry fell back we opened fire with a viciousness born of our first check since crossing the river. It was easy to silence their artillery, and in great measure to keep down their riflemen, but what of those planted flags and the wounded on the field.

McClermand twice sent word to General Grant of the situation, and expressed confidence that with reinforcements and a demonstration all along the line, he could carry the works in front of Carr. General Sherman, in his Memoirs, says that General Grant was visiting his position, and in conversation with him, when an officer came up and handed the former a paper in McClermand's handwriting, "to the effect that his troops had captured the rebel parapet in his front; that the flag of the Union waved over the stronghold of Vicksburg, and asking him (Grant) to give renewed orders to McPherson and Sherman to press their attacks on their respective fronts, lest the enemy should concentrate on him (McClermand). General Grant said, 'I don't believe a word of it;' but I reasoned with him that this note was official, and must be credited, and I offered to renew the assault at once with new troops. He said he would instantly ride down to McClermand's front, and if I did not receive orders to the contrary by 3 o'clock, I might try again." Notwithstanding this lack of confidence General Grant acquiesced and before sundown reinforcements filed past the trails of our guns and clustered in the ravine close to our left. Then at a signal the artillery again opened, and again the same bloody tragedy was enacted, but in front of us bloodier, fiercer than before. Men ceased to be men, and

lost in the mad rage of contending passions all sense of fear or danger. Again the squads in blue came back, this time sullen and dejected, feeling that the last struggle was useless, leaving their wounded behind them, and losing the flags they had guarded so faithfully during the day, just as the setting sun lighted the fearful scene. In the darkness the wounded nearest us were gathered, and the artillery kept up a regular fire at stated intervals all through the night.

Much controversy ensued over this last charge on the heights of Vicksburg, and Senator Cockerell, then commanding a brigade in our immediate front, says that McClelland was right, and that if Grant had properly supported him the city would have fallen at that time. But this seems improbable when we remember that for two or more years the most scientific engineering had been brought to make it the most elaborately fortified place on earth, combined with a favorable topography. Men of European fame have so pronounced it. Every redoubt was commanded by others in rear and flank, back to the city, and the works were manned by 30,000 gun-bearing soldiers, every one of them having had previous battlefield experience, and Grant had not that many in line against them on that day. General Sherman says: "I have since seen the position at Sevastapol, and without hesitation I declare that at Vicksburg to have been the more difficult." It is difficult to see how the result could have been otherwise. General Grant says: "The Union forces that had crossed the river at this time were less than 43,000 men. One division, Blair's, only arrived in time to take part in the battle of Champion Hill, but was not engaged therein: and one brigade, Ransom's, of McPherson's corps, reached the field after the battle. The enemy had at Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, Jackson, and on the roads between those places, over 60,000 men." That day Grant estimated them at 15,000. He never estimated them at above 20,000, and must have been equally surprised and elated when over 29,000 surrendered at the rounding up.

THE SIEGE.

We learned to distinguish through all the din our own 20-pounders, as it were, answering or encouraging each other, although a mile apart. Other sounds were easily distinguishable even to an unpracticed ear. One was a quarter or a yard, more or less, of railroad iron passing close by the ear of a recruit or veteran, for they daily sent us such compliments. Another was when "Whistling Dick" cut loose. "Whistling Dick," or the Whitworth, was a breech loading gun of English make, with a six or eight sided, spiral bore. It fired nothing but solid shot, but they were very long and cast and finished with sides or surfaces to fit the inner surfaces of the gun.

It was impossible for the projectile to leave the gun without taking the rifle, and this was so "twisting" that the shot, as it passed through the air, produced a terrific, whistling shriek, but which, so far as we were ever informed, did no damage to anything or anybody further than to "harrow" up the nerves of those within sound of its music. The gunners were evidently ignorant of its range and carrying power, as all the shots went away over us and so far to the rear that they found nothing on which to spend their force. This gun was found to have been disabled from a defect in the breech, either of construction or faulty material. A man in the field would make a blow snake of himself when he heard one of those shot coming, the clay around there being too tenacious for him to crawl into to avoid the searcher. Our "Whistling Dick" is now in the Navy Yard at Washington; it is entirely of iron, carriage and trail.

Reinforcements were sent down from the North and the line from the Yazoo to the Mississippi completed and communication cut off; still up to July scouts got in and out through the lines. Nearer we drew and closer was our grasp on the doomed garrison, and our pickets at night walked side by side with the rebel pickets, there being a mutual agreement not to shoot except under certain circumstances and conditions.

About the middle of June Generals McPherson and Sherman wrote to General Grant, complaining of a "fulsome congratulatory order" which General McClelland had issued to his corps, and which had been furnished to the papers of the North, reflecting unjustly on their troops. General Grant, who had never seen or heard of the order, sent for a copy of the same, and upon its receipt promptly relieved McClelland from command and ordered him to report to Springfield, Ill., as publishing of such orders was forbidden by both his and the orders of the War Department.

McClelland was not a favorite with the other corps commanders of that army, or with General Grant. He was a civilian and something of a politician, and was ambitious, which to the average West Pointer was an unpardonable sin. But his corps liked him, in which liking the Battery shared its full quota, and today he has a lively recollection of our Battery, averring that it had no superior for discipline or efficiency. It was McClelland's custom to ride among his troops and inspect the camp, attended only by an Orderly, if anybody, and woe to the luckless commander that neglected his duties. After an early morning inspection of his camp one morning, he issued the following order which was read to the troops of the entire corps at dress parade:

"1. The General Commanding has witnessed with pride the exemplary discipline and good conduct of the officers

and privates of the 1st Wisconsin Battery, Captain Foster Commanding.

"2. This order to be read to the troops of the 13th Army Corps encamped before Vicksburg at dress parade.

"By order of JOHN A. MCCLERNAND, Major General."

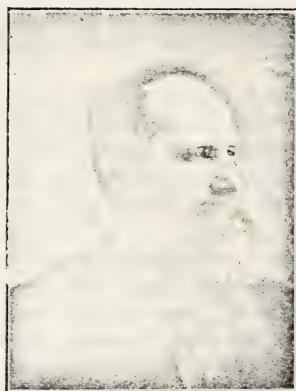
Both McClernand and Osterhaus expressed every confidence in the efficiency of the 1st Wisconsin Battery, upon any and all occasions, which feeling seemed to have been shared by other corps and division commanders, as we were loaned and borrowed for special and important services by such more than any other Battery in Grant's command. Upon one occasion the *Ram Queen of the West*, which had been run below Vicksburg, and had been captured by the rebels and turned against us, came up to the mouth of the canal to give us some trouble, and a section of some battery of one of the other divisions of the corps was directed to engage her, which it did, but without effect, other than to let the boat off without being hit. General Osterhaus, who was standing by witnessing the engagement, expressed himself in some very vigorous compound language to the effect that if the 1st Wisconsin Battery had been there the boat would never have gotten away. As an evidence of his sincerity the General sent the left section, under Eph Hackett, to watch for her reappearance with a view of putting a shot or two below her water line, but she did not again venture in the neighborhood.

General E. O. C. Ord succeeded McClernand, with whom we never became very well acquainted. We might remark *en passant* that General Ord was a grandson of George the IV of England and the beautiful Mrs. Fitz Herbert.

Many of the rebel forts were being mined, and as a curtain raiser General Logan blew up a fort in his front, but no especial preparations were made to take advantage of it, so nothing was gained. Logan ran his tunnels too far, and the mine was planted in the rear of the fort, and the epaulement itself was not badly shattered. The explosion sent "a man and brother" sailing through the air and landed him inside our lines somewhat shaken, but not much battered. Upon regaining breath he exclaimed: "The Lord bless you-all. Ise wanted to come to you dis long time, but didn't want to come dis yere way." About the 1st of July we felt that the final struggle was near; what would be its nature we could but guess.

THE SURRENDER.

All the world knows of the surrender upon the birthday of our Nation, and the story. Early in the morning of July the Fourth we slackened and then ceased firing. About 10 o'clock a white flag went up off to the right; soon one went up



LUCIUS BARTHOLOMEW.

in front of us, and was taken down; both sides seemed to be dealing in uncertainties in our vicinity. Then one went up to the left; some of their men and some of ours came out and lay down on the grass outside the rifle pits. The movements were so erratic and the white flags so uncertain that no cheer at any time went up from our lines. At noon a National salute of blank cartridges was fired, soon after which the rebels marched out of their works and stacked their arms. Presently, in squads, our boys began to flock into town, after inspecting the works nearest. In the city we peered curiously into the caves dug for the protection of the people from the shells of Porter and the Mortar Batteries on the river, inspected the havoc done by our shells, raided the stores and judiciously reduced their meager stocks, called at the printing office, getting copies of the paper of July 3d printed on the blank side of common wall paper, interviewed the citizens, smiled upon the scowling women, and jubilated with the Jack Tars from the gunboats which had arrived at the landing.

Soon it became known that we should get back to our guns; so we returned, making but a short visit on this occasion. Later the "Johnnies" came over and shared our hardtack and coffee. And lo, the gun was dumb, and silence followed the boom of the cannon, the shriek of the shell, the myriad-sounding "minnie" and the rebel yell.

Pending the paroling of the Confederate Army, the soldiers of the two opposing forces, who had been shooting at each other with a deadly purpose for so many weeks, mingled together and were as friendly toward each other as if it had been a huge picnic between two friendly communities. There was no disposition on the part of the victors to rejoice over the discomfiture of the vanquished, while the latter accepted the situation and the hardtack and the coffee of the former with complacency and gratitude. For five days this friendly intermingling of the "Yanks" and the "Johnnies" continued without an interruption, and when the rebels marched out of the garrison they were escorted to the lines more as departing visitors than as paroled prisoners of war.

A short recapitulation may be interesting: At Thompson's Hill, Magnolia Hill or Port Gibson, the 13th Corps lost 875 killed, wounded and missing; at Champion Hills, Baker's Creek or Edwards, we lost 1,363; at Big Black River Bridge, 421; in the two assaults on Vicksburg, 1,275; being a total of 3,934 men. The Confederates lost 2,872 during the siege, and we found 5,496 sick and wounded in the hospitals. The total surrender was 30,638. From crossing the river to Vicksburg we captured 7,621 prisoners and 58 pieces of artillery. One

hundred and thirty-one pieces were surrendered, not including many unserviceable.

We will now add a word for the benefit of General Grant's villifiers, taken from Admiral Porter's "Anecdotes and Reminiscences of the Civil War." Said he:

"In the history of the world's sieges nothing will be found where more patience was developed, more endurance under privations or more courage shown than by the Union forces at the siege of Vicksburg, while on the part of the besieged it was marked by their great fertility of resources in checking almost every movement of ours, and for the long months of suffering and hardship they underwent.

"It belongs of right to General Grant to tell the story of that event, for in no case during the war did he so clearly show his title to be called a great general, nor did he elsewhere so fully exhibit all the qualities which proved him to be a great soldier. If General Grant had never performed any other military act during the war, the capture of Vicksburg alone would have entitled him to the highest renown. He had an enemy to deal with of twice his force, and protected by defences never surpassed in the art of war. I saw, myself, the great strongholds at Sebastopol, of the Malakoff tower and the Redan, the day after they were taken by a combined army of 120,000 men; and these strongholds, which have become famous in ballad and story, never in anyway compared with the defenses of Vicksburg, which looked as if a thousand Titans had been put to work to make these heights unassailable.

"After it was all over and General Grant could see the conquered city lying at his feet, he could well afford to laugh at his vile traducers, who were doing all they could to hamper him by sending telegrams to the seat of government questioning his fitness for so important a command.

"When the American flag was hoisted on the ramparts of Vicksburg, my flagship and every other vessel of the fleet steamed up or down to the levee before the city.

"We discerned a dust in the distance and in a few moments General Grant, at the head of nearly all his Generals, with their staffs, rode up to the gangway and, dismounting, came on board. That was a happy meeting, with great handshaking and general congratulation. I opened my wine lockers, which contained only Catawba on this occasion. It disappeared down the parched throats which had tasted nothing for some time but bad water. Yet it exhilarated that crowd as weak wine never did before.

"There was one man there who preserved the same quiet demeanor he always bore, whether in adversity or victory, and that was General Grant. There was a quiet satisfaction in

his face that could not be concealed, but he behaved on that occasion as if nothing of importance had occurred.

"General Grant was the only one in that assemblage who did not touch the simple wine offered him; he contented himself with a cigar; and let me say here that this was his habit during all the time he commanded before Vicksburg, also while he commanded before Richmond, though the same detractors who made false representations of him in military matters before Vicksburg, misrepresented him also in the matter above alluded to."

In connection with this matter we will also give the testimony of Mrs. Livermore, known of late years as the "Queen of the American Platform," and who was largely identified with the Sanitary Commission during the war. Of her visit to General Grant during the siege of Vicksburg she says: "We had seen enough in our progress down the river, at the different headquarters, where we had called, to render us anxious, lest our brave army should be jeopardized, if not our holy cause itself, by the intemperance of its commanders. But the clear eye, clear skin, firm flesh, and steady nerves of General Grant gave the lie to the universal calumnies, then current, concerning his intemperate habits and those of the officers of his staff. Our eyes had become practiced in reading the diagnosis of drunkenness."

This surely ought to be sufficient vindication of "Our Great Commander."

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM VICKSBURG TO JACKSON.

"On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest rush of tempest blast;
On came the whirlwind—steel gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
The war was waked anew."

WE tarried not to jubilate over our hard-fought-for prize. The horses were brought up, chests filled, guns limbered and long before sunset on that Fourth of July, 1863, we rear-faced and were moving back on the trail by which we came, leaving McPherson and his 17th Corps to garrison the town and parole the prisoners, and Grant absorbed and thoughtful over Halleck's restraining order holding his hand from taking his entire force and sweeping through Mississippi, Alabama, to Tennessee and beyond. Sherman commanded the short campaign. But we were not the effective Battery that crossed the river three months before. During the campaign and siege we had fired over 12,000 rounds at the enemy, and the rifling of our guns was so badly worn that half the shells would "corkscrew" or "tumble."

That night we camped near where the enemy's line was struck on the morning of May 18th, the first in which we had sunk to slumber in silence since the 13th of May; not a shell having been pitched at the enemy since early morning, and ten-thousand-million mosquitoes came out and sucked our blood. We didn't so much grumble at what they took as at their throwing it up and returning for more.

Moving out on the Jackson Road early on the morning of the 5th, escorted by the 12th Wisconsin Infantry, Hovey's division, we knew that, in obedience to Grant's prime characteristic, our objective was the rebel army under Johnston. We had just bagged one army entire, and without an hour's delay were reaching out for the next.

That night we camped at Black River and learned that our own division had moved on in front and would be first into the fight. We also knew that shortly thereafter Osterhaus, or one of his Aids, would come pounding down the road inquiring for the 1st Wisconsin Battery; that the intervening troops would oblique out of the road to right or left, and we go forward to our own, ownest comrades in the battle-line. We could anticipate the smile of gratulation on their dust-smutted, smoke-begrimed faces, the cheer as we should go into battery, and the shouts of the nearest: "Boys, we're

— glad to see you." For our own division had guarded our rear while we fought 47 days with Hovey and Carr. On the 7th Osterhaus did run into the advance of Joe Johnston's forces, sharp skirmishing ensued, we were brought up, and knowing Johnston, felt that we had a fight on hand.

Breaking from the line in the trenches at Vicksburg into column on the different roads, divisions and even brigades became somewhat intermingled and we found ourselves greeting troops from Virginia and Maryland, New York and Pennsylvania. Burnside's corps, under Parke, came in on our left and Sherman's 15th Corps away beyond them. We of the 13th Corps were given the right, and, as usual, when this Army of the Tennessee was massed, opened the fighting. If we had our proper place on the left, it was left in front; if swung over to the right, it was right in front. To any old vet smiling at this assertion we simply point to the list of killed and wounded as in comparison with our brothers in other corps from the time Morgan's division, the nucleus of the 13th Corps in its finality, struck the enemy at Chickasaw Bayou, until we were sent to the Department of the Gulf, in fulfilment of Grant's promise to Banks to send him "as efficient and brave a corps as there is in the armies." The killed and wounded in this short, or Jackson, campaign, were: 15th Corps, 80; 9th Corps, 291; 13th Corps, 751.

We had formed acquaintance with these, our Eastern brethren, during the siege and watched them a little curiously as they ranged up alongside us in the field. We found him an American citizen, and a glorious fellow in a fight, but with a difference. He seemed to lack our faith in the result. Our infantry's sole personal baggage was a blanket rolled up in a "gum." He carried a knapsack that was magnificent to behold. He had a different profanity, grave and earnest, lacking spice, not so peculiar, robust, or laugh provoking. His discipline was better, but his march lacked that rollicking swing when on the road. His "Big Medicine" was McClellan, fortifications and lines of retreat, none of which entered into our philosophy, and when we about-faced and went for Joe Johnston, regardless of the art of war as taught in books, he was complacently incredulous and we are not sure that he didn't slate the fruition as a scratch.

The battlefields of our May campaign presented a curiously variegated aspect where groves and woods stood in line of fire, the living green dotted with the gray dead where bullet and shell had shattered twig and branch. "Look yonder, boys; that's the hill-we held." "Here's where we went into line." "Didn't we get it hot over there?" "Right up yonder we captured that battery, all but one gun; damn 'em, they got away with that." "In this hole Charlie died, and over there he

killed that rebel sergeant." "Lord, but didn't we fight our way down to this creek, and didn't we drink that hot day?" were expressions heard all along the route. And all the long days, under the trees, and in the fence corners lay men who had dropped in line or staggered out of the column overcome by heat. And through the vibrating day the skirmish line would become a line of battle, the enemy pressed from vantage point to point beyond and the wounded brought back and laid with their sunstruck comrades. As the wagons were emptied of rations, forage and ammunition, these future "pension frauds" were loaded in and sent back to Vicksburg.

No man could move a skirmish line faster than General Osterhaus, and he steadily pressed the enemy, first using a "jackass battery," that we had never before met, then Lamphere's guns would break in with a hoarser growl to be joined later, if the enemy stood stubbornly, with the deeper threnody from our own blackthroated darlings. Mrs. Lamphere rode with her husband, and often come not back until after the skirmishing was quite brisk. She never came to the rear until after the cavalry came back. Our comrades from the East on this trip learned what Generals Hooker and Howard did not learn until way late in the Atlanta campaign: that a heavy skirmish line was far better in most field fights than several lines of men. This sitting idly in the rear, moving up in column and halting, while fighting was going on in front, was new experience to us. Not that we were particularly "fierce for a fight," as Hewitt would remark, but it was conducive of a certain nervous impatience; keyed us up without benefit of the safety valve of rushing up into battery, and gave these battle-hardened cannoneers occasion to pass nerve-rasping remarks. A past master, 33d degree expert in this badinage was Freeman, whose Christian name was Almeron—and at times we were forced to believe it the only thing Christian about him. "Huh! mighty fierce this morning, aint you? Better burn a little powder," he would taunt Jack Grubb.

Whereas at one time we could pass a shell between the smokestacks of a boat, close over the heads of our infantry or into the embrasure of a casemate, we now wanted our infantry entirely away from our front. After a lanyard was pulled no one could predict the course of a shell. The center section in filling chests had gotten a new "Rodman" shell, built in two sections with a band of soft lead joining the parts. The impact of the gas generated by the burning cartridge would close the sections, thus forcing the lead into the worn-out rifling and giving it the proper rotary. As Heckman remarked, they "had the percentage" on the other four guns, which were using the Schenkle shell. Their effective bursting

power was not so great, as the pointed section only burst, and that in fewer pieces. Yet if the center boys got the two-pound butt home on to a Johnnie's stomach and the lead band wound around his comrade's neck, Eph considered the latter properly decorated.

At Bolton the sheeted rain came down with the night, and all level lands were flooded. We were bivouacked in a wooded demesne, with the plantation house filled by officers and staff, and kept a huge fire of fence rails burning in a cotton field, bordering the stately grove. Bathing facilities had, for a long time, been extremely limited, so off came the purple and fine linen from a score or more of men, the raiment tucked into dry corners under tarpaulins, in wagons or caisson chests, and they took their bath standing, running, leaping and dancing. New York's living pictures or posing for the Altogether is not in it.

THE INVESTMENT.

On July 9th we came in contact with their line of battle outside the works, west of Jackson, and crowded them back until dark. At daylight of the 10th the pounding began early, but we got in a few shells only, when they retired behind their works, and the Battery moved up and halted in column in the road at the foot of the slope, the crest of which was in fine view from their fortifications, and, what concerned us, they had the range and elevation. The weather being so hot, movements were slow, and we awaited adjustment of the line and a place to be found for us. The jackass battery fell to our rear, and Lamphere's Battery to the right front opened up a heated argument with the Johnnies. Soon an aid came back, and Lieutenant Hackett's section with their lead-banded shells was sent forward by Lieutenant Nutting, who was still in command. As the center section obliques to the right and went into battery at the crest they got it hot, and returned in kind, but the only casualty was a stunning blow on the head received by Cy Chapman. A shell struck a plow, raised it in the air, and in its passage Cy's head and the plow came in collision, completely stunning him. Chapman had faced shell, shrapnel, canister. Whistling Dick, bullets, and railroad iron, but drew the line on plows.

In response to Colonel Kegwin, commanding brigade, the right section guns pulled up the hill and flanked left, leaving all the caissons and the left section guns behind, but taking some of their cannoneers, all gun squads being deficient in numbers. Going into battery in a burr-oak grove on the crest of the hill, in plain sight of the enemy, behind elaborate fortifications, we opened with short fuze before even our skirmish line was up. They soon came up, however, preserving intervals, and exchanging rifle shots with the rebs and passed to

our front down the hill. Scarcely had the smoke of our bursting shells and the dust by the explosion leaped up, when a storm of bursting shells and hurtling iron from four 20-pound Parrotts, two siege guns and one light piece broke upon us; and well the rebels handled their guns. All sounds in the gamut of projectiles were rung in our ears while, with our unserviceable guns, we put up a grim but discouraged fight. We were in light working costume, all jackets discarded, and the acorns thrashed from the trees, the gravel stones torn from the ground and the rough, outer bark skinned from the oaks stung like whips; while the ping of the bullet, the shriek of the shell, the scream of the broken iron, the hiss of the canister from the shrapnel and the bursting shell mingled with the crashing boughs and falling branches, punctuated by the shriek of a wounded man or the scream of a frightened horse, seemed like pandemonium broke loose. Our detailed infantrymen received a majority of the severe hurts, and that any man came alive out of that "fire-proof, gilt-edged hell" to this day remains a wonder equalled only by the unsolved problem of why any man should stay in there. Heckman acting as number six for the right of right, while the driver brought him the shells to fix and thereafter carried them to the gun, was whipped by the falling branches and skinned by the flying bark of the trees behind which he was fixing shells, and took refuge behind another tree upon his first shelter becoming so decimated as to be no longer a defense. The first driver to reach the abandoned tree with a shell supposed him to be blown entirely out of existence, and let out an inquiring wail that was answered by Heckman's cheery shout from the other haven. Murray's kneecap was torn off, a shell struck under the axle of the left of the right, which went in on the right, and burst close to Dan Ledyard's head as it rose, giving him his death, although he fought on and did not die until long afterward. Deveraux acted as number six for this gun, and as he was reaching up to close the lid a shell closed it for him, cutting a segment out of the upper edge, and wounding his hand with flying copper. The guns and carriages were struck in numerous places, and equipment cut and battered, but not disabled. There was scarcely a man in the section whose clothing was not cut. The wonder is how any man or horse came out alive. Over all the turmoil Winfield Scott's voice rang out in tones of encouragement and defiance. Osterhaus rode up to Kegwin, at a house to our right, and exclaimed: "Colonel, you will ruin my Battery. Order them out." An Aid, a Captain, rode to the low fence just outside the line of fire, waved his sword and wildly jesticulated, evidently having no consuming desire to thrust himself into the heat of the controversy. Lieutenant Nutting,



WM. HOLMES MERRITT.

commanding the Battery, rode over for a translation of his sign language, and riding back quietly told us to limber to the rear and move out. As we limbered up and were swinging around a shell cut a hind and the opposite forefoot from the near wheeler, borrowed from Crocker, and horse and Jack Viets went plunging down. While the connoneers were assisting to drop the animal out, another shell came through the struggling group and took off the other forefoot, not injuring a man. For once, Aylmer had enough; but remember the odds and our worn guns. Afterwards we learned that our fire dismounted a siege gun and killed three of the gun squad. Their 20-pounder shells were English make and all lathe turned.

Through all this splintery fire incidents occurred that were absurd and laughable. Heckman's spring into the air as a large section of rough bark landed on his lumbar region, and the emphasis with which he informed us that it hurt. The expression on Viets' speaking countenance as he returned to the tree behind which he stood, after turning to offer to relieve a driver acting as number five, and finding the point of a shell protruding through about the height of his nose. Jack quietly slid to the ground, keeping his eye on the glistening point. Hewitt, as number one, saw smoke issuing from under Jack Grubb's thumbstall, at the vent, and withdrawing the sponge with a jerk, reversed the rammer head, described a moulinet with the staff, and amid the din remarked: "See here, my joskin. If you—well damn my skin, I'll tell you,—you thumb that vent."

We retired under the hill. A return to shoot the wounded wheeler found him on his stumps trying to follow. In an hour the cry went up the enemy was charging, and the right gun was rushed up to the left of the white house, but fortunately just as a half dozen guns began their work on it, General Osterhaus came up and sent it back. His opportune arrival saved gun and gun squad from annihilation. The infantry crept nearer and kept down the rebel gunners, and relieved the strain on us and we threw a few shells from our position during the day, and the line was perfected for a charge.

The experience gained by his unsuccessful assault on Walnut Hill at the Chickasaw Bayou fight, and his experience under Grant against Vicksburg, May 19 and 22, taught Sherman not to uselessly sacrifice men, so we now began regular approaches and Jackson was not added to the roll of Walnut Hill, Malvern Hill, Vicksburg, Kenesaw and Spotsylvania.

On the 11th the right section was shook out and sent to Hovey, who was farther away to the right. The next day the center, under Hackett, was sent farther to the right, beyond

the railroad, while Nutting, in charge of the left, stayed with our own division, near their first position, for a few days. Johnston put up a stubborn defense, of which species of war he was a master, but our lines drew closer and were extended day by day. The center and left had plenty of fighting, close up, while the right went behind an earthwork beside the railroad and played long-taw with a few brass pieces near the depot. General Lauman in moving to the right became entangled with the enemy, charged, and his brigade was badly cut up. For his implied disobedience of orders he was relieved of his command and sent home to die of a broken heart. We believed the disaster the result of General Ord's incapacity. The other guns were finally thrown over to the right, beyond the railroad, and were subjected to some nasty sharpshooting fire. The days were hot and close and the effluvia from the dead of Lauman's brigade in their shallow graves to our front mingled with the powder stench of continuous firing was sickening in the extreme.

On the 17th unusual activity in Jackson led us to anticipate the evacuation that took place that night, and on the morrow they were gone, leaving very little but the city and their wounded and sick behind. We marched in, and again our flag waved over the capitol of Mississippi. Johnston's retreating column was pressed for two days, but we did not leave our works. We have often been asked why we did not keep right on into the heart of the Confederacy, fighting our way to Rosecrans, or any other desirable point. Roasting ears were plentiful, and the fat of the land was ours for the taking. The answer is, Halleck, the marplot; and, there is a limit to human endurance.

As a summing up of this campaign, and to indicate one of the very many such expeditions, showing what manner of men constituted the old Battery, aside from regular duty, we add a sketch by one of the party who struck out from the lines around Jackson, July 18th, early in the morning, in ignorance that the city had been evacuated by Johnston and his army.

Early one morning during the siege of Jackson five of us struck out in a southwesterly direction to spy out the fatness of the land and to gather some of it. Three were in the saddle and two in the light wagon belonging to the officers. After passing the pickets we assumed regular scout order, a vidette in advance, the two in the saddle at a hundred yards interval, and the wagon a hundred yards in the rear with instructions to turn and go while the three mounted stood off any rebel scout into which we might run. Cameron first took the advance and to this day remembers the start he got and the alacrity with which he pulled up and yanked his .44 upon turning a sharp bend and sighting a group of Johnnies close

in front under a tree. They turned out to be a squad of prisoners paroled at Vicksburg, returning to their homes. After a short confab with them we took in two or three convalescents and their "sucker trunks," giving them a lift on the road, reminding the others that to furnish any scouting party information of us would be a violation of their paroles. During the day we ran on to many such groups and gave many a sick Johnny a lift; but always the sight gave the vidette a start.

The plantations were all magnificent, with large houses and extensive negro quarters. The first one visited found the quarters buzzing like a hive about to swarm. The negroes were washing their clothing and packing their bedding preparatory to a hegira. The folks at the big house had fled, leaving a sick governess alone, attended by a colored girl, who was waving over her a peacock feather brush. The governess claimed to be from the North, but had not the air of a Northern woman and might not have been as sick as circumstances indicated. We apologized for the intrusion into her chamber, politely asked if we could be of any assistance, and backed out. In one room lay a dying Johnny from the Vicksburg garrison. A search of the premises and a cross-question of the niggers revealed no edibles in sight. Probably the "man and brother" had harvested and secreted all these upon the evacuation of the premises by the whites. We had left the Mississippi Springs road and were pushing by private roads and across fields toward the Gallatin road, often having to unhitch and lift the wagon. A gray-wooled "uncle" informed us in confidence that we were mighty likely to get into trouble out here; that "about three miles over dah, lived Mr. ———, who was at home, and that he said he could whip any three Yankees." His brother-in-law, who had been fighting Yankees in Virginia, had just got back, and was anxious to run up against some of the Western Yankees. The rebel picket post was about three miles toward Pearl River. A short consultation developed that Hewitt and Burke had a desire to gratify the longings of the brother-in-law and incidentally demonstrate just how many Yankees the proprietor could assimilate for dinner. Neither Hewitt nor Burke were men who went out of their way to seek trouble, but when it came in the shape of a "defi" were extremely stubborn in the matter of gratifying the seeker. With the old nigger on a mule for guide we struck off through plantation roads and came up in rear of the quarters, and all dismounting hitched the horses, drew our .44's and, scattering, advanced in open order, while the nigger lit out for home. Our friends had decamped the night before, and we wandered through parlor, bedroom and hall of a finely-furnished mansion; taking a book from the library and "Beauregard's March" and "Manassas Quickstep" from the

music rack on the piano as a memento. Coming out we found Green shaking the lock on the large smokehouse. Gathering around, Hewitt began to figure on a match or a petard to blow it open, while Burke thought a .44 bullet would do the business and was proceeding to execute when a woman's voice at our shoulder remarked "Don't break the lock; I'll open it." Involuntarily raising our hats we fell back and she unlocked the door. Pointing to a stack of bacon, she remarked that there was good sidemeat, "good enough for our boys, and good enough for you." Hewitt cast his eyes up aloft and suggested that "Them hams up there look pretty good." Hams it was, and we mounted and drew off.

Pushing along a plantation road bearing off towards the rebel picket post, we sighted another house, the owner of which we had been informed was at home and hungry for Yankee gore, and we knew we must be near the rebel lines. Coming up we dismounted in a peach orchard, and hitching to some stunted fig trees we advanced on the place in correct form, with guns loosened and ready to hand. Coming from different points as we advanced, our feet struck the steps of the veranda, or "gallery," in unison, not knowing what might leap out, although we had reconnoitered for horses belonging to any rebel scout. Mounting the veranda we halted, undecided, and rapped on the floor. A very much-frightened young lady appeared and falteringly asked us to be seated on the veranda chairs. She was followed by another very-much-frightened lady somewhat older and the rear was brought up by a decidedly vinegarish-looking lady on the shady side of 45, who stood in fear of no live man. Hewitt in a diplomatic manner skirmished for points. We all know the peculiar manner of his speech when extra-diplomatically inclined, and the ladies became less frightened, looking into his honest blue eye, and finally seated themselves. We had casually arranged ourselves so that a man faced every point of approach, from inside and out.

One asked if we were "our soldiers, or the others," and we smilingly confessed that probably they would class us as the others, but didn't think they need fear us. Presently out came a young nephew and a cousin, paroled at Vicksburg. Burke gimleted his eyes on a large demijohn standing near and the chief spokeswoman asked us to have some wine. We did, but it was a homemade variety and not very searching, and they had the nigger who helped us to wine bring out a basket of peaches and apples. Madam with the vixen phiz had to chip in that one of their scouting parties was down here yesterday and it was about time they came down now, but when Hewitt rejoined, "Let me say to you, lady—I wish to remark, madam—Why, I'll tell you, ladies, if any butternut sons of—ahem—

if any of your men come down while we are here, you'll see the prettiest little fight that was ever put up in old Mississippi." That closed her remarks in that particular field. No doubt those boys now in their grizzled age go back curiously to the impressions given and received on the veranda of the Mississippi mansion in the hour's chat with those ladies, in the third year of the war, who had never before met a Northern soldier. Had the gore-loving master appeared we probably would have helped ourselves to what we wanted and rode away. As it was, after being informed that they wanted "good" money, "not your money," we negotiated chickens at \$18 per dozen, etc. We had "good" money in galore, from town and county currency printed on common book paper, to fine Confederate—or Richmond—money struck off in the North and worn in our boots a day to give it age. They presented us a sack of peaches, bade us a more or less cordial farewell, and we loaded our purchases and rode away.

Swinging around the Gallatin road to throw them off the scent in case a messenger should be dispatched for a rebel scout to raid us, we stopped at the house of the morning and found the negroes just burying the rebel soldier, who had meanwhile died. By his parole we learned that he was a Sergeant of a Georgia regiment. We picked up the rough coffin which the negroes had made and carried him to his grave under a liveoak, lowered him down and looked one at the other for a sign, and the dead man looked up at us from the grave. Where now is the prayer for the living and the hope for the hereafter? Cameron took out a "soldier's prayer book" and read the last rites for the dead while the negroes stood respectfully about. Hewitt raised his head and nodded to a gray-haired darky and he reverently put up a prayer for the dead and a petition for the universal God to care for us, that wet the eyelashes and raised a lump in the throat of everyone. Penciling his name and service on a board, we left it for his grave and rode in silence away.

Reaching camp at sundown, in an hour we were discussing fried chicken, pone, peaches and milk and our "dash up the canyon"—and learned that Jackson was evacuated.

In a similar raid, a year thereafter, down in Louisiana, the Johnnies gobbled wagon, horses and driver, but not until it had toted a heap of plunder.

On the 19th we drew out of line into column and proceeded leisurely back to the river, loading the empty ammunition and baggage wagons with our infantry, whose regiments were fearfully decimated through shot, shell, sickness, marches, trenches and heat. The summer's campaign had made veterans of the recruits. Many a soldier of Europe of 25 years' service had not smelled the powder-smoke of our latest recruit.

The piers of the bridge across Pearl River were shattered with solid shot, the rebel factories and machine-shops were destroyed, and all munitions of war were brought away in our empty wagons. The girls in one cotton factory kept right on making Confederate cloth, and had to be invited to leave before destroying the building. Charlie Hewitt found some infantrymen sledge-hammering a locked safe, and pulling a man's cartridge box around took out a few cartridges and poured powder into the keyhole, prepared a match and set fire to it, remarking: "Now, my Joskins, stand back." The explosion blew the door wide open and there was a rush for the contents. Hewitt summed up the incident by "All in the world inside it was a few little old papers and five cents in money, and I didn't get that."

As we neared Vicksburg Lieutenant Webster and Charlie Harrington, who was Ordnance Sergeant under Webster, came out to meet us. General Osterhaus recognized them and said: "Webster, come here; I want you mit the Battery. Foster has been gone too long. You come and we'll put bayonets on the guns and make charges with them. It is the best Battery I ever saw. Twice they gets into the fight ahead of my skirmishers." An officer of the Battery wrote: "The fact was, however, that a commanding officer of that Battery was only necessary as a medium through which to receive orders and draw supplies. When it came to work or fight they all knew what to do and did it. I conscientiously believe it was the most independent and best-equipped organization for emergencies ever mustered into the service."

We crossed the river April 29th with 9,000 men in the division; on the 29th of July we could put but 1,500 bayonets into line. We read of Gettysburg for the first time, and how the great heart of the Nation went out to the wounded in sanitary stores and supplies; that there was a large surplus of cots and blankets. A few hundred pounds of those stores would have saved the life of many a boy now lying in the cemetery at Vicksburg, and our wounded were glad of a blanket and a dry floor to lie upon.

Cameron gives his opinion of Jackson thus: "It was veritably the splintered fire of a shattered hell. The warmest place our section of the Old First ever got into. All the gold in the Treasury wouldn't tempt me to repeat it. Our gun and carriage was struck in 16 or 18 places. Just think, seven guns behind elegant fortifications, at short range, concentrating on two worn-out guns, and our infantry not close enough up to annoy the cannoneers. Contrast that with what we did at Thompson's Hill. At Jackson one shell in three went astray. The center section shell were better adapted for the worn creases."

Nutting reports nine men wounded at Jackson. Kegwin reports us as losing three men killed and three wounded, and as dismounting a siege gun, but fails to report Hewitt as blowing open that safe and failing to get the 5 cents it contained.

Buell, of Battery B, closes an article by saying: "There is a certain sort of agony about a situation like that which is indescribable, and this agony, I think, is much more dreadful to artillerymen than to troops of any other branch of the service. My wonder now—30 years afterward—is that any sane man could have been induced by any persuasion to put himself in such jeopardy. And yet they say now that men who faced this sort of thing are 'pension frauds.'"

M. Quad writes:

"Did you ever see a battery take position?

"It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

"We have been fighting at the edge of the wood. Every cartridge box has been emptied once and more, and a fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

"Here comes help!

"Down the crowded highway gallops a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you count 30, and the guns rush for the hill behind us. Six horses to a gun—three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling—the sight behind us makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, six horses, eighty men race for the brow of the hill as if he who reached it first would be knighted.

"A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition-chests open, and along our line runs the command, 'Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns!' We have scarcely obeyed, when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

"The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line behind the guns and

lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are. Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets plash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around them, but they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery lost just one beat—missed just one cog in the wheel—and then works away again as before.

"Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles,—the roar shuts out all sounds from the battle-line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off—to mow great gaps in the bushes—to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye! press forward to capture the battery! We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush.

"Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns fire so fast that all the reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac, singing, purring, whistling grapeshot and the serpent-like hiss of canister. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the rank as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

"Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground, almost, as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks, and screams, and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accepts it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. The discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

"Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of 10 seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than 3,000 muskets, and a rush forward with bayonets. For what! Neither on the right, nor left, nor in front of us is a living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and seven bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the gun cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over windrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood—every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

"Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory."



JACOB KIRCHER.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM VICKSBURG TO THE GULF.

"A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife,
Whom I call Belle Aurore."

AFTER General Grant had gathered his forces in and around Vicksburg, sent General Parke and the Ninth Corps up the river and cared for his sick and wounded, while awaiting instructions from Halleck, he issued orders permitting every tenth man who had actively participated in the campaign and siege to go North on a 30 days' furlough. Captain Foster, who had returned from his 60-day leave and assumed command, allowed us to cast lots, and the fortunate ones went home "to see Rachel." Riffenburg failed to draw a prize, so getting a statement from Lieutenants Nutting and Hackett to the effect that he had been in active and continuous service from start to finish as gunner, he presented the same to General Grant, was promptly furloughed, and went off sounding his caliope. The sounding of that same caliope as "Duffie" came down the levee in the dark above Carrollton, announced his return.

Comrade Hiram Carter was one of the mildest mannered men in the 1st Wisconsin Battery, yet was always where duty called him. Though quiet, unassuming and retiring by nature, when aroused was nobody to fool with. He was one of the lucky ones to get a furlough after the surrender of Vicksburg, and as there was to be nothing done but visiting he left his gun in the Battery with his other paraphernalia of war. On his return to the Battery, and while on the cars in Illinois en route, a squad of Copperheads boarded the train for the purpose of rescuing a deserter who was under arrest at a station on the road and who was to be placed on the cars and taken back to the army. At Odin Junction the train slacked up before arriving at the depot, when the Copperheads, seven in number, each seized a stick of wood in one hand and flourishing a loaded revolver in the other, rushed out of the car and toward the passenger waiting room. The trains, however, started up briskly and arrived as soon as they. Colonel J. M. Rusk and a Captain of the 9th Wisconsin were the only soldiers on the train, aside from Carter. They got off the cars just in time to see the single soldier guard at the depot, a boy about nineteen years old, seized, shoved out of the room and disarmed by the

mob, and to observe one of the latter striding through the depot, flourishing a revolver and shouting at the top of his voice, "We have come for him, we have come for him," and as he passed Carter the latter, unarmed as he was, "jumped" him, threw him on his back, seized his throat and shut his wind off with one hand while with the other he caught and held the "sympathizer's" pistol hand. At this juncture Colonel Jerry Rusk came up and took the pistol from the man. Carter then called for a rope, which was promptly brought, the man tied hand and foot, put on the cars, carried to Cairo and delivered to the provost marshal. Carter made the fellow think, for a time, that they would hang him, which caused him to groan with fear.

Halleck, who could assert himself, criticise and cavil, after a campaign, censured Grant for paroling the captured garrison; and the disaffected press of the North took up the refrain and expatiated upon the irreparable evils sure to follow. These furloughs were food for added criticisms, and to read the grumbling press one might imagine Grant had disbanded his army; but these men were back with us in time for business, robust with health, while the miasmatic, malarial vail that settled down upon that lowlevel camp knocked a large percentage of us who remained out of duty for many weeks and even months. Burke, Ward, Cameron and others here got a dose of malarial poisoning, aggravated by subsequent service in the Louisiana flat lands, from which they never recovered. Through all this criticism of the press and people this cool, calm, able, imperturbable soldier, who was "drunk at Belmont," "intoxicated at Pittsburg Landing;" who had "returned to his former bad habits," kept right on smoking and evolving the successful settlement of the war.

General Halleck officially says of the Vicksburg campaign:

"No more brilliant exploit can be found in military history.

"In my opinion this is the most important operation of the war. The capture of Vicksburg is of more advantage than 40 Richmonds. General Grant never disobeyed an order or instruction, and never complained." And 18 months before he tried to put disgrace all over Grant. Of Grant's crowd around Vicksburg, Confederate General Johnston wrote Jeff Davis: "They are worth double the number of Northeastern men." And Johnston had had experience with both, knowing whereof he wrote.

The official figures of that campaign are: 10,000 rebels killed and 37,608 prisoners captured; 209 guns of all sizes; 38,000 artillery projectiles; 58,000 pounds of powder, besides 4,800 cartridges.

On August 10th we moved to the low lands below the town and on the 12th turned over our six wornout 20-pounder Par-

rotts and drew four 30-pounder Parrotts. The right gun, if not one other, now stands in the court house square at Marshalltown, Iowa.

A comrade writing of these guns says:

"At each corner of the beautiful court house at Marshalltown, Iowa, pointing outward, mounted stationary, are four 20-pounder Parrott guns. In the summer of 1887, sitting in an office with some Marshalltown G. A. R. boys, looking across the grounds to the guns, I remarked that we wore out a battery of that kind and caliber and it would be strange were they our guns. Could I tell our guns?

"Looking through a little book that I had with me I found the number of my watch, revolver and the right of the right's 20-pounder Parrott and 10-pounder Rodman. Handing the book to the Adjutant of the Post for his inspection we adjourned over. The first gun was numbered across the reinforce; not ours. The next was numbered on the lip of the muzzle. I wet my finger and polished off the dust and the number corresponded with that in my book. I was kneeling, facing the gun and my forehead went down on to the iron face, the tears jumped to my eyes and I thought more in a minute than I can write in an hour. I dashed away the tears and jumped up ashamed. Those grizzled veterans had their hats off. They would have respected me had I blubbered like a baby; that is true comradeship."

What a campfire it would be should we gather with those old guns, could they talk. In the old days they spoke in their own language words of encouragement to every man in the division.

Soon Captain Foster was inducting us into the mysteries of siege-piece drill. The comments on the change from light to heavy artillery were varied as the individuals discussing the subject, a large majority being satisfied with most any kind of a gun that would shoot.

Sutlers flocked down and opened up gay stocks of goods. The cotton speculator was very much in evidence, and the gambler and the all-around crook; and Grant had delicate legal problems to adjudicate and displayed ability in their adjustment that is now regarded as phenomenal. Also came lawyers seeking pelf and pastures new. Cameron tells this: "One day while up town I met a college mate some years older than I, and after greeting and exchange of latest mutual news he imparted the information that he had just pocketed his first legal fee since he struck the town. He was down to his last scrip when he met a cotton speculator whom we both knew in the North, who wanted professional advice about releasing cotton that was held by military orders. Seemingly a question of true ownership. 'Dud' elicited all the points,

gave profound opinions, accompanied him over to the provost marshal's office, and after emerging suggested a line of action. The next morning as 'Dud' was going up the street pondering on his fee, urged by necessity to say \$40, but fearing that the very adequate fee of \$20 would be the limit, he spied our friend, who came briskly up, informing him of the success of their mutual efforts in releasing the cotton, and queried 'How much?' Pulling out a roll about the size of a truncheon he began laying \$50 bills in 'Dud's' hand. Upon depositing the fourth bill he looked up, asking how that would do. 'Well,' said 'Dud,' 'guess you had better lay down another 50,' which he did.

An able-bodied forager drove up with a mule, harness and buggy, and other mules being levied the buggy seldom rested by daylight. A yawl was foraged and in the expansive eddy fronting camp the boys "gigged" for catfish, and some immense fellows were captured. Some of us have never again wanted catfish to this day.

General Osterhaus went North on leave and we saw him no more. The corps was reorganized and the battery assigned to the Fourth Brigade, First Division, Major-General C. C. Washburn commanding.

General Morgan had fine executive abilities and excelled in many qualifications going to make up a successful commander. Bob Hodge remarked, "He's a fine old man, but no warrior." Certainly he leaned on DeCoursey in an emergency.

General Osterhaus was a splendid man, officer, fighter and commander of a division or corps. In sending him to Black River Bridge with his division to stand off General Joe Johnston General Grant showed his estimate of him as General of an independent command.

General Washburn excelled in all. A fine old man,—not so old, though,—a gentleman, a splendid fighter, entirely capable of an independent command and of superior executive ability as a commander of a department. His stay with us was all too short; but they needed him in a more extensive field. As commander of a district he rendered superb service in connection with General N. T. J. Dana. (who, in 1865, commanded the reorganized Thirteenth Corps), in preventing General Kirby Smith's forces from crossing the river. He also sent General A. J. Smith out from Memphis to smash Forrest, and it is needless to say that when A. J. was sent out under such instructions, the other fellow got smashed.

Early in the year General Grant wrote Banks to come up and join the forces, help clear out Western Mississippi and he "would give him as good a corps as there was in the United States armies" to afterwards clear the rebels out of Eastern Louisiana. General Banks chose to linger about Port Hudson,

which was but a picket post for Vicksburg, and in spite of the defection Grant wrote Lincoln that he had men enough for the work in hand, not believing Pemberton would allow himself to be shut up in Vicksburg. Port Hudson surrendered upon news of the fall of Vicksburg and the Father of Waters flowed unvexed to the sea.

Lincoln wrote Rosecrans that Grant was frugal in correspondence, dispatches and reports, but a lavish fighter. Indeed during the hot days of '63 while Rosecrans was keeping the wires between Tennessee and Washington in a torrid condition, Grant worried Lincoln by not more fully posting him as to details. Stanton remarked that while McClellan after a battle lay down in the mud and yelled for reinforcements, men and material were forced upon Grant. Banks urged Grant for the offered corps notwithstanding his failure to respond to Grant's request, and the Thirteenth Corps was sent him, and we may remark were used to the poorest possible advantage.

The announcement that we were to go to the Gulf was not received with unqualified joy. It was complimentary to be selected; we, the only corps ever commanded by Grant as corps commander, in fulfilment of offer to send as good as there was. We had the soldier's restlessness and desire for change, and knew that we would see our largest tropical city with its varied nationalities and customs, but we disliked to be divorced from General Grant, our Western army, and join an army composed almost entirely of Eastern men. But the Battery was now the survivor of marches, privations, maladies, sieges and battles. Sunburnt, grave, patient, quietly enduring, calm almost to brutality to the eye of a sensitive soul and took any change philosophically.

Early in September the right section, guns and men; under Lieutenant Hackett, went aboard a boat and steamed down to Carrollton, encamping along the levee. Captain Foster soon followed with the remainder of the Battery, all remaining long enough to do the city and environments. After the corps was assembled at Carrollton General Grant came down and we were reviewed by him and General Banks, after which he bid us good-bye and we never again served under him as a corps. But in after years, after he had been General, President, and feted by half the crowned heads of the civilized world, "I was of the Thirteenth Corps," was an open sesame to his presence and a warm clasp of the hand; and he assured more than one of the old boys that he remembered the 1st Wisconsin Battery, and remembered it well. Sending the fever-stricken to the hospital, we crossed the river to Algiers, loaded onto cars and debarked at Brashear City under command of Lieutenant Nutting, Gen. C. C. Washburn commanding the division. As each

company, regiment or battery disembarked during the night it emitted an old time yell, being answered by those already ashore. The Eastern troops encamped in the outskirts, turned out and stood under arms in puzzled wonderment at the novel turmoil. Their philosophy never thoroughly reconciled this constant yelling by these Westerners, but when we came to go into battle together they admitted that it was a bracer. Among our new industries was fishing for crabs in Berwick Bay, which were highly relished. When a yell started on the wharf, spread to the surrounding camps and was echoed from across to Berwick City and adown the bay, the Easterner was wont to remark, "There; the Thirteenth Army Corps has caught another crab."

One hundred barrels of "commissary" (whisky) lay along the platform inside the spacious freight depot the night we landed. Three barrels were promptly confiscated, we getting away with but one. The next morning we were assigned an immense wooden building and the guns and horses were parked in an adjacent square. The "commissary" was set up on a soap box in our midst, a faucet inserted and a tin cup placed on top. Before the contents were exhausted Fred Houser returned from furlough, bringing a keg of the same lubricant, mellowed by age and not so searching, the gift of Brookliss, of La Crosse. But one case of intoxication occurred from barrel and keg. Rations of "commissary" were issued in which to disguise our quinine, but one day a drouth occurred and inquiry developed the fact that Colonel Tarbell, commanding the Eastern brigade and post to which we had been left, had issued orders to stop further rations. Lieutenant Nutting rode to his headquarters and put in a protest and received an earnest assurance that "This order, Lieutenant, was meant to apply to my own men; it was not meant to apply to your battery. I know you Western men must have your whisky. I will give orders to have all you require issued."

Soon we moved over the bay to Berwick City and Captain Foster, who had come up, was chief of artillery for the division. After camping here a few days the corps, under General Washburn, moved on up the Teche country and saw some sharp fighting. Our guns were elected as too heavy for fall campaigning and recrossing the bay we camped below Brashear City, taking possession of a brick sugar house for our stock and began fetching Berwick City across the bay in detail to build quarters. Tastes in architecture differed with squads and many styles were exhibited, from Grecian to Gothic. Houses were built entirely of windows. The walls of others were of green window blinds, the roof being of doors. Armed scouting parties of rebels rode into Berwick City and we were ordered by Colonel Tarbell to desist from excursions across the bay. Need-

ing some finishings. Lieutenant Nutting asked permission to send over an armed squad to gather the same. Tarbell consented, remarking pensively as he surveyed the dilapidated city across the water, "About one more raid on that town, Lieutenant, and there will be nothing left." No town is there now, and Brashear is changed to Morgan City.

The surrounding country abounded in orange groves, the bay with fish, oysters, and ducks were brought up in yawls rowed by the man with one oar, gondola style, and those who were free from malaria have a lively recollection of the advantages of our three months' stay at Brashear. An Illinois regiment were the proud owners of a large, heavy sheet-iron oven, mounted on wheels, a combination of drum-and-funnel shape in which could be baked rations for a company. Shortly before their departure up the Teche, this oven disappeared from their camp one night, and after they marched away appeared in our camp. Many weeks thereafter we were aroused one morning by triumphant shouts. It was this returning regiment. Catching sight of it, they attached themselves to the oven and drew it away with what to us was unseemly hilarity. Being caught with the goods on our person, we had nought to offer but "You fellows don't want to leave that thing out doors anywhere in this country."

On the morning of October 31, just as the camp was arousing, Lieutenant Webster emerged from headquarters tent, to which he arrived in the night, was warmly welcomed, congratulated us on our comfortable quarters and assumed command.

Observing Don Cameron on guard over the guns, carrying his sabre in his left hand because of rheumatism in his right shoulder, his first official act was to call the Corporal of the Guard and relieve Cameron, who was sent to his quarters to remain until fit for duty. There was one qualification for a soldier in which Cameron was deficient and that was not knowing when he was too sick for duty. He would turn out whenever the bugle sounded for guard mount or boots and saddles regardless of his physical condition. He made up for that deficiency, however, by his superior knowledge as an all-round forager.

Armed squads from the Battery frequently rode far away and brought in from the many brick sugar houses in the adjacent country quantities of damp, dark, strong sugar that weighed about 4,000 pounds to the ton, the gunny sacks in which it was brought across the sweaty withers of the horses giving it an additional tang. Here, too, we found for the first time in our itinerary the orange growing on the tree, finer than the finest that come from the groves of Florida, and gathered them by the sacks full, and learned by sour experience

to distinguish them from the festive lime. Also we plucked the fresh fig from the tree, and found that he tasted like a "raw dam." As we rode along the bayous on those expeditions we tested the shooting qualities of our "forty-fours" on the alligators who failed to profit by former experience and seek their muddy beds at the bottom of the stream when foraging parties put in an appearance. Towards evening the mosquitoes came out more numerous than the lice of Egypt, and the relative efficiency of the "Chickasaw" and the "Gallinipper" was discussed as we lay in the smudge of a smouldering fire. Bill Pidge one morning called a comrade into his house to show him an overgrown specimen of the gallinipper family which he had pinned to the wall. The comrade critically inspected the exhibit and asked, "Where did you capture him?" Bill replied: "I was awakened by his crawling through the slats of the window blinds and got up and bayoneted him to the wall in the night." Dick Kimball, Bill Pink, Jack Grubb, Pete Durham, et al, held nightly symposiums around a huge kettle of boiled crabs out beyond the cook shanty, cracking, chatting and eating the toothsome crustacean long after the camp was hushed in slumber, and to this day the huge mound of broken shells remains a monument to their industry and skill in that line.

Sergeant McKeith thus writes:

"Speaking of Heckman reminds me of an incident that happened at Brazier City. If you remember, sutlers' goods were very high, and the Union soldiers' purses were not over-stocked with greenbacks at that time and we were often put to our wits' ends to devise means to patronize the sutler properly. One night I was on guard and I found out that a car load of goods had arrived, and the sutler, being a stirring chap, concluded to move the goods to his tent and have them opened up in the night to be ready for business in the morning. Securing the services of a negro who owned a mule and cart, he went duly to work. He helped load the first load and then sent the darky after more goods while he proceeded to open what he had hauled. Well, my mouth watered for some of those goods. I hunted up Heckman, and his mouth watered also; so we together hunted up Fred Haver—you know Fred was a master hand when there was any plunder in sight—and laid a scheme that worked like a charm. Heckman and I got in the road in front of the mule and originated a row, the darky was fully taken up with handling the mule and watching Heckman and I, while Haver mounted the back end of the cart and eased off the boxes. We kept an eye on Haver, and when he jumped off the cart we got out of the road and the darky proceeded on his way and we went back for our prizes. We each had a box and found a secure place and proceeded to investi-



CHAS. A. LEITH.

gate them. I opened mine first and found it contained condensed milk. We were highly elated over the first, as we had not had any milk for some time, and there was enough in my box to last the Battery for months. We took the cans out, (there was 144 of them) and I tell you they made quite a display; but we did not stop to admire the display very long, but opened another box. You can imagine we were somewhat anxious to view our other treasures. What do you suppose we found in that box?—condensed milk. Well, we all did look a little grave, to say the least, as we took out the cans and placed them with the others. We did not have much to say as we took them out one by one, but went for the other box, as we were somewhat anxious to have just a little variety in our bill of fare, but when we raised the lid our hopes vanished, for this, too, contained 144 cans of—condensed milk. You could have stepped on Fred's under lip, and John exclaimed, 'Sold! We have enough milk to supply the army.'

Cameron wrote:

"Captain Dan had a horse. No, not a horse, he was the devil. Witness many officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the 1st Wisconsin Battery ('praps you've heered of 'em)? Well, one day after a multitude of tribulations at Berwick City, Byron Hall, who was Orderly for Captain W., secured 'Fox,' brought him in front of the tepee occupied by Charley Harrington and himself, twisted, knotted and lashed a prolonge rope around Fox, his neck, legs, body, tail and ears—or head—and with a remark, 'There, d—n you, see if you don't stay until I say go,' retired to his blankets for an afternoon nap. Scarcely had he closed his eyes for a siesta when Charley casually remarked, 'Hall, if you don't choke him off, Fox will have your hardtack inside him.' Hall unbuttoned his eyes and saw Fox going one eye on the hardtack and one on him, ready for a quick retreat. 'How did he do it,' said Hall as he stood in his stockings."

To which Captain Webster added:

"If cunning is a characteristic attribute of the fox the horse was rightly named. He was not only cunning, but he had a large amount of intelligence with it. No animal ever knew quicker who was master than he, and he would miss the spur before the rider would, but would not let the fact be known until he was some distance on his way. I at one time had him so he would take a ditch or a fence very like a hunter, but in order to get good work out of him it was necessary to let him understand that if he did not 'get over' he would get the spur. While at Cumberland Gap we were ordered out for an 'exhibition drill' one day and I forgot my spurs. Fox, in the language of Uncle Remus, 'aint say anything about it,' but behaved splendidly until after the parade ground was reached.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The first part of the book is devoted to the history of the United States from the discovery of the continent by Christopher Columbus in 1492 to the establishment of the first colonies. The second part of the book is devoted to the history of the United States from the establishment of the first colonies to the present time. The third part of the book is devoted to the history of the United States from the present time to the future.

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Then I found that he was indisposed to get around on time, but not until he had landed me in a ditch that I had attempted to make him jump. He went all right until the time came for me to help him with the rowels, when he stopped short while I, who had felt so confident that old Fox was going over in fine style, kept going. As I crawled out of the ditch he looked so innocent and sympathetic that I could do nothing but laugh until I got into the saddle, when I rode to camp and put on the 'gaffs.' After that he cleared the ditch several times without a thought of stopping. You 'old Gappers' all remember Jerry, the 'loud Baptist preacher' that I had for a servant at that time. Fox knew too much for that 'nigger' and was soon his master. One day I ordered Fox saddled in a hurry, but Jerry was a long time getting around. I called and Jerry would respond 'in a minute,' but minutes went by and still no Fox and no Jerry. I could hear Jerry say 'you Fox! look out dar; mind yourself.' When tired of waiting I went out to the little stable that we had fixed just in rear of our tent, and peeped through the 'chinking' to see what was the matter. There was Jerry in the corner of the manger, a prisoner. If he attempted to get out Fox would put back his ears and wheel his heels toward Jerry and come into 'battery' in fine shape, ready to 'unlimber' if any advance was made by his 'patent leather groom.' As soon as Jerry retreated to his corner Fox would 'replace implements' and return to his feed as unconcerned as if Jerry was in 'darkest Africa.' Finding that it was a case of arbitration, I entered the stable and led the horse out and held him while Jerry put the saddle on. Fox also had a habit of raising his near hind foot just in time and at the right angle and elevation to knock the foot of any person out of the stirrup that was trying to mount him, and there being nothing 'mean about him' he would use both feet, if one was not enough to accomplish his purpose. No knot was ever tied in his halter, that he could reach with his teeth, that he could not loosen and untie, and the only time he was ever completely beaten and utterly crestfallen was once when he was tied with a 'prolonge' rope around the neck and running through the hind wheels of a gun carriage and thence to a tree about 15 feet above the ground. The only thing that discouraged him then was that he could not get at the tree so he might climb it and get at the knot. But he was not spared to witness the 'downfall' of the Confederacy, as he died in New Orleans from lockjaw 'contracted in the service.' I never shall forget the appeal for help he clearly demonstrated by his actions and the expression of the eyes while he was suffering with the fatal disease."

Another noted horse, the only one to go with us from Louisville to muster out in Milwaukee, was Right Wheel, Sergeant

Hoyt's bay gelding. He served in all our campaigns and battles from start to finish, being used last by Sergeant Heckman, who bought him of the Government, brought him North and sold him in Wisconsin.

Since Webster left the Battery in March, 1863, it had been commanded by Captain Foster to May 1st, then by Lieutenant Kimball to about the middle of May, and by Lieutenant Nutting from that time to the present. Foster was now in New Orleans as Chief of Artillery. Kimball had resigned and gone home, leaving Nutting in command, with Lieutenant Hackett and Lieutenant Aylmer, who had been commissioned August 13th, as assistants, and E. E. Stewart as First, or Orderly Sergeant. Since entering the service the Battery had been armed with the old style six-pounder brass guns, 12-pounder Howitzers, 10-pounder Parrott rifles, three-inch Rodman rifle, 20-pounder Parrotts, the latter having been worn out during the siege of Vicksburg, 12-pounder James rifle, and now had the 30-pounder Parrotts. There were four of the latter, which had been respectively named and duly lettered by the poet-painter of the Battery, Joseph Bowker, "Old Abe," "General Grant," "General Osterhaus" and "General Washburne."

From Cumberland Gap to Jackson we were officially entitled to inscribe upon our flag a battle for each stripe, and had smelled the powder of as many skirmishes, or "affairs," as there were stars on its union. We were entitled to wear the badges of the Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Nineteenth Corps, and had served in the armies of the Ohio, West Virginia, Mississippi, Tennessee and the Gulf only, the Thirteenth Corps never had a badge. "We were too busy fighting while the other corps were making them." We were now with the Nineteenth Corps, Army of the Gulf, and on their flags were emblazoned, "Irish Bend, Donaldsonville and Port Hudson."

There was at this time, unfortunately, a feeling of enmity between the Eastern and Western troops in the Department of the Gulf. Our Battery, however, got along nicely with them and came nearer being social and friendly with the "Yankees" than any other organization in the Thirteenth Corps. This feeling originated through an exhibition of self-superiority of a few of the Massachusetts troops who were on duty as guards at Carrollton, a few miles above New Orleans, when the advance of the Vicksburg contingent arrived at that place in fulfillment of General Grant's promise to send General Banks the best corps in his army. Among the regiments first to arrive was the 11th Indiana, General Lew Wallace's old regiment, one of the best drilled fighting regiments in the army. They had drawn no clothing since the beginning of the siege of Vicksburg, and consequently were ragged and dirty, but

they were feeling good in the consciousness of being recognized as one of the very best regiments in the best fighting corps of Grant's invincible army. As the boat which brought them down the river rounded to the levee at Carrollton some one of the Massachusetts troops called out "What regiment?" "The 11th Indiana conscripts," came back in answer. At this the Eastern men in their new clothes, bright brasses, polished shoes, white paper collars and boiled shirts began to criticise the appearance of the Indiana men and to call them "Forty dollar men" who had to be drafted, etc. The result was what might have been expected, for some of the Western men were on shore before the steamer's gang plank was out and a fight was on in spite of the levee guards. The commanding officer of the regiment was on shore as soon as possible and restored order, sending his men back on the boat. Just at this stage of the proceedings the officer of the day, a Lieutenant, dressed finely, wearing a bright new sash and a fancy sword, rushed down to the levee and demanded, "Who commands that regiment?" "I do," modestly replied the Colonel. The young Lieutenant then began to read the regimental commander a lecture on discipline and to upbraid him for permitting his men to behave in such a way. The Colonel looked him over a moment and then called a halt in the proceedings, and told that officer of the day that if he did not "dry up, and that p. d. q., he would wipe the ground up with him and throw him and his whole force in the river." In the meantime the Indiana boys had rushed by the guards that had been stationed to hold them on the boat, and had swarmed about the Colonel, telling him to "go in; we will stand by you;" after which they drove the guards that were on shore away from the levee. Each regiment of the corps, as it arrived, of course, espoused the side of the Western men and but added fuel to the fire that had such a beginning. When the Battery arrived at Brashear City the New York regiment, then on guard over the Government property, could not protect the same from seizure by the Western boys. Commissary stores and, notably, whisky, were taken from them and they dared not report it to their superiors. Finally the 49th Indiana Regiment, of the Cumberland Gap contingent, was assigned to that duty, when the property was properly protected and all was once more quiet and orderly. This feeling, although never entirely obliterated, was greatly modified during the disastrous Red River campaign, which brought the two armies together in deadly conflict with a common foe.

There being no field maneuver laid down in the tactics for heavy artillery, our drill was confined to the manual of the piece, foot drill and the saber exercise. Our horses were stabled in a large brick sugar house, while the harness was hung

on racks provided for that purpose and covered with tarpaulins to protect it from the sun and rain. The atmosphere was so damp that all leather goods, no matter how well sheltered, would, in a few hours, be completely covered with a green mold, which necessitated a daily cleaning and brushing the harness, while the horses were groomed every morning under direction of the proper officers. We were flattering ourselves that we not only had a model camp, but that our guns, horses, harness and other paraphernalia were in excellent condition, which, in fact, they were, when one day an inspecting officer from a Connecticut regiment appeared in camp to inspect the Battery. Lieutenant Webster, feeling a pride in the excellent condition of the camp, and everything pertaining thereto, welcomed the officer and cheerfully accompanied him in his rounds. This officer had, evidently, never seen any field service and was likewise ignorant of camp life, yet he had been commissioned to inspect and report the condition and discipline of troops that had seen but little else than field service and life in camp for the year past. Notwithstanding the fact that he found some fault when the elevating screw under the breech of the guns responded to the touch of his immaculately white glove with a show of oil, and that said glove was further soiled when he stroked the coats of the horses with it, we were not prepared for the report he caused to be published concerning our condition, for it had been explained to him that the oil was necessary to prevent friction and wear, while the horses had no bedding but the bare earth, and that it was utterly impossible to keep them so clean that he could stroke them with his glove and not have the latter soiled. There were also a few pieces of old harness which belonged to no one in particular to look after, and which were laid aside to be condemned as unserviceable, which were covered with mold; otherwise the leather goods were in excellent condition. Judge, then, of our surprise when the following was issued to the troops of the Department of the Gulf to be read to them at dress parade:

"In the 1st Wisconsin and 1st Vermont Batteries the same neglect upon the part of the officers is evident. The same want of attention to cleanliness and care of equipments exists, and proper discipline is not enforced. The horses are generally ill-groomed and harness uncleared and moldy, those of the 1st Wisconsin being shamefully neglected."

This was the first adverse criticism the Battery had ever received from an inspecting or other officer, and was in no sense merited this time. If that inspector had appeared in camp with his report nothing would have saved him from a ducking in the bay. Lieutenant Hackett said: "I would not hurt him; I'd just put him on my thumb and snap him across the bay." This report evidently did not have much weight

with those high in authority, as in a few days we were selected as one of the four best batteries in the Department to be converted into horse artillery, the highest arm of the artillery service.

About this time General Washburn wrote from Texas: "I should like the 1st Wisconsin Battery. It is a good battery; has seen much service; has good guns and good horses."

While at Brashear City there was considerable malarial sickness in the Battery, and Dr. W. A. Dinwiddie, from an Iowa regiment, was assigned to the Battery to look after the sick, and right well did he attend to the duty, and a more attentive, sympathetic and generous-hearted man never wore the green sash. The old members of the Battery will ever have a warm place in the warmest corner of their hearts for the doctor, now Major W. A. Dinwiddie, of the Regular Army. Corporal N. D. Ledyard died here from the effects of a shell explosion at Jackson, Miss. Phil Welch, who was once left for dead on the field of battle, and who had been in hospital many months, now rejoined the Battery, but how changed. His jolly, off-hand manner was gone and in its stead was a subdued, quiet demeanor. He never fully regained his strength and cheerfulness, but served until the end of his term of enlistment.

When camped across the bay we had stored some ammunition in one end of a double-roomed house, and as soon as we were comfortably settled a detail was sent across the bay to get it. When the boys arrived at the house they found that some sutler had stored his goods in the other end of the building. While removing the Government property the building was discovered to be on fire. How it was fired was never known to the authorities, but it was supposed to have been the result of spontaneous combustion. The ammunition was the first thing saved, after which the boys turned in and helped the sutler save his wares. In some unexplainable manner the sutler's goods became inextricably mixed with the Government ammunition, and when the boys got home they found a mistake had been made by somebody, but as they did not think they were responsible for it they laid low and said nothing, particularly after ascertaining that the Government was not short any ammunition. English dairy cheese, maple syrup and other canned goods garnished the standard army "sow belly" and white beans of the average mess for several days.

About this time the colored troops and the New York regiments were paid off. The New Yorkers went in for a good time, such as getting drunk the first day, selling the wife's draft the second and going "broke" the third. There were many fights among them and two deaths from violence. The

negroes showed their ignorance and barbarity by remaining sober and orderly.

By act of the Legislature of Wisconsin her soldiers in the field were permitted to vote for State and County officers, and as a State election was held this year and month for the election of said officials an election was held in the Battery on election day, resulting in a unanimous vote for James T. Lewis for Governor and the whole Union ticket.

About this time Captain Foster was commissioned or authorized to recruit a regiment of veteran artillery from among those who had less than a year of their first three years' enlistment to serve. The enlistment was to be for three years and all recruits were to receive \$100 bounty for first enlistment, \$2 premium and the first installment of \$400 bounty and a 60 days furlough. About 25 of the men signified a willingness to reenlist, but commissioned officers, aside from Captain Foster, did not take kindly to the proposition. He was deeply interested, as the regimental organization meant a Colonel's commission for him, with the pay of that rank. After spending a few days in camp the Captain went back to New Orleans to see what he could do with other batteries.

We had gotten comfortably fixed in winter quarters and everything put in good shape when Lieutenant Webster received an order from headquarters to report at once to General Arnold in New Orleans with the Battery. Arrangements were at once made for moving and the Lieutenant took the first train for the city to ascertain what was to be done with us. He called upon General Arnold, who was an old artillery officer in the Regular Army, and then Chief of Artillery for the Department, and asked what was to be done with the Battery when it should arrive, which would be in a day or two. The General said that he had been ordered to select four of the best batteries in the Department for conversion into horse artillery to operate with cavalry, and that ours was the first one he had selected. The others were to be Nimms' Massachusetts Battery and two Regular batteries, one of which was the one he commanded at the breaking out of the war. The Lieutenant called General Arnold's attention to the report of the recent inspection and asked him what he thought of it? The General replied, in substance, that he paid no attention to reports made by men who knew nothing about that arm of the service, or who had seen no service in the field. "I know what your battery is and I want it for use," said the General, "and want you to get around with it as soon as possible."

Upon leaving Brashear City the commandant of the post addressed the following letter to Lieutenant Webster:

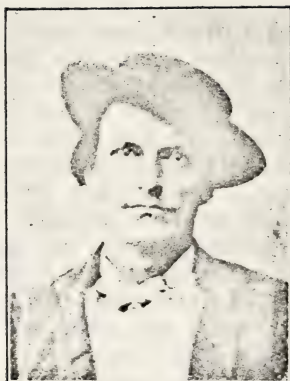
"Headquarters United States Forces,
"Brashear City, La., December 12, 1863.

"Lieutenant Daniel Webster, Commanding 1st Wisconsin Battery.

"Lieutenant: I desire to express to you, your officers and members of your company, my sincere regret at the withdrawal of your Battery from this post. Although I have made the personal acquaintance of very few of them, yet I have formed an unusually strong affection for your command. In nearly three years' service I have not met a finer or more quiet (in this connection 'quiet' is good; '13th A. C. caught another crab!') set of men, and I beg you to tender to one and all my best wishes for their success and a safe return to their homes and friends, after a brilliant career which, I trust, awaits them. Good-bye; God bless you all.

J. TARBELL.

"Colonel Commanding Post."



HALLET RATHBUN.

CHAPTER XV.

"All honor to the twenties and the far-reaching thirties,
But I loved the little three-inch when
Their lips were red with battle
And their throats were hoarse with smoke."

ONCE in the cars, and after giving three hearty cheers for Colonel Tarbell, we bid farewell to Brashear City and steamed away for the Crescent City, where we were assigned comfortable quarters in yards 1 and 2 of the Levee Steam Cotton Compress, in the lower part of the city. These yards were about 400 feet long and one of them was about the same width, while the other was fully half that width. The former was used as quarters for the men and officers, while the other was used for the guns and horses. These yards were enclosed with brick walls about 15 feet high, with openings only on the streets. One side of the yards were covered as sheds some 50 feet in width. The yards and sheds were floored with broken shells and were hard and dry. The 30-pounder guns were turned in to the Ordnance Department and six three-inch Rodman guns issued to us in their stead. We kept the horses we brought with us, but there was not enough of them to equip the new organization, and as there were no horses to be had in the Department just at that time we were considerably "short" on horses. In the meantime the drill in the manual of the piece, the saber exercise and foot drill was kept up daily, as was also a riding school wherein the cannoneer was drilled in mounting, sitting, and guiding the horses.

Captain Foster, though in the city, was on duty at corps headquarters and seldom visited the Battery, only as he came to see how the matter of veteranizing progressed. We had been in the city but a few days when the veteran enlistment roll, which had been left at the headquarters tent that it might be convenient should anyone wish to sign it, was missing and could nowhere be found. It was supposed that someone who had signed it had become sick of his bargain and took that way to free himself therefrom. Another one was soon prepared, however, and if not the same names procured thereto, they were just as good ones. It worried the Captain a little, though, to have the thing occur in his own Battery, for if that should "go back" on him how could he expect that others would flock to his standard.

Winter is the business and social season in New Orleans, and at this time the city was full of officers and soldiers. This

made business lively and all places of amusement were liberally patronized, especially, by the boys in blue. The ladies of the city were principally "secesh" and affected the utmost contempt for the Union soldier or officer, particularly when the latter was in uniform; but let one of them put on citizen's clothing and the society women would readily accompany him to the theater, eat the oysters or drink the wine he paid for with as good a grace as if he were one of their own "Johnnies." But on the street they were careful that their clothing should not touch the garment of the officer they should meet. In the street cars they would contemptuously refuse a proffered seat if offered by a Union soldier. Let it be said to the credit of the latter, that they very seldom, if ever, were known to sit in a crowded car while a woman was standing without at least offering his seat to her, a thing which cannot be as truthfully said of the chivalric sons of the South that were then in the city.

One of the cotton yards across the street from the Battery headquarters was used for a Confederate prison, and the prisoners confined therein were furnished by the Government with the same rations that the troops in the field were, and they were also given quarters well fitted up, and plenty of bedding. In addition to this the friends of the prisoners were permitted to visit and to carry to them anything they pleased, and it was no uncommon sight to see wagon loads of supplies brought to them, among which were wines and champagne, while there was a constant stream of lady visitors going and coming all the day. This was in strange contrast to the treatment accorded the Union prisoners in the prison pens of the South. The prisoners taken by the Confederates at Carrion Crow Bayou in November were paroled and returned to New Orleans about this time, and their appearance did not indicate that they had enjoyed many of the bare necessities of life, saying nothing of the comforts or luxuries. They had sold the buttons off their clothing to the rebels for 25 cents each and had bought pork with the proceeds at \$1 per pound.

Up to this time the rebel citizens had professed to believe that the Confederate forces would soon return and repossess the land. But this feeling was growing beautifully less as the days rolled by until they were now ready to agree in the opinion expressed in an intercepted letter, "That it really began to look as if the Yankees were going to stay."

General Banks pleased the wealthier class much better than did General Butler, but when it came to the masses and the poorer people and the Union men of all grades the former was not "in it" with the latter, who was, with them, the most popular General or man in the Union. The bitterness of the Southern people seemed to center on the Eastern men and soldiers,

particularly those of New England, as was illustrated by the following incident. Lieutenant Webster was en route to the Barracks Hospital one Sunday and found himself and two ladies the sole occupants of a street car. The ladies not only seemed to feel a contempt for him, but did what they could to show it. As the Lieutenant did not expect to marry in that country he quietly looked on and enjoyed their contempt. A change of cars was necessary, which change took place in the suburbs, where there were very few people about, and as they did not know which of two or three lines to take they were considerably worried. The Lieutenant, seeing their dilemma, gave them the information and passed on into the proper car, they following. Shortly the elder of the two asked if he was from Massachusetts? and when told that he had never been east of central New York State and was from Wisconsin she replied promptly and with animation, "O, you are a Western man; you will do;" and then became very social and pleasant.

The large shed in the yard occupied for quarters was enclosed and two large box stoves put in for heating purposes. At one end of the room was a long table on which was kept all the leading daily papers, the illustrated weeklies and the principal monthlies, which were furnished by the members of the Battery and paid for by a weekly stipend. Orders were very strict concerning the daily policing of the camp and stables, which duty was as a rule very satisfactorily performed, but upon one occasion Lieutenant Webster discovered that there had been something important neglected and as a punishment therefor ordered that no more passes should be given to visit the city for one week. This created considerable feeling in camp, and several of the non-commissioned officers who felt that they were the ones that were to suffer most by the order, visited the Lieutenant and wanted to throw up their positions? Webster listened to and reasoned with them awhile, refused to release them and sent them to their quarters, where they went feeling, with the whole company, that they were abused unjustly; but, all the same, we had the nicest camp in the city when the week was up.

One day the camp was visited by an agent from the Christian Commission, who left a quantity of tracts, papers and small books of a religious cast in the reading room. The Lieutenant was surprised to see him pull a greasy pack of cards out of his pocket, and promptly refused to take a hand, as he considered the game sinful; but the missionary at once protested that he did not play, did not know one card from another, etc. Webster told him that the men who did not know the cards were the best players and surest winners in the world. Still he protested and said he found two negroes playing with them and had traded a new book for the cards. It was sug-

gested to him that the negroes could not read, and that the book would be useless to them, while he could not play, and the cards were of no use to him, therefore it was a bad bargain all around. The agent said that the colored men might learn to read, and the Lieutenant offered to furnish an instructor for him that he might learn to play the cards, but he declined the offer and immolated the said cards there and then upon the Lieutenant's fire.

One evening in December Heckman and Cameron were sitting near the door in the second tier at the varieties theater, and as an interlude a girl was alleged to be singing a song, but she couldn't sing a little bit. At the close the claquers loudly and longly encored; one black moustached, French-looking son of Israel rushing to the front along behind the chairs and applauding in an apparent ecstasy of enthusiasm. The girl repeated the allegation with another selection. Again the chief claque—who, by the way, was a special police—rushed forward and succeeded in having the girl return. As he was passing to the door Heckman, with that peculiar aggravating lifting of his moustache asked him the wage he received for precipitating the repetition of the infliction. With a ferocious air he shouted, "You keep still, or I'll put you out." Heckman questioned the advisability of the attempt, and Cameron suggested that about a regiment such as he would be necessary for the detail. Our French friend shouted something and disappeared through the door into the foyer, and the curtain went up on act second and all were engrossed with the play. Suddenly, from the rear, appeared five specials, headed by our former friend, who anchored into Heckman's heavy black hair and proceeded to drag him over the back of the chair, which was firmly fastened to the floor, and out into the foyer. That is, he dragged him about a half or maybe three-quarters of an inch, when Heckman, with a pained expression, rose up, releasing his hair en route, smashed the special a half-arm left-hander, dragged him over the chair, jammed him down between the chair rows and proceeded to introduce his army bro-gans to his ribs. The next day he assured Heckman the volume of pity he would incite did we but know how sore his ribs were. In the meantime two others pounced on to Heckman's shoulders, but he shook them off and continued the introduction ceremony, the victim in the meantime getting his head under the anchored chair. Cameron, just recovering from some months siege of malarial poisoning, had not more in him of force, save temper, than was in the half-pint flask that he smashed across the second fellow's face. While he was picking the splinters of glass out of his features, the other two seized and started for the door with Cameron. All was now uproar in the house, and artillery jackets were hastening

to the two pieces engaged. Civilians flew the coop and women screamed. Lieutenant Webster, commanding the Battery, was down in the dress circle, where the action was hid from his view; but General Arnold, Chief of Artillery for the Department of the Gulf, was in a box, where he witnessed all. Jim McConnell pacified the women, assuring them that it was a little harmless pleasantry of his boys, who were the soul of gallantry and doted on women. Summey slipped up through the turmoil and handed one of Heckman's assailants a zephyr that sent him to the rear, while Phil Welch came striding across the chairs, and clutching the other by the neck flipped him over the horseshoe into the parquet below. Harvey Starling seized Cameron, dragging him and his captors back, while some one else knocked 'em loose. By this time the regular police began to arrive until some 60 and the Chief were in the theater. Heckman collided with a gigantic regular and they went rocking away out into the foyer struggling for possession of his club. Fortunately no policeman used his club or his gun. Had he, we'd been fighting yet. Some of the cooler ones cried out, "Don't fight the leather heads;" recognizing constituted authority. The giant policeman afterwards remarked that Johnny was the best man he ever got hold of.

They landed Heckman and Cameron in a cage at the station house. Presently there was joined to them Summey and Welch. In a quarter of an hour the corridor door was unlocked and over the echoing flagstones, escorted by two policemen, came Frank Downs, and they put him in the cage along with those four sinners, but what he had to do with the row we have never been able to find out. The next morning one of our specials, with his arm in a sling, came down the corridor and, pausing in front of the cage, asked how they liked it now. Downs requested to know why he was locked up, and the fellow snarled, "You kicked me." "Indeed," said Downs, earnestly, "if you will let me out of here, and let me have one kick at you, you will know that I never before kicked you." It is safe to wager that had Downs' proposition been acceded to the fellow would have been thoroughly convinced, and died.

Lieutenant Webster was much annoyed at his boys kicking up such a riot, knowing nothing of the circumstances of the beginning, and the next morning calling at headquarters on official business General Arnold remarked that some of his boys got into trouble last night at the theater. Webster began to deprecate their conduct, when the General interrupted with, "I saw it all. They are good boys, and should be seen through the scrape." Thereupon Lieutenant Webster went over to the police court to plead their cause before Judge Attoche, and the case was dismissed.

It was about this time that W. E. Cramer, editor and pro-

prietor of the Evening Wisconsin, of Milwaukee, arrived in the city on a tour of inspection in the interest of his paper, and, of course, desired to see the Wisconsin troops then in the place. Mr. Cramer was one of the simplest and purest of men, and as deaf as a post and blind as a bat, but he would come nearer seeing and hearing everything that occurred than any other man of the times. He would attend the theater and give a better description of the play and the merits of the several actors, although he had not seen or heard either, than the average man with good eyes and ears. In his walks about town he would be attracted by the architecture of buildings that would escape the attention of the ordinary observer. Lieutenant Webster met him in the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel and invited him to dinner at the Battery camp. He readily accepted the invitation and named the following day for the occasion, stipulating that he should be accorded the privilege of walking to the camp. On the following day the Lieutenant, accompanied by A. H. Pratt, of the Chicago Mercantile Battery, an old acquaintance of Mr. Cramer, called for him to conduct him to the camp. He then desired to know which streets we were to travel. When told that we could go by the way of the levee, on Royal, Bourbon or Rampart streets, he said that he had been on all of those and wanted to know if there was not some other route by which we could reach the Battery. Pratt then suggested the "Old Basin" route, which seemed to please him, as he made it a point to never go twice over the same route if he could avoid it. At that time the "Old Basin" was the most disreputable street in the city and was not considered a safe place for a man to go unattended any time of the day. But they were a party of three and thought they could chance it. Soon after entering the street a woman considerably under the influence of liquor, whom the party met, made an attempt to throw her arms around the Lieutenant's neck, when he threw up his arm and pushed her to one side. Mr. Cramer seemed puzzled for a moment or so and then asked, "What did the lady want?" "Nothing; she's drunk," replied the Lieutenant through the ever-present trumpet. "I thought you did not look like a man who would repel an appeal for charity in that way," replied Cramer, and seemed much relieved that no person had been in any way wronged. Arriving at camp they found dinner waiting, of which Mr. Cramer was lavish in his praises. He had no idea that soldiers could live so well in camp, and asked if the enlisted men lived in the same manner, or if that was something a little different from the usual, everyday fare. After dinner he inspected the quarters, the guns and the horses and asked more questions in a minute than the best informed man in the battery could answer in an hour. He assured us that he was pleased to have

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. It begins with the first settlers who came to the shores of North America. These settlers were men and women of many different backgrounds, but they all shared a common goal: to build a new life in a new land. They faced many challenges, from harsh weather to hostile Native Americans. But they persevered, and over time, a new society began to take shape. This society was based on the principles of freedom and democracy, which were inspired by the ideas of the Enlightenment. The American Revolution was a turning point in the history of the United States. It was a time when the people of the colonies declared their independence from Great Britain and established a new government. This government was based on the principles of the Declaration of Independence, which stated that all men are created equal and have certain unalienable rights. The American Revolution was a great success, and it led to the birth of a new nation. The United States has since grown into a powerful and influential country. It has played a leading role in the world, and it has made many contributions to human progress. The history of the United States is a story of hope and achievement, and it is a story that continues to inspire people around the world.

met the Battery, as it was looked upon at home as one of the most effective military organizations in the service, and that its course had been closely followed and watched from Chickasaw Bayou to the present time. -

As has been before remarked, we were camped in close proximity to the cavalry commanded by Colonel Dudley, between us and which there were not the most amicable relations. Frequent conflicts of more or less serious nature occurred as the two factions met. On such occasions the weaker party "took to their holes" and waited for "the clouds to roll by" before venturing in that neighborhood again. Upon one occasion Jimmy Davidson and a comrade, whose name has escaped the writer's memory, were out on a bit of a "lark" when they met with a colored man of the cavalry brigade, for whom the boys began to raise the temperature. The colored man and brother beat a hasty retreat, leaving his hat behind. A cavalry Captain happened along at this juncture, and took the nigger's part. Jimmy was pretty "full," and not noticing the reinforcements were of higher rank than himself, let drive and knocked the Captain down, and then ran away. His comrade made his escape and arrived safely at home, but Jimmy was taken a prisoner and confined in the cavalry guardhouse. It was reported in camp that the officer had attempted to strike Jimmy without any provocation, and Lieutenant Webster at once decided to investigate the matter, and if it should prove to be so to prefer charges against the officer and have him court-martialed. He visited the cavalry camp, talked with the officer, whom he found to be a gentleman, and then talked with the prisoner and became convinced that Jimmy was in the wrong, and so told the officer. It was a serious case for Jimmy, and if prosecuted would end in imprisonment at Tortugas and loss of pay. But, as Jimmy was a good boy, the Lieutenant thought he would try and secure his release, if possible, before it went further, and said to the Captain, "He is your prisoner and in your power. If you prosecute him it will be Dry Tortugas for a term of from one to five years with loss of pay. If he is spared this once there is a chance to save a good man to the service and usefulness as a citizen; but send him to Tortugas and he is ruined forever. He is a soldier, and a good one, brave in battle and obedient in camp, and, except on very rare occasions, like the present, is one of the best and most generous-hearted men in the service." The officer thought the matter over a moment and then said, "I never want to feel that I am the cause of the ruin of any young man, and if you will vouch for his good behavior in the future I will let him off." Webster readily agreed to become his endorser for the future, and he was released and accompanied the Lieutenant home,

when he was confined to camp one week as a starter on his good behavior. It may be stated here that there was never any more complaint in any way affecting the conduct of Jimmy Davidson.

Colonel Dudley delighted in reviews and parades, and it was ordered on the 9th of February that we join in a review and parade. This time the review, which passed off properly, was supplemented by a short trial drill between Battery G, 5th U. S. Artillery, and the 1st Wisconsin Battery. We had not been notified that the drill was to occur, but welcomed the opportunity for a test of proficiency with a Regular battery, feeling confident that we could amuse them some while they were having fun with us. The result was satisfactory to us, for we demonstrated that, while they were perhaps a little more like a machine in their movements, owing to the fact that their horses were better drilled than ours, as we had received the bulk of our horses but a short time before the drill came off and they had horses that had been in the service for months, if not years, we could come into battery, load, fire, limber-up and move to a new position quicker than they could at their best. Only one thing could have added to the satisfaction of Lieutenant Webster, and that was to have had the Regular Lieutenant of Artillery who snubbed him in Louisville in command of that battery we had just beaten in drill. But we were not yet through with the Regulars, as will be shown further on.

The Battery being so far from town, or the center of it, and it not being convenient to patronize the street cars at all times, particularly when the paymaster was tardy with his visit, the boys were permitted to ride their horses when business called them to the business part of the town. One day Jimmy Cavanaugh was one of a party that were on their way up town, when, just before arriving at a resting place by the way where they were to call for "refreshments," Jimmy's horse slipped on the stone pavement and fell broadside in the street. Jimmy lighted on his feet all right, however, and as the horse regained his feet Jimmy vaulted again into the saddle and was not the last one to arrive at the wayside rendezvous. As he rode up to the hitching post a bystander who had witnessed the feat congratulated Jimmy upon his narrow escape. "Escape from what?" asks Jimmy. "Why, the fall of your horse just now," replied the man. "Oh, that's no fall; it was just a little bit of our drill," carelessly remarked Jimmy as he passed in to join in the assault on "the works."

On the 22d of February the first Free State election was held in the State of Louisiana for Governor and other State officers. Of course the election could only be held within the Union lines, and as only Union and Free State men could vote, the entire ticket was elected, with Michael Hahn at its head as



NORMAN WEBSTER.

Governor. The event was considered of sufficient importance to warrant a celebration of some kind. The matter was put in the hands of P. S. Gilmore, then in charge of a Massachusetts band in the city. He selected the foot of Canal street, by the custom house, as the place, and arranged to have about 40 pieces of artillery, to be fired by electricity, in the chorus. These pieces were arranged in a semi-circle with a keyboard in the rear and center, from which the firing was managed by the director of the music. He selected from among the best military bands in the city some three hundred pieces for the occasion. Our Battery furnished six guns for the orchestra, and during the performance were honored by the presence of General Banks, his wife and daughter, who seemed much interested in the part the guns were taking, and during the rest between parts of the program they asked many questions concerning the manner of handling artillery in the field.

About this time General McClernand returned and assumed command of the corps, and General Ord left the Department of the Gulf to report to General Grant at Louisville. This change pleased the corps very much, as the idea prevailed that General McClernand had not been well used by General Grant and the War Department. He was a Western man, and understood the ways of Western men better than did General Ord. It was under the former that the corps had won its brightest victories, and it was under the latter that its autonomy had become almost destroyed, and the commands scattered from Texas to Mississippi. No man ever commanded the Thirteenth Army Corps who had its confidence more fully than had General McClernand.

About the last of February General Arnold ordered a review of Horse Artillery, consisting of Nimms' Massachusetts Battery, two Regular Batteries and the 1st Wisconsin Battery. It was a fine day and there was a large gathering of spectators on the ground to witness the review, among whom were Lawrence Barrett and Dan Setchell, the former then playing leading parts in the excellent stock company at the Varieties Theater, while the latter was the leading comedian of the same company. Barrett afterwards became one of the leading actors on the American stage, ranking next to the Booths, and Setchell was near the front rank in his line when he lost his life in a shipwreck while en route to Australia. General Arnold, himself an artillery officer in the Regular Army, and formerly Captain of one of the batteries that was to take part in the review, announced that the positions assigned the batteries in column on our return to the city would indicate the merit accorded for proficiency, the right being accorded to the best. There was no cavalry in this review, and all passed off in good shape, the batteries passing the review-

ing officer the second time on the dead run amid the cheers and shouts of the spectators. Then followed a trial drill. There was plenty of room for all, and at it we went. Good luck or skill again favored us. We met with no accidents or mishaps other than the breaking of a gun axle as we passed through an old ditch. Men and horses behaved splendidly and responded to the commands without a single failure. Again we beat the Regulars in rapidity of movement and horsemanship. Several of the Regulars were unhorsed during the day, while none of the volunteers in the 1st Wisconsin or Nimms' Batteries were unseated. The latter battery was fully up to the Regulars in all maneuvers, but the right of the column was given to us on our return march, with the congratulations of General Arnold. As we were about to leave the grounds a stranger came from the crowd and approaching Lieutenant Webster said: "I am from Wisconsin, live in Milwaukee and have been around the army a great deal, and I want to say to you that I am proud of the 1st Wisconsin Battery."

About this time we were ordered out to witness the execution of the death penalty, by shooting, upon three soldiers who had been tried and found guilty of desertion or murder. But few of the members of the Battery and none of the officers cared to go; but the order was mandatory, as it was the intention of the authorities to make the execution an example to deter others from committing similar offenses. The Battery turned out in force and in "full dress" to witness a distasteful performance. All the troops in the city were required to be present to witness the same. The three men were placed in a kneeling position on their coffins, blindfolded, of course, while the shooting squad was drawn up a few paces to the front. At the signal the squad fired and the three men fell, two of them dead, but the third raised to his knees, and was attempting to rise to his feet when the Sergeant in charge of the firing party stepped to the front and shot him through the head, killing him instantly. It is extremely doubtful if the killing of the last man by the Sergeant had the intended effect upon the spectators, as most of them looked upon it as little better than murder itself.

New Year's Day of 1864 was the coldest day within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitants" in that country. It was, in fact, the coldest New Year's generally, all over the country, on record. It literally knew no north, no south, no east, no west, and was emphatically non-sectional. Weather cold enough to freeze ice was almost unknown in the history of New Orleans. There were persons living there who were nearly grown, who had never seen ice or snow other than such as came from the ice-house. But on this New Year's morning there was ice on the street gutters strong enough to bear the

weight of a full-grown man. This extreme cold resulted in much suffering among the poor people, white and black, as they were never accustomed to prepare for cold weather. Several persons were frozen to death on and about the levee. Even Northern men felt the cold severely and kept close to the fire or bundled up warmly in overcoats and blankets. All realized that there was much truth in the reply Captain Jones, of Minneapolis, Minn., made to the salutation, "Well, what do you thing of this for the sunny South?" Said he: "Well, I will tell you what it is; I think a man will freeze to death quicker in Minnesota than in New Orleans, but he will not suffer half so much in doing it."

The Battery had never been assigned to any command since arriving in the city. It had been ordered to report to General Arnold, Chief of Artillery for the Department, and had done so. General Ord commanded the corps to which we belonged, and he was in the city and in command of his corps. General Reynolds was in command of the defenses of the city, and supposed to command all troops stationed therein, while Colonel N. A. M. Dudley, known as "Nancy Ann Maria," was in command of the cavalry forces. The latter had established his headquarters near the Battery camp, and as we were "horse artillery" he assumed that we were "his meat" and ordered us out for review. Lieutenant Webster would not recognize his authority, whereupon the Colonel was going to make it hot for the Lieutenant. The matter was referred to General Arnold, who decided that Webster did right in refusing to recognize Dudley's authority, and told the latter that the Battery would continue to report to him and receive orders only through him until assigned. Dudley was an infantry officer in the Regular Army and was vain of his accomplishments. When assigned to the command of the cavalry he at once surrounded himself with a staff that for size and gold braid was not equaled by that of any Major-General in the Department. The next review the Colonel had, which was but a few days after the former attempt to get us out with his forces, he procured an order from General Arnold for us to report to him for the occasion, which we did. The review was had in the vacant country then between New Orleans and Carrollton, about where the Exposition was held many years later, and was about six miles from camp. We were promptly on hand, however, and were assigned our place in the column. The line was formed on the right, and as the Battery approached the place where it was to wheel into line Lieutenant Webster noticed that there was a deep ditch that would interfere with the maneuver as laid down in the tactics, so he headed the leading piece (we were moving in column of pieces) to the left that we might make distance enough to the rear so that we could come

into position without having to countermarch through the ditch. No sooner had the leading piece left the column than it was noticed by Colonel Dudley, and he commenced to carve the air with his saber and shout at the top of his voice, while his Adjutant came riding at breakneck speed toward the Battery. As the latter approached he shouted, "General Dudley orders that battery to head back into line." It was so headed and at the proper time was headed to the right into line, through the ditch, and, of course, away to the front of the cavalry some 30 yards, as it had to march that distance before its caisson was straight in line. This nearly set the Colonel frantic. Again his Adjutant came tearing across the field to order that battery back into line. He rode up to Lieutenant Webster and imperiously demanded what he was doing with that battery so far to the front. Webster replied that he was trying to get it into position, but if it was not being done to suit him he could take it and put it in to suit himself. This non-plussed the Adjutant, for he knew absolutely nothing about artillery maneuver, and he turned to the Lieutenant and asked him if he could get it back there some way. Webster told him that he could, and would do so if he was permitted to without interruption from those who knew nothing about it. The Adjutant withdrew and the Battery was duly countermarched through the ditch and brought to its proper place. That day we were kept in the saddle eight hours, marching 12 miles, and performed some evolutions during the review. General Arnold was present as a spectator during the review, and was indignant at the manner in which Dudley interfered, and made it appear to the uninformed that we did not know how to get into line, and after that there was always some artillery staff officer present to look after the artillery whenever we were reviewed.

One day while we were away from the camp for drill the 1st Maine Battery took possession of yard No. 2 for a camp. When we returned Lieutenant Webster told the Captain that he could not stay in there, as we needed all the room. The Captain said he should remain, as he was ordered in there. Webster replied, "I order you out and you will go." After a little further parley the Captain took his men and horses and looked for a camp elsewhere, leaving his guns by consent.

Captain Foster, who had been working constantly at his veteranizing scheme, but with poor success so far as the regimental organization was concerned, was called home by the sickness of his wife in the latter part of January. He had secured all the names that could be recruited from the Battery.

Of the detailed infantrymen serving with the Battery the following reenlisted: Henry Baker, Thomas W. Beegle, Henry Burton, Charles Dunbar, Berry Damogran, C. C. Gab-

bart, Aug. Haas, J. W. Jacobs, Henry Jacobs, Allen D. Johnson, Abraham Lance, Peterson C. Lowery, George Messmer, Thomas Ackers, and J. Nolan. They were duly furloughed and sent home for a frolic. Most of them remained their full time, but Allen Johnson returned and reported for duty within half the allotted time and gave as a reason for his short stay that, after his army experience, he could not look a hog in the face with a clear conscience, so he came back to the Battery.

About this time Lieutenant Hackett returned with the recruits he had been gathering, which were said to be the best looking lot of recruits that had arrived in that city for months.

As illustrative of one phase of our army experience we give space to a paragraph from the pen of George L. Herrick:

"I was sent from the Battery up river to hospital, and, when able to walk, was put in the hospital corps in Ward G, the wounded ward, where I dressed and did all I could to help my suffering comrades. About this time, December, 1863, I got a letter from the "Deacon," C. C. Buzzell, saying the Battery was going to Galveston, and to go I was fully determined. I made application to good old Dr. Paddock, and he informed me it was of no use, I could not do duty, and, besides, I was transferred into the Invalid Corps. This comes to mind as though but a month ago. Previous to this I had supplied myself with a corps jacket, but took good care my name was not on the book as such. I denied being transferred, and an examination being made found I was not. After threatening to go, if I had to desert the camp, he gave me an order for transportation to the Battery. This was the last of December, 1863.

"This is the first entry in my little book, January 1, 1864: 'Left Vicksburg early in the morning on the steamer Brazil, and no one killed by bushwhackers while going down the river, which seemed a streak of good luck. Arrived in Natchez and stopped at Uncle Sam's hotel, there being plenty room, as usual, all outdoor, waiting for a down-river boat, and the roof of the hotel must have been out of repair. It was a cold rain. Did not get a boat until the 6th, 10:00 a. m., steamer Shenango; arrived at New Orleans in due time. Here I did have trouble. Some of those new Downeasters were on duty, and I was ordered to fall in with a squad of deserters that they had on the boat, and for the first time I refused. My papers were of no account; I had to show the Sergeant that I could not walk very far, so he sent a man with me on the cars for Carrollton. I then got a pass and started to look up the 1st Wisconsin Battery. The commander at camp said they had gone to Galveston. I knew if they were in the city they would be all over and I should run across some of them. As I got off the car I heard Billy McKeith laugh, and what do you suppose they

were doing? Only riding one of those wooden circus horses, with a short stick, stabbing for rings as they came round on one side. He went with me to the Battery in the Picayune cotton press. I think I never was so pleased as then, not even when we were discharged one year later.

"Captain Foster went up to the camp and receipted for me. I know he got my blanket.

"The returning board for the recent election having promptly canvassed the votes and declared Michael Hahn and his associates on the ticket duly elected, it was decided by the authorities to inaugurate them with an imposing ceremony. Here, again, the master mind of P. S. Gilmore was brought into requisition. The fourth day of March was the day and Lafayette Park, opposite the city hall, the place set for the ceremonies to be held. Elaborate preparations were made for the same. An amphitheater was built in the shape of a horseshoe with seats on the inner side rising one above the other from the floor to the top, with a seating capacity of 5,000 persons. On the prolongation of the heels of the horseshoe were two lines of anvils with stalwart men with hammers in hand to join in the chorus. Behind the line of anvils were two lines of infantry with loaded muskets, and around the semicircle, on the outer rim thereof, were 24 pieces of artillery. In the center between the heels of the horseshoe was arranged a keyboard from which ran wires to the pieces of artillery, for the purpose of firing them as they should be needed. In and around the aforesaid amphitheater were about 400 brass instruments, and on the seats were 5,000 school children and their teachers to do the singing. All of this was for the musical part of the program; what was done in the city hall we did not know, as none of us entered that edifice to find out, and we cared so little about it at that time that no inquiries were made. It was probably satisfactory to all concerned, for we never heard any fault concerning it. Lieutenant Webster had charge of half of the cannon, including our own. The concert was awfully grand, and when the finale came it was terrific. Only to think of 5,000 voices, 400 brass wind instruments, 50 or a 100 stalwart men with hammers pounding on anvils, 24 pieces of artillery and a regiment of infantry firing by file, platoon and company, all going at once. It was enough to impress one for a lifetime; it was pandemonium turned loose, and more too. That was the beginning of Mr. Gilmore's career as a musical director, and the 1st Wisconsin Battery aided materially in giving him his first success. We had left camp early in the morning expecting to get through in time to get home for dinner, but had been kept there all day without a bite for man or beast. This being reported to the committee in charge of the exercises, we were directed to take the horses to camp and feed them and then

come back to town, where a good supper would be furnished the company. When we reported we were taken to one of the best and largest restaurants in the city and given a 'spread' that would have done honor to a Major-General and staff. The menu was extensive and embraced the finest meats, fruits, wines and liquors. All were hungry and did full justice to the viands set before them. Several of the men indulged too freely in the use of the stronger wines and became rather noisy, two of whom were Corporals, both of whom were reduced to the ranks for the offense. As a rule, however, the men behaved splendidly, as was remarked by the proprietor of the restaurant and others who, by curiosity, had been attracted thither.

"There was a combination saloon and grocer near camp, kept by a German by the name of Gettle, where the boys used to resort for such commodities as they found there to suit them. Gettle was a good-hearted, jolly Dutchman, but was not selling groceries or beer for his health alone, but he was shrewd enough to know that if he kept on the right side of the boys he would be the more likely to get their money when they had any to spend. He was, therefore, very obliging and sometimes would put himself 'a leedle oudt' to favor them. Many a good joke was perpetrated against the officers which was never known by them until long after the war was over. The following extract from a letter written to Captain Webster by Sergeant McKeith, 20 years after the event occurred, will illustrate how the boys 'stood in' with each other: 'You will recollect, while in New Orleans, at one time we got so unruly we were restricted to two passes a day and only two at a time. You got it into your head that the boys were running the guard, and one night came to me, I being in charge of the guard, and said, "Sergeant, have the assembly blown at 10 o'clock tonight." I knew what the racket was in a minute and said, "I'll bet we will catch a pile of them out, for I believe they are running the guard." I posted the 9 o'clock relief and started for the beer garden, where I found about 30 of the boys with Lieutenants Hackett and Nutting at their head. It did not take me long to tell them that there was going to be a roll call, and I skipped back to camp and told Hank Hackett if any of our platoon were absent to answer for them. I then went to your quarters to entertain you until it was time for the assembly to blow. If you will remember there was not a man missing from camp. P. J. Donnelly was gone from my platoon, but Hank promptly responded to his name. The next morning at roll call you praised us for our good behavior, and owing to the fact of all being present at roll call the night before we could have all the passes we wanted. I often wanted to tell you, but was a little timid, and

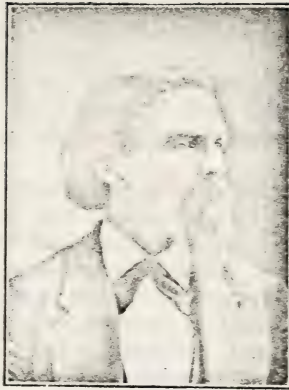
did not know how you would take it, and I did not want to lose your confidence."

"At another time two cannoneers, for leaving camp without leave, were sentenced to a week's confinement in camp. That very evening they slipped out, went down the street a few blocks, boarded a car and sat down. Upon looking around they perceived Lieutenant Webster sitting in a corner of the car looking at them with surprise and reproach. Nothing was said then, but next evening the corporal of the guard escorted them to a caisson, requested them to put a right and left hand through the fifth wheel, on either side of a spoke, and handcuffed the two wrists together, leaving them all night. This was repeated during each night of the week. Many were the attempts each made to crawl through between the spokes, and then out on the proper side, but both were 'chunky' boys and could not make it work. But they could and did take the wheel off the spindle and carry it with them over to Gettel's and sit there and eat oysters and wash them down with claret or beer."

It will be remembered that Jimmy Davidson, after his episode with the cavalry officer, had been sentenced to confinement in camp for one week. He tells in the following how he served his sentence:

"I got the week in Company Q. After being in three days I thought all was honey. I had dug a hole in the brick for one foot. I made a run, jump, one foot on a hinge on the gate, jump and grab top hinge with left hand, right foot in hole in brick wall, that gave me the force to grab the top of wall and throw myself on the outside. I had practiced it two nights, till I had got it O. K. Time was set and I made a flying leap and over I went; dropped my 15 feet. At two more feet, the last two, was Lieutenant Dan W. Lieutenant says: 'Well, well, Jim, did somebody push you over the wall?' I agreed they did. He escorted me back and left instructions for the rest of the company to let me be. Lieutenant was on duty, you see, all the time. Always one eye open and always for the boys' good."

It will be remembered that at one time there was an incipient rebellion in camp, almost, among the non-commissioned officers of the Battery, because they were held responsible for the policing of the camp and the presence of the men for such duty. It ought not, perhaps, to be called or designated a rebellion, as all that they proposed to do was to resign their offices and to go into the ranks and serve there. As a sequel to the strictures put upon them by the officers of the Battery we will here introduce an order issued as the result of an inspection of the camp made on the 3d of March by a committee of officers appointed to inspect the camps of the city and to report on their condition. This committee reported as follows:



JAMES CARROTHERS.

“First Wisconsin Battery, Lieutenant Daniel Webster, Commanding:

“The appearance of the quarters of this Battery is highly commendable to both officers and men. The bunks are clean and orderly, the floors are tidy, the men bright, clean and respectful to their officers. The yards are in complete order. The drains free from filth and sinks daily cleaned, with lime freely strewn therein during the day. The cook houses are models of neatness and good order, built by themselves. Another feature we deem worthy of especial mention. The enlisted men of the Battery contribute each five cents weekly, which amount is expended in supplying themselves with an excellent supply of newspapers and periodicals from various parts of the country. Your committee takes great pleasure in awarding the justly deserved credit due to the officers of this Battery. A more self-sustaining, self-reliant body of men cannot be found in the U. S. Army.”

“Upon receiving this report of the committee General Reynolds, commanding the defenses of New Orleans, promptly issued the following order which was read before all the troops in the city:

“The Major-General commanding is proud to recognize in this company the material and characteristics of good soldiers. Strict observance of order and discipline are alike creditable to officers and men. The expenditure of labor to secure comfort and cleanliness and the means adopted for mutual improvement and mental culture, are highly commended and evince a determination to merit the proud distinction due to true soldiers who learn their whole duty and perform it.

“By command of Major-General Reynolds.

“JOHN LEVERING,

“Major and A. A. General.”

“When the above was read before the company none were sorry that they had been required to attend strictly to camp duties.”

In connection with the reading room spoken of above there was also a “literary” formed by those thus inclined. At one of their sessions the following production was read by the poet-painter of the Battery, Joseph Bowker, a detailed man from the 42d Ohio Regiment:

NOMENCLATURE.

To while away an idle hour of late
The following lines we chose to perpetrate,
That bring some names so vividly to view,
They cannot well be misconstrued by you.
Then, first of all for statesman or sage,

the first of the great principles of the American Revolution

was the principle of the separation of powers. This principle was first established in the British Constitution, and was afterwards adopted by the American people. It is the principle that the legislative, executive, and judicial powers should be separated, and each should be exercised by a different branch of the government. This principle is the foundation of the American system of government, and it is the principle which has made the American government so successful.

The second principle of the American Revolution was the principle of the right of the people to alter or to abolish their government. This principle was first established in the Declaration of Independence, and it is the principle which has made the American government so successful.

The third principle of the American Revolution was the principle of the right of the people to be taxed without their consent. This principle was first established in the Declaration of Independence, and it is the principle which has made the American government so successful.

The fourth principle of the American Revolution was the principle of the right of the people to be free from the oppression of the British.

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The ninth principle of the American Revolution was the principle of the right of the people to be free from the oppression of the British.

The tenth principle of the American Revolution was the principle of the right of the people to be free from the oppression of the British.

The eleventh principle of the American Revolution was the principle of the right of the people to be free from the oppression of the British.

The twelfth principle of the American Revolution was the principle of the right of the people to be free from the oppression of the British.

Is *Daniel Webster*, great in any age,
 While for two soldiers not without renown,
 We have two Generals, *Winfield Scott* and *Brown*.
 And for success in putting rebels through
 Providence has kindly furnished *Scott No. Two*.
 And still, again, for statesman, sage or wit,
 We boast a *Sheridan* if not a *Pitt*;
 Next comes *Burton*, great in tragedy or drama,
 But here my rhyme is lost unless I throw in *Cramer*.
 Now, laying jokes aside, if not religiously inclined,
 Whenever *Baxter* "calls" we're very apt to mind,
 And saints, as you'll agree, are still to duty true,
 When I reveal their names, *Barnard*, *Bartholomew*;
 Some things are quite hard to understand,
 One why a *Marshall* should not have command,
 Another, why a man who stands six feet and more
 Should still be *Down*, forever *Down*, an inch above the floor;
 Again, alas! 'tis said too often to our sorrow
 That we must fast for bread till drawing of the morrow,
 Yet, for scarcity we cannot blame our maker,
 Since he has kindly furnished us a *Miller* and a *Baker*;
 And yet, for all this mystery the answer *Merritts* favor,
 We need not go to Wales for *Welch*, nor to France to find
 a *Haver*;
 Nor is there a lack of Scottish chiefs for mountain or for
 valley,
 So long as we can claim *McCoy*, *McGregor* or *McVally*;
 'Tis said with truth our flag is laid upon the shelf at home,
 And we are left no rallying point, no guidon should we roam,
 Yet fortune favors us in this, of colors there's no lack,
 While we can call on *Pink* and *Green* or sombre *Brown* and
 Black;
 Methinks I hear you say, these colors do not agree, man,
 With proud Columbia's flag that waves above a *Freeman*.
 But let me just refer to Abram's proclamation,
 Which says that Black and Brown are free throughout the
 nation;
 That fiat has gone forth to every bondman's cot,
 When Lincoln says they are free, who dare say they *Arnot*;
 The arts and sciences are not left in disguise,
 For have we not five *Smiths* and one that's very *Wise*,
 An *Ericksen* whose works have filled our foes with wonder,
 Whose bulwarks guard our coast regardless of their thunder.
 We have our *Herriek* with his safes, and *Spaulding* with his
 glue,
 And *Armstrong* with his guns to help the matter through.
 What more do we need to put our foes to flight.
 Right *Wheel* him into *Line* the noted Sergeant *Hoyt*;

Besides all these, we have our *Cassels* and our *Halls*,
 Although we make our homes within thin canvas walls.
 And for our arms we would not wear a dagger, man,
 While we can find a *Lance* or two, my dear friend Mr. *Hagger-*
man.

'Tis not considered safe to lean upon a broken *Reed*,
 But while we have a *Peck* of *Grub* we need not lack for feed;
 And in our nightly vigils 'twould be a great mishap,
 Should we depend on *Messmer's* aid before we took a *Knapp*;
 In making rhymes like these our brain 'tis apt to puzzle,
 There are not many words to correspond with *Buzzel*;
 And I suppose that one might the English language ogle
 Before he found another word to jingle with *Keprogle*;
 For this important reason I let the others go,
 Only pausing for a moment for *Trowbridge*, *Blake* and *Coe*.;
 Perhaps before I close it would be as well to understand
 If any are offended the remedy is at hand,
 Just make your wishes known at long range with a poker.
 Your humble servant's ready, his name is

JOSEPH BOWKER.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN.

"Good-bye, girls; if we don't get shot.
We'll come back; otherwise, not."

ON the first of April Captain Foster returned to the Battery and assumed command thereof and Lieutenant Webster took his place at the head of the right section. On the third of the month General McClermand issued an order assigning Captain Foster to the position of Chief of Engineers on his staff. The Captain did not want the place, as it did not pay him enough to maintain the position in a manner suitable for the rank of that officer, and as his pay and rank would not be raised for such service he decided to decline the appointment. This, at least, is the reason he gave to those in the Battery, but in the letter written to General McClermand declining the position he said "that the good of the service required his presence in the Battery, for it stood greatly in need of fitting up," etc. Whatever may have been the true reason for declining the appointment the latter was not good, for the Battery, save for the want of a few horses, which were not to be had at that time, was never in better or more efficient shape, as had but recently been attested by the military commission appointed to inspect the troops in the city. It had beaten the best Regular batteries in the Department in drill, and was in as good discipline as it ever was before or afterwards. It had six new guns and a complete outfit of new harness. The men were well supplied with clothing and all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. It is quite probable that the Captain did not intend any reflection upon any other officer in the Battery when he wrote thus, but it virtually amounted to that. He probably thought that such an excuse would be the more readily accepted. Be that as it may, he was permitted to remain with the Battery and, at once, with his characteristic energy, took hold to improve its condition if possible.

In the meantime the veterans were returning from their furlough and it was not long until we were pretty well manned with our own men. General McClermand had gone to Texas to look after the part of his corps in that State, and was there when the news was received of General Banks's disaster up Red River. He was at once ordered to go to the relief of Banks and his army, and arrived in New Orleans on the 22d of April with part of his command. Finding the Battery there he demanded that it be assigned to his com-

mand, which was done, and he then ordered us to be ready to march by the next day or as soon thereafter as we were needed. When this order was received the men threw up their hats and cheered long and loud, for all had confidence in General McClernand. They remembered how he had come to us after the disastrous repulse at Chickasaw Bayou; how he had led us directly to victory at Arkansas Post; how, during all the hard fighting about Vicksburg, his corps had been in advance; that under his leadership the corps had never been repulsed, and they felt confident that he would wrest victory from Banks's defeat.

We left New Orleans by boat on the evening of the 25th and arrived at Alexandria about 11 a. m. on the 28th. All was confusion and excitement. The army was about five miles up the river and expecting a fight momentarily. It was rumored that our cavalry had been driven in by the enemy and that the whole army was on the retreat toward the town. McClernand ordered the Battery to the front as soon as it could be debarked, and then, with his staff, started for the advance. The right section was the first to get on shore and Lieutenant Webster did not wait for the others, but gave order "Forward; trot; march," and was soon on the way.

He incidentally discovered, en route, that his squad was short a lead and swing driver and a gunner, who, lingering between camp and the landing to bid good-bye to their own or some other fellows' girls, were left. It is worthy of remark that the machinery of the right gun went right along, notwithstanding the loss of these important cogs. At New Orleans Jack Viets got down out of the wheel saddle to be number one. Jack and Gabe were out among 'em one night and when they returned Gabe assisted Jack to his blankets, and, tucking him in, went whooping about the camp. At next evening roll call Gabe was reduced and Jack promoted to his place. When Lieutenant Webster discovered the absence of Viets he promptly reinstated Armstrong, and upon rejoining which he did by next boat, Viets found himself again a high private; this was his punishment. Of the other culprits, Ward and Cameron were ordered 15 days' extra duty, of which immediate work at the front deprived them of 13, and they owe it yet. George W. Scott, with the wisdom of the monk, enlisted as cook, receiving 50 cents a month extra from each member of the squad, consoled with Viets in his chagrin and smiled benignly at the pair of "Mikes" digging sinks and burying offal. But at the first move forward Scott abandoned pots and kettles and climbed into the saddle.

Captain Foster followed with the rest of the battery as soon as it was off the boats, which was but a few minutes. Occasionally the report of artillery could be heard, when the

troops moving to the front would press forward with renewed zeal, as they feared their comrades at the front needed their assistance. As we passed out of the place we met crowds of people of all ages, classes, sizes and conditions, as well as all shades of color, with all kinds of conveyances, and carrying all conceivable kinds of personal property. Sutlers were flying with the more valuable portions of their stocks, having, in their haste, left the greater part of their goods to the tender mercies of the soldiers. There were soldiers and citizens, old and young, privates and officers, white people and black people, men and women, people on foot and people on horseback, people in wagons and people in carriages; there were trains of army wagons and single wagons, loaded and unloaded, all intent upon making the greatest distance to the rear at the least possible time. One retreating Captain told the Lieutenant that there was no use in going out, as the whole army had been ordered to retreat. Lieutenant Webster said to him that we had been ordered to the front and we were going if we had to fight to get there, and we parted. We saw piles of hay and grain burned by the wayside, there not being transportation with which to move it to a place of safety. A little further along we saw a building in which were stored a quantity of commissary stores on fire.

Here and there were seen abandoned camps, where tents, camp and mess chests, officers' baggage and men's knapsacks and clothing were burning. Still we pressed on through the dust and heat, which were almost intolerable, expecting every moment to hear the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry, but none greeted our ears. As we neared the front the excitement seemed to die out, and when we arrived there we found all as quiet as if on parade, but they were prepared for a fight all the same. There was a force of the enemy in our immediate front, but its strength was not known. When we reported for duty we were told to remain where we were for the present. There were portions of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, commanded by A. J. Smith, about two-thirds of the Thirteenth Corps and the Nineteenth Corps, or what was left of them after the defeat at Mansfield, in the expedition, and when the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Thirteenth Corps boys recognized our Battery as it came up they broke into cheers and filled the air with their hats to show their joy at again having us with them, while such expressions as "Now the rebs will catch h—ll," "We are all right for artillery now," and "No reb battery can stand against Foster's men," were heard coming from the ranks of our comrades of the Vicksburg and Jackson campaigns. We had not been arrived more than 15 minutes before the army was ordered to fall back a few miles, form new lines and prepare for defense.

When the new line was formed we were permitted to break ranks for the purpose of getting supper and rest. There was a flock of sheep quietly grazing in a field in front of the Battery, and as the ranks were broken there was a charge made by the Battery, supported by the infantry, upon the said flock, and in less time than it takes to write it there was not a living "messenger of defeat" to tell the tale of their massacre.

Again we moved from the second position to the third. Guns in battery in a road, a dry ditch and a ragged hedge in front. At evening roll Captain Foster told us that discipline must not be relaxed now that we were in the field; that next evening there would be a parade at which we must appear with boots polished and sabers scoured. We broke ranks with a whoop, and a shell—from a battery captured by the rebels at Pleasant Hill from the Chicago Mercantile Battery, three-inch Rodmans—came from the woods a short mile away and passed over a Wisconsin regiment on our left. The whooping ceased and all eyes were turned towards the report and the smoke issuing from the margin of the wood. Captain Foster inquired, "What's that;" and the boys replied, "A rebel gun." The Captain climbed up on the battery wagon to get a better view, and another shell came over us unpleasantly close to Foster's hat. He slipped off the rounded top, striking on a wheel en route to the ground, commanding, "To your guns." We rushed to our guns as a third shell ploughed up the road beside our gun. Other shells may have come in. General Cameron rode over and we begged for permission to reply. He assented after asking if we thought we "could make it interesting for them." We did. And the infantry cheered. Coming back he halted at our left flank—we were in battery with the right on the left—and looking along the guns remarked to an Aid "Those fellows fight like the devil."

Concerning this event Albert Roberts, drummer of the 29th Wisconsin Infantry, wrote to *The National Tribune* some years after, as follows:

"The 1st Wisconsin Battery stands very high in my estimation, and for good shooting I have expressed it extremely mild to what some of the Battery boys could do if they would let the facts be known to the interested public.

"I recollect that at Alexandria, La., in 1864, the enemy planted a gun on the edge of the prairie about one mile from our camp, the ground descending a little toward them, and the view unobstructed by anything. They fired two shots into our lines from it, the first one going into the ground about 15 or 20 feet in front of my tent and did not burst. The other passed overhead and exploded in the rear of our lines. We were camped in line of battle and expected to be attacked at any time. The 1st Wisconsin Battery was in position close on

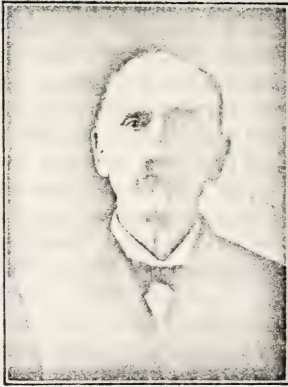
the right of my regiment, loaded one of their rifle guns and gave them one shot, which dismounted their gun; or, to use the expression which I heard at the time: 'Ha! ha! knocked it into a cocked hat the first time.'

"We did not have any more trouble from that quarter, the enemy keeping in the woods."

The next day we pulled out of camp with a support of infantry and, striking the enemy a mile out, skirmished with them all day, driving them beyond Clio Plantation. They would make a stand and smash away at our infantry, getting into line, with infantry and their captured battery until we got into position and skip out when we opened fire. It was very disagreeable for us to be halted between high Cherokee rose hedges and have the bullets and pieces of shell come skipping through the hedge, or over us, as several times happened. We wanted to see who was shooting at us. That night we fell back to camp and the next morning the Johnnies were in their old proximity. That day we drove them back to Big Hill, under about the same conditions. The country was level, but interspersed with groves and Cherokee rose hedges higher than a house. On this trip we passed the Lagree Plantation of "Uncle Tom" fame; Colonel Kegwin commanded and seemed fearful that the rebs were leading us into a trap. Once we ran out into a field and while in line of battle saw the rebel battery through the gaps in the hedges passing along in nearly our front, at just nice distance, but Kegwin would not let us open fire, although Gabe and other gunners begged leave to 'unjint' them. The least bit of enterprise would have bagged a part, if not the whole, of that battery. We alone could easily have 'unjinted' half of it. That night as we fell back after dark every building was burned along the route.

The following morning Lieutenant Webster was put in charge of a detail to build works of temporary protection and was directed by the chief of artillery to use some bales of cotton that were handy by for that purpose. As the work was nearly completed an order was received from General Banks to use no cotton in the fortifications and to take out all that had been used, which was done. This did not increase General Banks's popularity with the Battery boys 'a little bit.' The Western soldiers were loud in their denunciations of General Banks, carrying it so far as to groan and hiss at him when he appeared, while the presence of either McClelland or A. J. Smith was a signal for long and prolonged cheering from every regiment and division in their commands, and as the cheering died away in one part of the field it would be taken up like an echo and resounded again and again until there was one continuous shout and the air filled with hats and caps.

At Alexandria there are rapids or falls in the Red River,



CHARLES DUNBAR.

over which boats can pass in high water, but when the water is low they must remain on whichever side the rapids they may happen to be. When Banks's expedition first arrived at Alexandria the water was high and the fleet which accompanied him ascended the river, gunboats and all, but now the river had fallen until the gunboats could not be run over the rapids. The transports, drawing but little water, made the passage in good shape, but the gunboats were caught in a trap, while the water was constantly falling. One of the gunboats had already fallen into the hands of the enemy and been destroyed and it was seriously contemplated destroying the remaining boats to keep them and their armament from falling into rebel hands. General Banks had consulted his engineers, who were West Pointers, and they could devise no means by which the boats could be gotten over the rapids. Colonel Joseph Baily, of the 4th Wisconsin Regiment, submitted a plan by which the boats could be saved and which plan General Banks submitted to his engineers, but the latter scouted at the same and volunteered the opinion that it was the vision of a dreamer, or something to that effect. But General Banks, who had not yet imbibed the idea that all of wisdom and knowledge was bound up in a West Point education, knowing that a failure in an attempt to save the boats was more commendable than their wilful destruction, gave Colonel Baily permission to try his method and gave him all the assistance he required. His method was one well known to the lumbermen of the Northwest, and consisted of a wing dam so constructed as to confine the water to a narrow channel and thereby raise it over the rapids until the boats would float over in safety. The world knows the result. The gunboats were saved, and by a practical Western lumberman, unskilled in engineering, but well-equipped with practical common sense.

While the work of building the dam was going on the rank and file of the army had little to do but sit around their campfires and discuss the situation, the object of the expedition, the manner in which it had been conducted, and the disastrous defeat which had befallen the undertaking. Here had been an army marching in the enemy's country with an immense wagon train in front of the greater part of the forces, and when it had gotten strung out like a snake in a water pipe, where it could not turn itself, it was attacked by the enemy, thrown into confusion, then a stampede, the wagons blocking the way so that reinforcements could not reach the front to assist in the fight until the advance was routed, and only arrived just in time to be beaten and captured in turn. One evening a discussion was had around a campfire in the Battery, during which expressions concerning the generalship of the expedition were freely and forcibly given. After all

had spoken Bob Hodge took his pipe from his mouth and said: 'General Banks may be a good statesman, but he is no warrior.' In that little speech Bob had told much truth. If General Banks had remained in New Orleans and let General Franklin, or A. J. Smith, or McClernand conduct that campaign no such surprises would have been recorded.

"It is undoubtedly a fact, however, that there was an understanding between General Banks and Kirby Smith, that there was to be no fighting; that the Federal army was to be permitted to go into that country and take out a large quantity of cotton, but there must of necessity be a show of force made by the invading army. Dick Taylor was not in the scheme or did not approve of it, and showed fight and won a decisive victory. Had he failed it is more than probable that he would have been removed from his command, but he succeeded and they dared not censure him. Be that as it may, the matter has been investigated by the proper authorities and General Banks exonerated from all blame. It has passed into history and there we leave it."

INCIDENTS.

Comrade Herrick writes:

"Do you remember when we went out from Alexandria after the Johnnies we had a running skirmish. And those hedges, we will never forget. One place we came in battery near a large house, fired a few times and was ordered to cease, but, of course, we had to go into the house. The dining table was set and it looked as though they had just gotten through a meal, for there was nothing eatable on the table. But we did find the wine cupboard and a few samples, and having no other place to put it, we put it where we always did good things, in our mouths. I well remember the piano. One of the boys was playing, and the first we knew the house was on fire, and one of the boys danced on the top of it as long as it was safe to remain inside. I got a feather pillow and a nice wine glass. The latter I have yet. If I mistake not, the name of the place was Moore. This is the only relic I have of the Red River trip. We had a barrel of sugar on the caisson for several days, but was relieved of it when we crossed the pontoon bridge on the bows of the steamboats. I do not think it was thrown away, as it was put on one of the boats, and also when we fell back near Alexandria, when the sutler got scared and ran, the boys saved his goods for him. I got a cad of tobacco and buried it near where we used a few cotton bales for breast-works, that Banks made so much fuss over. Now, I did not take this for my own use, as I did not then, nor do I now, use the weed in that shape: smoking is enough for me."

THE RETREAT.

On the morning of the 12th of May the last boat passed safely over the dam, or rather through the chute caused by the dam, and the army was faced to the rear and headed for the Mississippi River. The Nineteenth Army Corps, General Franklin commanding, took the lead, followed by detachments of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, under A. J. Smith, the Thirteenth Corps commanded by Brigadier-General Lawler and the cavalry division commanded by General Arnold. The latter covered the rear in the retreat to the river. General McClernand was sick and had to be carried from the hotel to the boat upon which he took passage down the river. This was a sore disappointment to the men of his command, for they thought if he was only on duty with them they would come through all right, and were not so confident with regard to the ability of the others.

One section of the Battery under command of Lieutenant Hackett, was assigned to General Arnold and was engaged with the enemy more or less daily until the march was completed. At Yellow Bayou the section had a pretty hard little fight, losing one horse from having half his head shot away, and the hind wheels and two ammunition chests of one of their caissons. The cavalry lost upwards of 200 horses and men. The enemy had anticipated our movements and had prepared to intercept our retreat by setting a trap for us to enter, and had it not been for the gunboats they might have made us more trouble than they did, but as both the army and the fleet moved at once, and side by side, they could not operate successfully, and were content to keep up a running fight in front and rear, with an occasional dash on the flank of our train. Alone, the gunboats would have been at the mercy of the rebel sharpshooters and guerrillas, as they could plant batteries behind the levee and fire upon them with comparative safety, as, owing to the height of the river banks, it was impossible to return the fire with their heavy guns, while sharpshooters could lie behind a bank of earth or a fallen tree and pick thier men off. But as the land troops followed the river they prevented this annoyance by being on the ground to take a hand in any attempt on their part to interfere with the passage of the boats.

The march was not more hazardous nor so long as the retreat from Cumberland Gap, but it was more tiresome and worrying, owing to the heat and dust. There was very little, if any, air stirring and the dust was very fine and very deep and, as it was stirred by constant tread of passing men, horses and wagons, it pervaded the atmosphere until there was no escape. It may be truthfully said that we ate, breathed and drank dust until we began to think that the words, "Dust

thou art, etc.," were about to be verified in our cases. During the march we were almost constantly on the move, and yet always at a halt, at times being 15 hours going 10 miles, yet we were required to remain in harness ready to start at a moment's notice. Sometimes we would be kept up all night in anticipation of starting momentarily and not move a mile. Many a time the men would have their coffee boiling when the order to move would be received and the fire would be left for some other squad. At first the boys would throw the coffee away and hang the camp kettle in which it had been boiling on a gun carriage, hoping for a more favorable opportunity, but it did not take them long to "tumble" to the situation, and when the order came to move along one man would seize some fire, another would provide some wood, while two others would suspend the coffee kettle on a pole and carry it along until the next halt occurred. Sometimes it would be half a mile and then again it would be less than 50 yards. It was said that the wagon train alone was over five miles in length, mostly empty wagons that General Banks had charged the hosts of Dick Taylor with. Perhaps that accounted for the empty victory gained by the latter. It required more generalship to bring that wagon train away in safety than it did to get the army away. The retreat was a successful one, nothing being abandoned that could be of any use to the enemy. Nearly if not quite all the sugar houses and cotton gins were burned as our army passed, but if done by orders of the military or by stragglers was not known to the writer. All horses and cattle found on the route were taken along. The former were poor and small, and were of little use to the army, while the cattle were inferior and run mostly to bones and horns.

Comrade Leith writes:

"During the retreat of General Banks' army from Alexandria, La., the center section of the Battery was detached, under Lieutenant Eph L. Hackett, to operate with the cavalry in the rear guard.

"As soon as the columns began to move the rebels commenced to attack and harass the rear. These attacks, which sometimes assumed the proportions of miniature battles, were kept up day and night until the troops reached the Mississippi River.

"As may be assumed, there was no rest for the rear guard, and the fatigue occasioned by the loss of sleep was keenly felt by all. Many a sleepy man fell off his horse and in one or two cases was badly injured.

"When the columns halted the enemy would close up on the rear guard, and in order to protect those in front the rear guard would have to face about and form a line of battle. Sometimes the enemy would endeavor to cut out portions of

the column, and one morning they nearly succeeded in getting the Battery section. This occurred on the morning of May 18th, at Yellow Bayou.

"At daybreak on that day the column began to move as usual, and the rear guard soon followed. The bayou was crossed at a point where it made a turn almost at a right angle so that the formation of the land opposite was what the French call *a cul de sac*. After crossing the troops followed down the left bank for some distance. The enemy crossed further up and came in on our left flank. We immediately faced about and went into action on the bank of the bayou. The horses were ordered to be taken over the bank for protection from the enemy's shells. Emery Stanford and C. A. Leith were in charge of the horses. One of Stanford's horses would not lead and hung back, and Leith, spying a rebel gunner training his gun on the horses, hurried over the bank and at the same time calling to Stanford to let the refractory horse go and 'get there.' He obeyed just in time, for immediately the shell came and cut the said horse's head half off, causing the animal to rear and fall backward over the bank, and narrowly escaping a mix-up with the horses taken there for shelter. In trying to avoid getting crushed by the falling horse Nick Hitchcock received a severe injury to his foot from a horse's hoof.

"The Johnnies then began cutting down the bank with their shells in order to reach the horses, and so far succeeded as to cut the rolls of blankets off the rear of the saddles of two horses. In the meantime our guns had exhausted all their ammunition and expected to be captured, and would certainly have been had it not been for the timely arrival of two batteries and the 8th Wisconsin Regiment (the Eagle regiment). This force succeeded in cutting us out.

"A Maryland cavalry regiment then charged the enemy, but was badly cut up and repulsed. We then resumed our march."

A great many negro families left their homes and followed the army. Some of the saddest sights imaginable were there witnessed. Poor, sad and dejected; miserably clad and worse fed, with large families of small children, they were jostled about by the army as if they were cattle instead of human beings. Each family, or group of families, would have its wagon, or train of wagons, drawn by oxen, mules or ponies, and all so poor that it seemed as if they could barely get along without drawing a load, and they were crowded out or crowded in, just as the whim of some officer happened to be. By some they were told that this was their place, by others that, and by a third that they had no place at all, and no business in the way of an army. But they were very patient and seemed more than satisfied if they could only be assured that they

would escape the persecutions of the Confederate army, and at the same time secure their freedom.

The route pursued was to follow the river to Fort DeRusse, thence to Marksville, to SymSPORT, upon the Atchafalaya River, which stream was crossed on a pontoon made of steamboats placed side by side so that we could drive from the deck of one to the deck of another. This is the stream in which Longfellow makes Evangeline to pass her lover in the early morning, whom she, with the Holy Father, is seeking. It is certainly, as Longfellow says, in the "Garden of Louisiana." SymSPORT is about 15 miles from the Mississippi River, and after we crossed this stream the rebels left the chase and returned to their base. At Marksville, or near there, on Marks' prairie, we witnessed one of the grandest of sights seen in the army. It was the whole of Banks' army in view at one time. It was moved across in three parallel columns and as the prairie was large enough to permit the whole force to get on at once, and it was comparatively level land, those with field glasses were favored with the sight of a lifetime.

From SymSPORT to Morganza Bend, on the Mississippi River, the march was made without incident. At the latter place, 40 miles above Port Hudson, the army was camped preparatory to taking shipping for other fields, but for some reason was permitted to remain some time. The Battery was assigned quarters on a plat of ground near an old cotton gin, and as the latter had a shed on one side of it the boys thought it would be a fine place to put the horses and a rush was made for the "best" place, but scarcely had they entered before they were beating a retreat from the shed and brushing the lower portion of their trousers legs and the horses were pawing the ground and stamping and kicking furiously. Investigation showed that the cause of the commotion was nothing but fleas, of which there were millions. So indelibly did those industrious insects impress themselves upon the persons of those who then and there suffered from their ravages that long years after the memory of them, as it was suggested by receiving a little poem on the "Grayback," caused the writer, like Silas Wegg, to fall into poetry as follows:

THE FLEA OF MORGANZA.

The "Grayback" poem has been received

And its illustrations scanned, sir,

But nothing therein pictured or penned

Caused my hair to rise upon end

Like a memory of the flea of Morganza.

It is true that a sight of the crawling "phiz"
Of the old army brigand, sir,
Sent a hand under by arm with a vim,
But not in such haste to capture him
As 'twas wont to go for that flea at Morganza.

The Grayback is an industrious bird,
But try the best he can, sir,
To crawl all over a man in a minute,
He is not now and never was "in it"
With that jumping flea of Morganza.

The movements of *Pediculus V.*
Are slothful, my dear man, sir,
As compared with the jumps and the jerks
While climbing your spine with fantastic quirks,
Of that ubiquitous flea of Morganza.

The Grayback would bite, we all of us knew,
But, whenever he ran, sir,
We'd surely find him in some of his haunts;
In pleat of shirt or seam of pants,
But where was that flea of Morganza?

The soldier was content if he could strike back,
Or get his assailant in hand, sir,
This he could do with the Grayback bums
And "mash" their life out between his thumbs;
Not so with the flea of Morganza.

Thus it was then, and ever has been,
Since ever the world began, sir,
The Grayback, though worse than the "cracker bug,"
The "bacon worm" or the "commissary jug,"
Was not "in it" with the flea of Morganza.

We were soon comfortably fixed in camp with most modern army conveniences and wondering "What next?" On the 25th of May the Battery was ordered to prepare for an expedition, carrying two days' cooked rations. Lieutenant Webster being sick, did not accompany the Battery on this trip, which was for the purpose of capturing or intercepting a rebel force supposed to be in our rear. In the meantime a "wet spell" had set in which rendered the camp more or less muddy and uncomfortable, the ground being so level that it was difficult to drain it. The sun, when it shone, was hot and the weather sultry, while the mosquitoes were only equaled in number by the ubiquitous flea. The above expedition proved a "water

haul" and the Battery soon returned and settled down to regular camp duties, part of which consisted of speculation as to when we were to move from that place, and to where?

About the 10th of June Captain Foster went to New Orleans to look after the interests of the Battery and procure some much-needed supplies for the same, leaving Lieutenant Webster in command. No sooner had the Captain left than the Lieutenant moved the camp to a dryer and more suitable piece of ground a little further back from the river. The new quarters were properly drained, the tents ditched around, the kitchen put in good shape and the whole camp much improved and daily policed. About this time the troops at that place were reviewed by General Sickles. The column had barely began moving when it commenced to rain, and for more than an hour the water poured down as it can only pour in that country, but the review went right along. The reviewing officer sat on his horse as unconcernedly as if the weather was as fair as the proverbial May morning, while the troops marched as orderly as if they knew no other kind of weather. Within five minutes from the commencement of the rain there was not a dry thread in a single garment in that marching column. It was a grand sight to witness the stolid indifference to the rain of that army of veterans. The lines were maintained with as much precision and the step was as perfect as if on holiday parade. There was one regiment that passed the reviewing officer the men of which were nearly all barefooted. It had been a long time since they had been able to get any shoes, and as those they had were so badly worn and dilapidated that they were very little protection to the feet, the men decided to turn out without them. The reviewing officer expressed himself as being well pleased with the appearance and conduct of the men, and said their military bearing would compare favorably with that of any he had reviewed. In the meantime rumors were rife that we were soon to move: sometimes it would be to New Orleans, then to the Potomac, then to Tennessee and to various other places. A move in any direction would have been welcomed by the Battery, as all were heartily tired of that locality. It is undoubtedly the best country for bugs, ants, fleas and chigoes one ever saw. They were, in fact, a spontaneous production. The ground was full of ants that run over you, the air was full of bugs that fly and get into your eyes, ears, and hide in your clothing and blankets, the grass was full of chigoes which would bury themselves under the cuticle and set up an inflammation that would discount "poison oak," erysipelas and the itch combined, while the fleas were everywhere. Dig into the earth, they were there; keep on the surface of the earth and they would greet you at every turn; go into a house,

mill or barn and lo, it was their dwelling place. When a man put on his boots or shoes he found them filled with bugs and creeping things: they were in his clothing, knapsack and bedding, while the ants were in everything, particularly the sugar, molasses and "grub" generally. One was either scorched with the heat of the sun or drenched with the rain, overrun with fleas and eaten by chigoes by day, while at night he was meat for bugs, fleas and mosquitoes. Was it any wonder we were willing to move—anywhere?

On the 13th of June the following order was received:

"The 1st Wisconsin Battery, Horse Artillery, is hereby ordered from duty with the Thirteenth Army Corps and will be sent to New Orleans without delay, and report to Brigadier-General Richard Arnold, Chief of Cavalry, for service with the cavalry division. By command of Major-General Banks."

This was, indeed, good news, as, aside from the unpleasantness of the place, we were without money and needed clothing badly, neither of which we could get there. Preparations were at once made for moving that we might be ready the moment that transportation should be provided. While waiting for transportation Major-General Daniel E. Sickles, Inspector-General of the army, came to the Bend to inspect the troops at that point. The Battery, of course, was "in it," although it had less than two hours' notice to appear, but the reviewing General complimented us as making the best show of any battery in the column.

Captain Foster having learned upon his arrival in New Orleans that the Battery had been ordered to that city, returned without making any requisition for the needed supplies, as they could be the more readily obtained when we should arrive there. In the meantime an inspection was ordered to be conducted by the Corps Inspector. Lieutenant Webster put the camp in excellent order and saw that the accoutrements of the men, the harness, horses, guns, etc., were properly prepared. About one hour before the time set for the inspection to begin a boat arrived from below bringing Captain Foster. He at once assumed charge of affairs and when the inspecting officer appeared met him and accompanied him through the Battery. Before transportation could be furnished us, the order sending us to New Orleans was revoked and we were ordered to remain where we were for the present. So we once more unpacked our effects and hung our banners upon the outer wall and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. As we had become better acquainted with the inhabitants and were on better terms with the fleas, bugs and mosquitoes we did not mind staying a few weeks longer, particularly as the weather had "faired up" and the heat moder-

ated. The monotony of camp life was now and then broken by a dash of the cavalry into the country after guerrillas, who infested the neighborhood. On all of these occasions from one to four guns of the Battery accompanied the expedition, usually under the command of Lieutenant Hackett, the dashiest officer and the best fighter the Battery ever had.

About the 20th of June the Battery was ordered to proceed at once to New Orleans, and as transportation was speedily furnished, we embarked and arrived in the city on the 24th of the month and were assigned quarters in cotton yards a few squares from our former camping place. The people living in the neighborhood welcomed us back, as the best of relations had existed between them and the men in the Battery. It is but justice to say here that there was never any complaint from any of the citizens laid against the conduct of the men of the 1st Wisconsin Battery in the city of New Orleans.

The Chicago Mercantile Battery, or so much of it as was saved from the disastrous Red River campaign, was at this time at Carrollton, in charge of the only commissioned officer that escaped death or capture, a Second Lieutenant. They were required to do guard duty with muskets pending their equipment, but the men refused to do such duty and the officer would not attempt to make them do so. The result was the Lieutenant was put under arrest with his men. General Arnold decided to send Lieutenant Webster from our Battery to take command of them, but Captain Foster objected, as he did not want to spare the Lieutenant. But General Arnold insisted upon the detail and sent for Webster to talk with him about the matter. He told the Lieutenant that if he would go and take charge of that battery that the Department officers would unite in a recommendation that he be commissioned as its Captain by the Governor of Illinois, but the Lieutenant told him he would rather remain a Lieutenant in the 1st Wisconsin Battery than accept a commission from any other State as Captain, and begged off from the detail as proposed. The trouble in the Chicago Battery was finally adjusted by a visiting delegation from home and the selection of one Patrick White as its Captain.

On the 28th of June Captain Foster and Lieutenant Aylmer mounted their horses for a ride to the city. On meeting a street car the horse of Lieutenant Aylmer became frightened and rearing up fell backward on the track in front of the car, throwing the Lieutenant's arm under the wheels, which so mangled that member that amputation was necessary. He was taken to a hospital, where he received the best of care. It worried the Lieutenant exceedingly that he should lose his arm in that manner, after going through all the fighting the Battery had taken part in. If it had only been lost in battle

he would have submitted without a murmur; but to have been a soldier and then to lose an arm through the agency of a street car was mortifying in the extreme.

There was to be a review and parade on the Fourth of July, and, as usual, Captain Foster was on the qui vive for something in which the Battery might attract its full share of attention and at the same time demonstrate its superior training. He had learned where there were to be had some Regular artillery caps with tall red plumes and cords and determined to have them for the occasion. They were procured and issued to the men which was just so much more paraphernalia for them to look after and care for and keep in order for inspections and reviews. The harness was freshly cleaned and oiled and the guns and carriages thoroughly cleaned and everything put in the best shape possible, which with Captain Foster meant in unexceptionable condition. While in the midst of all this preparation orders were received to take boat for Baton Rouge in the morning, to go light, take nothing but what men could carry on their horses. Again was all hurry and confusion, but we were ready to start on time; the order to move was, however, countermanded and instructions given to wait further orders.

There was a great scarcity of horses in the Department for the cavalry and artillery, and orders were issued to confiscate from the citizens who owned them, wherever they might be found. As a result of said order the hacks and carriages of the city suffered severely. Vehicles of all descriptions were left standing in the streets and the horses turned over to the Quartermaster's Department. In some instances finely dressed ladies, with their cavaliers, were left horseless in their carriages in the street, and neither tears, supplications, threats or invocations would help to regain them. All registered enemies were required to apply for transportation beyond the Federal lines.

On the 30th of June we were inspected by General Reynolds, commanding the post; General J. W. Davidson, commanding the cavalry forces, and General Arnold, Chief of Artillery, all of whom expressed themselves as being thoroughly satisfied with the appearance and conduct of the Battery.

The Confederate prisoners were yet confined in the city and were granted concessions strangely in contrast with the favors granted to our boys confined in the rebel prisons. Quite a number of the rebel prisoners were permitted to marry ladies in the city and then spend the honeymoon in regal style in their quarters, receiving their friends as freely as if they were at a public hotel. In some instances where the parties wished to have the marriage ceremony performed in church the

groom was accompanied by a guard who stood with musket at a shoulder while the ceremony was performed and then escorted the happy pair to the prison, where they would receive their city friends in state.

On the Fourth of July came the anticipated review, with General Canby as reviewing officer. By virtue of rank Nimms' Massachusetts Battery and the two Regular batteries should have preceded us in the review, but General Arnold said that from the standard of efficiency the 1st Wisconsin was entitled to the right of the column, which place was assigned to us. The others did not like it very well, but had to submit. Nimms' Battery was really a good one, much above the average, but for all-around business did not equal ours. The Regulars we ignored as much as possible, giving them just attention enough to take all honors from them. The 1st Wisconsin Battery earned all the honors it gained that day, for the weather was hot and sweltering, and the shakos and plumes were heavy and burdensome.

On the 5th of July we were paid off, when Cameron suggested to Heckman that a purse be raised to purchase a friendly testimonial from the men in the Battery of their regard for Lieutenant Aylmer. Cameron deemed it eminently proper that Heckman should lead in this matter, as he (Heckman) and the Lieutenant had not as yet become reconciled since they had a serious falling out which had led to blows. Heckman, one of the frankest men that ever lived, entered into the scheme readily, giving more towards it than any other man in the Battery. One hundred and thirty-five dollars were raised and placed in the hands of Lieutenant Webster, who was commissioned to procure the present and present the same to the Lieutenant when he should return to the Battery. A gold watch was selected on the inner case of which was engraved the proper inscription, together with the names of all the battles in which Lieutenant Aylmer had taken part and ending with the Latin motto, "*Nil Desperandum.*" Tom Miller, a detailed man from the 16th Ohio Regiment, was in the hospital and absent from the Battery during the Red River campaign and had returned to the Battery since Lieutenant Aylmer had been in the hospital. He desired to see the watch before it should be delivered to the Lieutenant, and when it was shown to him asked to have the inscription read. Tom was a splendid soldier and a favorite with all in the Battery, but, like many another good man, was not well up in Latin, and when the names of the battles was followed by "*Nil Desperandum*" Tom was not a little nonplussed, for he had been in all the battles the Battery had taken part in and remembered no such place. At last he solved the matter this way;

said he: "Spran, spran, spran-dum; O, that was that fight up Red River, wasn't it?"

But Lieutenant Aylmer was never to see the beautiful present his comrades had prepared for him, as he was taken suddenly with a rheumatic fever which ran into pneumonia and carried him off very suddenly. He was at no time after the watch was purchased in a condition to be told of the present. It was finally sent to his relatives in Philadelphia, who undoubtedly cherished it for his sake. The Lieutenant was buried with military honors, his remains being carried to the cemetery on one of his caissons with the Battery as an escort. Pallbearers were furnished from other artillery companies in the city. Thus passed away as brave an officer and as true a patriot as fell during that great struggle.

On the 28th of July Captain Foster was again detached from the Battery and put in charge of a camp of instruction, which put Lieutenant Webster once more in command of the Battery.

The people of New Orleans at this time abhorred the Yankees above all other people on earth, and were not slow in letting their antipathy be known; yet they dressed in Yankee made goods, sat in Yankee chairs, lounged on Yankee sofas, ate their bread made from Yankee flour, off of Yankee china, while sitting around a Yankee table with a Yankee napkin lying across their laps; slept in Yankee made bedding upon a Yankee bedstead, combed their hair with a Yankee comb, washed with Yankee soap, swept with Yankee brooms, walked in Yankee shoes and wore Yankee hats or bonnets. If they rode it was in a Yankee carriage drawn by a Yankee harness, and when they died they were buried in a Yankee coffin—the grave being the only home product furnished from start to finish, they having been rocked in Yankee cradles. Yet the horrid Yankee! It was this feeling that not only promoted them to withhold any sympathy for the Federal prisoners then returning from the rebel prisons of Texas and Louisiana for exchange, but caused them to rejoice at the miserable plight they were in. They were ragged and emaciated. Many of them had not received an article of clothing for months, and, as they were poorly supplied at the time of capture and had been robbed of the best of what they had, they presented a spectacle that would appeal to the sympathy of a brazen image; but it did not affect the chivalrous sons and daughters of the Pelican State in that way. Many of them were barefooted; some were without shirts, while others had neither shirts, hats, boots, shoes or coats, having only pantaloons, and they were cut off at the bottom to furnish material for patching other and more important parts of the garments. They reported that at the prisons they were fed and cared for as

well as the rebel soldiers were, but that on the march, and while in charge of the guards and marching through the country, they were mistreated by them and the citizens along the way. If a man was sick or lagged behind on the march a lariat was put about his neck and fastened to the pommel of the saddle, and the poor victim was dragged along at the risk of his life if he should happen to stumble or fall by the way. The men the rebels received in exchange for these starved and emaciated prisoners were well fed, fat, healthy and well clothed, being ready for active service as soon as they should reach their commands.

About this time another of the members of the Battery died in hospital. His name was Herman Snider and he was from Preston, Minnesota, and was one of the latest recruits, having enlisted in January, 1864. He was sick a long time and had been furloughed to go home as soon as he should be able to travel, which he never was.

We now began to feel that we were to remain in New Orleans for the remainder of the summer, and with that anticipation we at once began to repair and renovate the quarters, stables, etc. The work was scarcely under way, however, before a staff officer came to us one evening about 5 o'clock and asked Lieutenant Webster how soon the Battery could move? "As soon as we can hitch up," replied the Lieutenant. He then left orders for us to proceed at once to the levee at or near the foot of Canal-street, and take a boat for Baton Rouge. At 7:30 that same evening we were on the levee, over two miles from our camp, ready to load, but the transportation furnished being insufficient it was nearly 10 o'clock before we began to load. We were ready loaded by midnight and soon on our way up river. This is the quickest move the Battery ever made when not pressed by the enemy or moving to engage one, and we doubt if it be not, everything considered, the quickest made by any organization during the war.

CHAPTER XVII.

"There was shaking of hands
And sorrow of heart,
For the time was approaching
When merry folks must part."

WE arrived at Baton Rouge at 5 o'clock p. m. on the next day, July 8th, and went into camp in Fort Williams, near the United States Arsenal, at that place.

Captain Foster, who remained in New Orleans in charge of the camp of instruction, soon after procured an order detailing himself, Lieutenant Hackett, Sergeant Stewart and three enlisted men to proceed to Wisconsin to recruit for the Battery. Owing to the want of men on duty Lieutenant Webster protested to the detail through General Herron, then in command at Baton Rouge, and Lieutenant Hackett asked to be relieved from the detail, and the order was rescinded and the men remained on duty with the Battery.

About the middle of August Lieutenant Webster was taken very sick, and, at the suggestion of Captain Burdick, of the 7th Michigan Battery, who was Ordnance Officer for the Post, he was removed to a private house, where he could have quiet and be relieved from the cares of the business pertaining to the Battery, the command devolving upon Lieutenant Nutting until Captain Foster returned to take command on the 27th of August. On the 1st of September Lieutenant Webster returned to duty, about which time Captain Foster was recalled to New Orleans as Chief of Artillery for the Department.

As Lieutenant Webster's health was very poor he had hoped to be permitted to go home with the three years men and to be mustered out of service with them, and so expressed himself to Captain Clapp, General Herron's A. A. G., when the latter looked him in the eye and said: "Don't you know that the very existence of the 1st Wisconsin Battery depends upon your staying with it, and that it would go straight to h—ll without you? You have two good Lieutenants, but they can't run a battery."

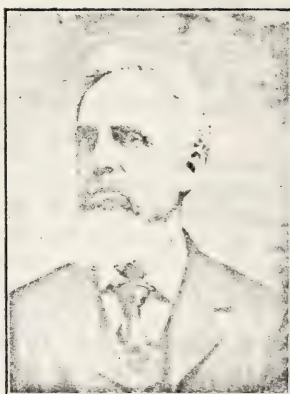
The Battery was frequently called upon to furnish one or more pieces to accompany some expedition or raid into the country, upon which occasion either Lieutenant Nutting or Hackett, or both of them, were sent in command of detachments, Lieutenant Webster remaining in camp with the remainder of the Battery.

CLINTON EXPEDITION.

The last affair in which the original battery engaged was an expedition to Clinton, in August, our cavalry brigade, under General A. L. Lee, the Battery under Captain Foster. We were gone from the Post three days, chasing the enemy far towards Liberty, and it was a new experience to us, as we left a large share of our impedimenta in camp, riding light. Perhaps it is well summed up in the words of a comrade:

"Do any of you boys remember the expedition under that August sun with General Lee? The last in which the three years boys took a part. When the horses lay down and died with the heat or plunged forward dead in harness? The Battery was never so nearly wrecked as when it crawled into camp upon return. There was little of the animate left save the indomitable Anglo-Saxon light shining from the eyes out of the sweat-begrimed faces surmounting the dust-encrusted bodies. Days, weeks after, Herron wrote Canby, in discussing a raid, that Lee's cavalry brigade had so suffered on that trip that it would not be proper to order them out until they were further recruited. This was one of the 'picnics' in which some of the gentlemen now in high places might have participated, but didn't; nor in any similar."

General Lee, commanding the cavalry brigade, accompanied by Lieutenant Hackett's section, got past our picket line on the evening of August 24, 1864, to march all night and rush the rebel pickets at daylight. Jack Viets and I saddled our horses and fell in with the 4th Wisconsin. Promptly the pickets were struck at daylight and rushed across the Comite River, where they destroyed the bridge and lined up with their artillery on the farther bank. The cavalry had rushed them in column until striking a strong skirmish line in the woods and it took some time to dismount 1, 2 and 3, No. 4 hold the horses and get into line, the enemy's artillery shelling the woods over their own line. While this was being done our boys were in column halted in the road just past a blacksmith shop and Lieutenant Hackett was pacing around knowing his moustache, impatient to get at them and, of course, in his usual genial humor, under such circumstances. Viets and I were in the blacksmith shop broiling a rooster that, about sunrise, had hopped out of a coop and tried to gaff Jack, who had to kill him in self-defense. Upon us came Lieutenant Hackett and told us to fall in with his gun squad. It was here he told me I ought to have one leg slit and the other stuck through it. The cavalry got into line and pressed the rebels across the bridge and scouted up and down for a ford. Hackett got the word and rushed up his guns. The cavalry were strangers to us of the Nineteenth Corps, and when they ran up against the rebel guns were wish-



JOHN BOYCE.

ing for, and talking of, Nimms' Battery. But when within five minutes after we dropped trails and began slamming it into them, they went whooping up the road and we heard no more desires for Nimms' Battery. We were good enough for them. The cavalry found crossings and the rebel line followed their artillery and it was a race for six miles to Clinton. Viets and I melted away, crossed below the bridge and joined in the race. Hackett and his guns got in an hour after and bivouacked on "the four square" by a large hotel, the landlord of which among other treasures, had a \$1,500 porker for dinner. A column of colored cavalry and infantry came in from Port Hudson along in the afternoon, the first colored cavalry we had ever seen. We tarried here until the early morning of the second day and then retraced our steps, scouting parties being sent out short distances. The rebels didn't stop running until they reached the next county. Today half of the men in that colored column are recipients of, or applicants for, pension for disabilities which they claim to have received on that march, and they never fired a gun.

When Viets and I struck the town with the cavalry we flanked right and rode down a street, halting to talk with a gentleman standing at his gate and claiming to be an English subject. Pratt was his name and he had a stylish daughter, wearing dark ringlets down to her shoulders and was a sweetheart of Lieutenant-Colonel Jones S. Hamilton, Assistant Provost Marshall General, C. S. A.

One Sunday in the quadrangle of the old fort at Baton Rouge, Johnny Hickman and Hallet Rathbun had on the gloves. Johnny, by some accident, ran his nose up against "Ratty's" left duke—or maybe "Ratty" ran his left up against Johnny's nose—and started the claret. Johnny, by judicious sniffing, kept it from appearing until his somewhat capacious nostril was filled. Just at this opportune moment appeared Billy McKeith, shrouded from neck to calf in a fresh, stiffly starched duster. Dropping on his knee in rear of Johnny to second him, Johnny seated himself on the parallel of the other leg, placed his nose at Billy's right cuff, drew it quickly to the shoulder, softly breathing through it in transit, cast off the gloves and ran, leaving Billy to gaze at a broad crimson streak the full length of the sleeve of his otherwise spotless duster. The assembled boys split the blue ether with their unseemly mirth. A foot race ensued, but Johnny had too much start.

One of the non-veterans writes of this time: "Well, yes, I have a lady's watch that I took from a burning dwelling. All the rest of her clothing hung in her room, and the bed was yet warm, but, as the fire was bright in the room, I made sure the lady was not there, took the watch so as not to be late to roll call in the morning. I put the watch between my army sock

and foot, in the instep, put on my army blouse and went down stairs the back way, the front being all ablaze. Below was a saloon, and I helped carry out some things; but a case of those bottles done up in long straw over each bottle. This stuck to my shoulder, and for fear the boys would use it all I went to the Mississippi River and sunk it near where the breastworks came down to the river, putting a weight on the staff so it would stay down; went back to the fire and helped move several more. We had our fun, and afterwards we were all rounded up and searched by the Colonel, I guess, commanding the fort. I had to take off my Government slippers and was searched generally, but the watch was not discovered. It is a keepsake yet. The basket was tapped by degrees, and, Mark, you know how that was, even if you did not know how it came. The 4th Wisconsin was camped at Magnolia Grove. Carson and myself had been down there a few days before. Some of the boys said there was to be a fire before long, so we were on the lookout. I remember what a time we had getting to that fire. After the alarm was sounded we had hard work to get out of the big ditch in front of the breastworks, and when we did get out the guard cried halt. But halt I could not if I had tried. I lost my hat, but a man going to a fire hatless was no uncommon thing."

On the 8th of September Lieutenant Webster applied for an order to take the three-years men home for muster-out, as their term of enlistment would expire on the 11th of October. The application was approved by General Herron. He thereupon began arranging for the making out of the necessary muster rolls, and that there might be no delay when they should reach home, because of any fault in said rolls, he consulted a Regular mustering officer who was then at Herron's headquarters. About this time the officers of the 11th Wisconsin Regiment united in a recommendation to the Governor of Wisconsin that Captain Foster be promoted to the rank of Colonel, complimenting him for "bravery upon many a hard fought battlefield."

Hearing nothing from the application for the order to take the men home who were mustered out, from Department headquarters, and feeling satisfied that the order would not be issued, and being in poor health, Lieutenant Webster tendered his unconditional resignation as an officer in the Battery, which was approved by the brigade and division commanders, but when it came to General Herron's headquarters his A. A. G., Captain Clapp, of the 42d Ohio Regiment, forwarded it to Department headquarters with the following endorsement: "This officer is in bad health, but is very worthy and meritorious. I would recommend that a leave of absence be granted him to go beyond this Department." This was disapproved at

General Banks's headquarters. The Lieutenant now gave it up. He tried to get a leave of absence, had tried to get a detail to go North, and had tried to resign, and failed in all of them. He therefore came to the conclusion that if he should die in that country and his body should be sent home, that they would draft that and keep him in the army in some shape until the war was over.

In the latter part of September the Battery received orders to put itself in readiness for the field and to drill at least four hours daily to accustom the horses to hard work. Brigadier-General Lee, who commanded the cavalry, to which brigade we were assigned, seemed to rely much upon the efficiency of our Battery and was in frequent consultation with Lieutenant Webster concerning it.

The 13th Wisconsin Battery, Captain Griffith, was at this time at Baton Rouge, but its efficiency was much impaired through the disagreement of its officers. Charges and counter-charges were preferred which resulted in the arrest of most of the officers. At this juncture General Herron desired that Lieutenant Webster should be put in command, and conferred with the latter concerning the matter, promising to use his influence with the Governor of Wisconsin to have the Lieutenant commissioned as Captain, but the Lieutenant would not consent to do so of his own volition, saying that if he went it would be by virtue of a peremptory order, and that he was satisfied to remain with the 1st Wisconsin Battery while he should remain in the service. Happily the differences in the 13th Wisconsin Battery were compromised without resort to extreme measures.

Much to his surprise, orders were received on the 26th for Lieutenant Webster to accompany the three-year men home for muster out, but General Lee objected to his going, both he and General Herron promising him that if he would remain with the Battery until the approaching campaign was over they would both agree to let him have a good long leave, whereupon the Lieutenant consented to remain. He, however, accompanied the men to New Orleans, when Captain Foster, who had recently been commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the 1st Regiment, Heavy Artillery, took charge of them and accompanied them home, assisted by Lieutenant O. F. Nutting, who had recruiting orders.

As the men were taking leave of Lieutenant Webster on the wharf, as the ship was about to sail, Pete Derham, who had been fortifying against "snake bites," seized the Lieutenant's hand and said: "Lieutenant, I don't like you very d—d—excuse profanity—well. I'm no particular friend of yours. You would be a pretty good fellow, and I think I'd like you for a neighbor, and in civil life, but these little laws, you

know. They are all well enough and I don't blame you. We'll not part enemies; good-bye."

Just here it might be proper to quote:

"Captain Webster comes forward with a theory that some of us fellows, himself among the number, were too cowardly to run away under fire. That is, some sort of a sixth sense led the cannoneers to walk into the mix-up alongside the guns and get to work and then, whatever might happen, they lacked the courage to run away. The horses carried the drivers in, and after reversing the limber they lacked the courage to dismount and run. The non-commissioned and commissioned were carried in by their chevrons and straps, and then dare not run. In support of which theory I quote from rebel General Wade Hampton, who tells that while he was getting his line up to the Federal front at Malvern Hill a rabbit jumped up in front, doubled, and finally broke through his line, disappearing to his rear. 'Go it; you little cuss,' he muttered. 'If it wasn't for these shoulder straps, I'd be with you.'

"Perhaps most of us can recall a moment when we would gladly have exchanged an arm or a leg for safety, \$35 a month and canonization as a hero. And, another thought. Who is the hero? He who stuck to his gun all through like Riffenberg, or Jack Curtis, or Norm Webster, or a score more we can mention, until the last rebel gun was stacked, and who are now old men when they should be in their prime; who are bent, but not with years; whose faces are seamed with suffering born of service, and who would boast with glee of a day passed without an ache? Or is it he who poses in the center of the stage at patriotic gatherings with an empty sleeve, but with an erect form and the line of health in his cheek, proudly recounting how he lost his arm in his only battle after a 30-days campaign.

"One is grand and heroic and the other 'looks like a slice off the day of judgment,' but who 'fit enduring the war' and reduced the organized Democracy to citizenship once more."

Those of us who veteranized gathered on the levee to see the boys off, and it was a sad parting, this wrenching apart of men who had been brothers for years. It was hard to say whether they wished most to stay or we wished most to go with them. The talk was mostly in low tones, as if in the presence of a calamity. Heads drew close together and messages were sent North to fathers, mothers, "Pigeon," "Rachel," "Jimmie," Keenan and "Old Brockliss keeps good whiskey." "Now, boys, tell 'em just as it is."

Our Orderly Sergeants were Dan Webster, Charles B. Kimball, Oscar F. Nutting, Eph L. Hackett, Edward P. Aylmer, Edwin E. Stewart, and last, and best beloved of all, Samuel D. Blake—"Black Sam." He's white Sam now.

Sergeant McKeith, who up to this date had guarded the secret in his own bosom, threw his arm impulsively around Cameron's neck and whispered in his ear, "Mule." Simply this and nothing more, leaving him astounded; for Don thought the facts confined to himself and Hewitt. Downs gave him a warm handclasp and said: "Carl, remember the words of your favorite poet, 'Better not be, than not to be noble.'"

Of the movements of the non-veterans W. J. Davidson writes: "September 25th embarked on the transport Ohio Belle at 5:30 for New Orleans, arriving there next morning, the 26th, at 5 a. m.; went into camp at Steam Leavy Press, Tuesday 27th embarked on the old steam propeller Constitution, taking on board 233 prisoners taken at Fort Morgan, bound for Elmira, N. Y.; weighed anchor at 3:30 p. m., crossed the bar at mouth of Mississippi, getting into the Gulf at 6:30 a. m. 28th. September 30th passed by Tortugas about sundown; Key West at midnight. October 1st, U. S. mail steamer George B. McClellan passed us, leaving one and one-half days after we did and arrived one and one-half days ahead of us, making the trip in six days, we making it in nine. October 6th came to anchor about 1 p. m. in North River. October 7th, transferred the prisoners from steamer to cars at Jersey City; pulled out from Jersey City at 5:30 p. m., arriving in Elmira next forenoon; turned prisoners over to proper authorities and started for Madison; arrived there in due season; was mustered out October 24th, and paid in full and bounty due October 25th."

From George L. Herrick's diary we quote:

"September 24th. Turning over Government property. Have orders to go to our State. Hurrah. Waiting for transportation. Started at dark on steamer Ohio Bell for New Orleans.

"Monday, September 26th. Arrived New Orleans at daylight.

"Tuesday, September 27th. Left New Orleans on steamship Constitution with 328 rebel prisoners for New York.

"Wednesday, September 28th. Left Mississippi River at daylight, and some of the boys don't seem to like the coffee; seems to come up easy.

"Thursday, September 29th. Blank; guess was sick.

"Friday, September 30th. Sighted Dry Tortugas O. K.

"Saturday, October 1st. Off southern coast of Florida.

"Sunday, October 2d. All sick. Rough.

"Monday, October 5th. On guard. Rough sea.

"Tuesday, October 4th. Off Cape Hatteras at noon.

"Wednesday, October 5th. Blank.

"Thursday, October 6th. Arrived New York 8 a. m.; an-

chored out in the harbor; got plenty of apples, but short on eatables.

"Friday, October 7th. Crossed over to Jersey City; started on cars with prisoners for Elmira, N. Y.

"Saturday, October 8th. Arrived at Elmira at daylight, turned over our prisoners. Had good deal of trouble at depot on leaving at 3 p. m.; gave us cattle cars to ride home in after three years' service, but it didn't work. Row at Hornersville, N. Y.

"Sunday, October 9th. Arrived Dunkirk 8 a. m. Stayed in depot. Several rows; plenty to eat and cold.

"Monday, October 10th. Good breakfast; slept in cars last night; left at 8 a. m. for Cleveland; arrived Cleveland 3 p. m.; left at 7 p. m. for Toledo and Chicago.

"Tuesday, October 11th. Arrived Chicago 10 a. m. at Soldiers' Rest, leaving at 4 arrived at Madison 12 o'clock at night; slept on depot floor.

"Wednesday, October 12th. At Camp Randall; lay there waiting for discharge until Monday, October 24th, mustered out.

"Tuesday, October 25th. Got our pay; all square with the army. Bought suit of clothes."

Frank Downs writes of the trip home as follows:

"We went to New Orleans by steamer, with Captain Foster in command. At the latter place we bivouacked on the pavement in the vicinity of the levee while waiting for the ocean steamer that was to convey us to New York. Two hundred and fifty Confederate prisoners, taken at Mobile, were placed in our charge to be taken to the military prison at Elmira, N. Y., and we were furnished with some old fashioned muskets with which to guard them.

"Nothing of note happened on our voyage except while rounding the southern point of Florida a dark, heavy bank of smoke was seen in the distance, which for a time gave us some uneasiness because it was believed to be a Confederate cruiser. We were all called on deck and Captain Foster put us through some kind of a drill for repelling boarders, but after some time of anxious watching the smoke all disappeared and we all breathed easier.

"The prisoners were confined in the hold of the ship, but during pleasant weather they were permitted to come up on deck in reliefs of 25 to breathe the fresh air. The writer of this was sick most of the time and thereby missed many incidents of the voyage that may be remembered by others.

"About the sixth or seventh day we arrived at New York and anchored in the harbor while waiting for transportation by rail to Elmira. We were soon on board the train with our 250 prisoners in charge. We had been furnished with regular

passenger coaches to Elmira, whence we marched out to the prison camp and delivered the prisoners to the proper authorities and also turned over the muskets which had been furnished us to guard them with. When we returned to the depot to take the train for Dunkirk we found, instead of the passenger coaches in which we had come with the prisoners, a lot of dilapidated and dirty emigrant cars for us to proceed with. At first the boys refused to enter them, when a lot of roughs of the copperhead stripe began to taunt us with the way Lincoln treated his hirelings, but they were soon given to understand that they had better not carry the joke too far. Finally the boys were induced to take the cars on the promise that when we arrived at Dunkirk we would get better cars on the Lake Shore road. We were further induced to do so by the suggestion that if we took that train we would make close connection and get home at least a day sooner.

"It was dark when we left Elmira. A number of regular passenger coaches were attached to the rear of the train. After dark the boys began playing all kinds of pranks, for they believed that the whole thing was a deliberate insult to us as Union soldiers by the copperhead element which was known to have control of the road, whose president was the notorious Dean Richmond, one of the most open and virulent sympathizers of the South. The first thing the boys did was to cut the bell rope and uncouple the regular passenger coaches, and the train went some distance before the engineer discovered he had lost part of his train.

"It was Saturday night, and most of the passengers were way passengers. A snow storm came up and it was bitter cold. There was no way for heating our cars and as passengers left the passenger coaches, at the different stations, our boys watched their chances and quietly filled the vacant seats. In one of the coaches was a party of men evidently going through to Dunkirk, and among them was one great, sturdy six-footer, a regular 200-pounder. As the first of our boys, I think it was Billy McKeith, entered this car, the party just mentioned began to abuse the soldiers, calling them 'Lincoln hirelings,' 'butchers,' etc. Billy would not stand this kind of talk and left the car, but soon returned with reinforcements. As they entered the coach the big fellow, evidently the leader of the gang, drew his revolver, when one of our slim youths, familiarly known as 'Ratty,' quietly slipped his thumb under the hammer of the cocked revolver and took it away from him. In order that he might not be unnecessarily encumbered another of the boys took his heavy shawl, and for fear it might be broken, another of them took charge of his fine gold watch, while 'Duffy,' I think it was, took charge of his silk hat. Then two of the boys, one on each side, escorted him along the aisle of the coach,

sometimes resting suddenly and heavily against the ends of the seats, until they reached the door, when they hastily raised him in their arms and he landed somewhat hurriedly and awkwardly on the platform of the depot at which the train had just stopped. The boys then very quietly and courteously asked if there were any more of them that wanted to get off at that station. As the train had begun to move on no one answered or expressed a desire to do so. The boys were none of them acquainted with this man and as he failed to leave his address it is presumed that they are still caring for his shawl, watch, revolver and silk hat. Meanwhile the boys made themselves comfortable in the warm coaches.

"We reached Dunkirk after midnight, after the trains for Chicago had gone, and as there had been no arrangements made for caring for us, we scattered among the hotels and lodging houses near the depot. The following is the story I heard at the time of Jimmy Davidson's experience: He had wandered off by himself to find a drink, and stepped into a saloon where the usual crowd of loafers and hangers-on were sitting around the stove. Dunkirk was noted at the time for being a kind of rendezvous for copperheads and Southern sympathizers. The crowd Jimmy struck was made up of mostly that class. While Jimmy was getting his drink, the crowd seeing he was alone, began to throw out their usual taunts of 'Lincoln's hirelings,' etc. Jimmy turned and said: 'Gentlemen, I have been in the South for the last three years. I have heard a great deal about a reptile they call copperhead; there are none of them where I have been and I have not seen any. I would like to see one.' A great burly fellow strode up and said, 'Well, what would you do if you saw one?' We all remember Jimmy, a bundle of bones and nerves, not an ounce of spare flesh on him, and, like Tam O'Shanter, with a little usquebaugh in him, would fight the devil himself. 'Well,' says Jimmy in reply, 'I don't know; I have just got a curiosity to see one of these copperheads.' 'Well,' says the bully, 'I am one.' 'Are you?' says Jimmy, and out flew his fist; the bully went off his feet and his head struck the opposite wall and he lay down on the floor as if he was tired and wanted a rest. "Are there any more copperheads here?" asked Jimmy, and as there was no reply, he took it for granted there was none and left. N. Bradfield, J. B. Davidson and Mark Hargreaves (accidentally of course) dropped into a rendezvous said to be copperhead headquarters (as they said afterwards) to see how things looked, where they found a dozen or more of what they called the red-hot kind, and in less time than it takes to write it one of the hottest battles with the greatest odds against the Union boys was fought and won, and the boys were complete masters of the field. The only thing the furniture would have been good for was kind-

ling wood. After this the boys were not molested in Dunkirk, although several little set-tos were had on the streets.

"We remained at Dunkirk all day Sunday and as the ground was covered with snow we remained close to the depot. A few of us had navy revolvers, but the most of them were packed away with the knapsacks. The copperhead crowd saw us, as they supposed, without arms, and took a notion that by catching us separately they could mob us, but we caught on to the trick and when they began to gather for the attack Jerome sounded the 'assembly' and in a few minutes we were together, navy revolvers made their appearance and the crowd disappeared with about the same alacrity with which we had responded to the bugle. We had no more trouble with copperheads at that place. That night we took the train for Chicago. Politics were running high and red hot. On the train men would come along taking the vote of passengers for President. 'Well, how many are there of you fellows?' was the usual inquiry of us. 'Seventy-five' was the reply. 'Who are you going to vote for?' 'Abe Lincoln.' 'All of you?' 'Yes.' 'What objection have you to McClellan?' 'Well, we will tell you. Down where we have been the fellows on the other side would get up on their works and hurrah for McClellan; and if they want him we don't; that is our objection.'

"When we reached Madison there was quite a delay in making out our discharges. While they are dated October 13, 1864, we did not receive them for nearly a month afterwards and only pay up to that date. At the time we blamed Captain Foster for the delay.

"Now comes the sequel which Captain Foster told me a year or so ago. I would rather he would write it himself, but as he has not done so I will give it as told to me by him. We were talking about the row on the train from Elmira when the Captain said: 'There is a part of that story, perhaps, which you have not heard. I was threatened with arrest and lawsuit growing out of that row. When we reached Madison, and while you boys were still at the depot, I thought I would run up and see the Governor, as I knew him personally. When we met he asked me when we had arrived. I replied, "Just now." He then asked me if I had officially reported my arrival. I told him no. "Well," said he, "you had better not report for a while, and keep out of the way in the meantime. I am directed," he said, "by the Secretary of War, at the request of Governor Seymour, of New York, to place you under arrest for allowing the men under your command to maltreat and beat a prominent citizen of that State while you were en route. Officially I do not know that you are here."' The Captain said that he did as he was advised and did not report officially, and kept out of

the way until the whole thing was explained at Washington and the order for his arrest revoked.

"We all felt that the war was rapidly drawing to a close, and no longer had a doubt as to the final result; felt that we had borne the heat and burden of the day, but when Sherman began his famous march through Georgia and the President made another call, many of us could stand it no longer and in different ways drifted back into the army. As for myself I was finally mustered out in November, 1865, having entered the 49th Infantry and served as First Lieutenant therein."

REORGANIZING.

When the three-years men left us veterans on the levee at Baton Rouge and steamed away, back to the arms of "Rachel" or "Pigeon," they left a lonesome and homesick squad behind. Here had been a parting of comrades. Did you ever think of that parting, boys? There was a parting of men who had slept under the same blanket for three long, blood-stained years. There was a sundering of ties cemented by the blood of many a battlefield; by the long dusty march; by the muddy bivouac, by an esprit de corps that made us think that we were the most effective battery on earth. Men parted who had met as boys. The cheek of the whilom peach-faced boy was bronzed by a semi-tropical sun and a hundred unwashed days. As the boat left the levee cheer answered cheer from throats that had shouted on battlefields from the Ohio to the Gulf, and the three years men went down the stream out of our military life, while we, with sober faces, slowly wended our way back to the fort. The camp really was not the same.

We were lonesome without our old comrades. We missed those familiar faces that had been so constantly with us from La Crosse to Racine, from Racine to Louisville, Cumberland Gap, Tazewell, Gauley Bridge, Memphis, Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, and Louisiana. With them we were considered one of the most effective batteries in the field—and so we undoubtedly were. Without them we felt but little better than recruits. We were like a ship at sea with our main rigging gone. While it should remain fair weather all would be well. How would it be when the storms should come. Notwithstanding that other and lasting friendships have since been formed by all of the original members of the Battery, it will be conceded by all that none ever was formed that could supplant that existing between themselves at the time of their separation at Baton Rouge. That night discipline was somewhat relaxed, and the camp ran itself. As to feeling "little better than recruits" a comrade writes:

"Look over the roster of veterans and note whether such men as Akers, Burke, Cavanar, Clark, Gabbart, Johnson, Lance,

Summerfield, the earlier recruits and the non-commissioners knew more of resourceful expedients than new recruits. Whether the latter knew a fuse from a primer, a shell from a solid shot, a sponge staff from a trail handspike, a prolonge from a pendulum hause, the screech of a shell from the hiss of a minie, it is admitted that they were more liable to error than the former, along certain lines. Rifenberg might fish over a transom instead of in a pond and snare bottles for fish, Ward mistake a hammer for a grindston, or poultry and pigs change destination through blunders of others, but the callouses on mental, moral and physical fiber placed them a long way from recruits."

As we were now left with 53 men and 180 horses, General Lee had, through General Davidson, then in New Orleans, received information that the Chicago Mercantile Battery would be detailed to supply us with the requisite number of men, but Lieutenant Webster objected so strongly to such a combination that General Lee telegraphed to General Davidson not to send them to us. Webster's objection was that he did not want to mix the two organizations, and suggested that each organization be equipped with a smaller number of guns, which suggestion, it seems, was acted upon, for on the 12th of October the following order was received:

"In consequence of the number of enlisted men belonging to the 1st Wisconsin Battery of Horse Artillery having been reduced below the minimum prescribed by the War Department General Orders, it will at once be organized into a four-gun battery of horse artillery. In its reorganization state it is entitled only to one Captain, one First and one Second Lieutenant, and any additional officers now serving with the Battery will immediately be mustered out of service.

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL E. R. S. CANBY.
"B. F. MORSEY, Captain and A. A. G."

But in these latter days memory blends the three-years men, the detailed men, the veterans and the recruits all in one harmonious whole—a Battery unit, the memories of which would make a book of twice this size.

That we could dismount our guns, take carriages apart, lie down beside the *debris*, rise, put the carriage together, mount the gun and load and fire in three minutes; that we could load and fire seven times in a minute; the wonderful accuracy of our gunners; the foils and boxing gloves, our constant play-things; the time "Duffy" put the limberger in the thumbstall while drilling, and the disgust of each "number three" after "changing post;" of the smoked herring we once drew as rations and afterwards used for an ante at draw poker; of the drivers teaching their horses to kneel and lie down; of "Joseph's Band." And of the many, many times some of us didn't

"Act like Martin." The "dash-up cannon." Lieutenant Cameron's "Fine, boys, fine; one cannon ball would take off all your heads while drilling by platoon.

LIBERTY AND BROOKHAVEN.

Cameron writes:

"One cool Nivember day the full brigade, under the command of General Lee, left the picket line for an extended raid. We rushed the rebel pickets at the Amite and camped. Picked up next morning and skirmished through Clinton and camped in Liberty—63 miles—that night. Moved out north of the town and bivouacked in a grove the next day while detachments of the 4th Wisconsin and 6th Missouri, and maybe other organizations, pushed north to Brookhaven, where they had a lively skirmish and came back with prisoners and four guns. We were left with a support and had the court house full of prisoners.

"It was a pleasant day, and while we were partaking of a dinner of sweet potatoes, fresh pork, coffee, etc.,—the etc. partially consisting of some good wine—the spit, spat, spot of the pickets to the south deepened into a lively skirmish fire. Wirt Adams had concluded that he could whip our divided force in detail. In obedience to a hurried order from a breathless staff officer we sprang into the saddle and galloped through the town. The left of right went into battery at the intersections of streets, while we hurried to the next intersection to the right flank. As we slung the muzzle of the little Rodman to the front and I looked along the line of metal I saw at the foot of the slope in the edge of the timber, 75 yards away, the 4th Wisconsin and a line of rebels shooting, slashing, punching and yelling at each other. The thin line of the 4th was slowly coming back towards us while the reinforcements were being hurried up. General Lee, in the saddle, was excitedly crying, "Get a shell in that gun; get a shell in that gun," as he moved among us. It took me five-eighths of a second to think. How we could kill 'em with canister, were the 4th out of the way; what kind of shell did I want: what should I hold on, and that old Gabe, generally getting into action first in the old times, called for a percussion to get the elevation and as the other guns came into line got the elevation from him. I turned and called for a percussion, thinking that I might as well bang at the moon for all the execution we could do without killing our own boys. As my eye caught the muzzle sight through the pendulum house, three horses near a tree beyond the line of battle were revealed, held by a hand and arm belonging to a body well shielded. A second after Burke pulled lanyard two horses disappeared and another second showed a man mounted on the third disappearing like a young cyclone through the woods. Lee's excitement

and the close turmoil made the recruits nervous and fidgety, and it was a cheering sight to meet Norm. Webster's imperturbable face as he helped No. 6 with the short cut fuse shell, and the steady port of Burke, Ryan and others. I tell you, old boys, that when you went you left behind you a squad that would leaven with steadiness, under fire, a thousand recruits. Virtue in the original is synonymous with bravery, and when the recording angel balances his books your bravery will condone all petty transgressions which may be charged against you. As Heckman was wont to say, "If the recording angel don't make a minute of that he's no bookkeeper."

The rebs halted at the first shell. At the second they shook themselves loose and ran back. We got in 13 shots. A staff officer returning from the front soon after remarked, "Well, boys, your artillery did it this time." The third shell swedged in the bore, and I never can forget the utterly wobegone countenance of Rod Ryan, No. 1, as he whispered "Carl, it won't go down." The assistance of No. 2 sent it home and in a second Burke handed it to the turning Johnnies smoking hot.

We saved the town and the prisoners, resumed the unfinished dinner and were joined that night by the rest of the brigade, returning home after six days without unharnessing.

On the return trip, over new roads, we loaded up with forage, etc.—largely, etc. Passing one plantation six newly-killed fat hogs were hanging in the yard. The rear caisson chests were promptly adorned with a carcass. Heckman had a pair of trousers, tied at the bottom and filled with peanuts, tied astride the caisson trail. Cavanar had an assortment of rat traps.

Other comrades write of this period: "Charles Leith, C. D. Ward and I came into the fort from town one day, and Leith puts it, Ward and I were in a hilarious condition, made considerable music and ourselves obnoxious to the commanding officer of the Battery, who had the orderly make out a little detail of two for extra duty. Charlie, who was at the time on detail, making out pay roll at the orderly's room, had wit enough to make no noise, go to his table, take up a pen and proceed—or pretend to proceed—to his clerical duties, 'Mike' and I protested that the list for detail should be enlarged to include the name of Charles, insisting that his hilarious condition equaled ours. But Blake came to the rescue and vouched for his sobriety, citing his grave and industrious demeanor upon returning to his table. Of course 'Mike' and I privately entertained an opinion that he was 'too drunk to holler.' Circumstantial evidence sustained Blake and Leith, however, and the next day he grinned down from the gallery at 'Mike' and I with a pair of caisson shovels, in the hot sun, getting up a perspiration and securing an appetite for dinner call.

"Ward was 'mustered out' in St. Louis some years ago, and I'll wager that if he looks over the walls of heaven and sees any of the old boys below that he'll get them a canteen of water, even if he has to forage it from under the Great White Throne."

THE PASCAGOULA RAID.

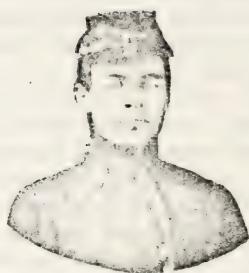
On the 23d of November we received orders to be ready to start on a campaign in a day or two, and to leave all sick men and all surplus equipage and clothing behind. The men were to choose between an overcoat and a blanket, but would not be allowed to take both. One pair of boots or shoes and two pairs of socks were all that any man would be permitted to carry with him. All horses that were not in good condition for hard service were to be left behind. In fact we were to go light; to take nothing that was not actually necessary. Thorough inspections were had of knapsacks, caisson and limber chests to see that the order was strictly complied with. The Chicago Mercantile Battery, which had also been organized as a four-gun horse artillery battery, had arrived and received the same orders. Captain Webster, though able to superintend the preparations for the campaign, was considered by the surgeon in charge as not strong enough to endure the fatigue of the expedition, and was advised to remain behind. Generals Lee and Davidson both wanted him to go along, but did not want him to take any chances, as there were to be no provisions for carrying along sick persons. The Captain seemed to acquiesce in the opinion of the surgeon, but was fully determined to go if he should be able to mount his horse.

On the morning of the 26th of November the Battery marched out of camp, leaving extra baggage, horses and the sick and unserviceable men in charge of Sergeant Norman Webster. Where we were going no one in the Battery knew nor was the object of the expedition known to any of us, but circumstances proved, beyond a doubt, that the rebels knew the why and the where of our going. We were halted just outside the city near the ruins of the insane asylum and bivouacked for the remainder of the day and night. The command consisted of about 5,000 cavalry, two batteries of artillery, a pontoon bridge train and a few ambulances. No wagon train was permitted to encumber the movements of the troops. Everybody and everything was in light marching order, no extras of any kind being allowed. No Quartermaster's stores were taken along and only a small Commissary Department accompanied the expedition. It was really not necessary to have transportation for part of the Commissary stores, as the hardtack was lively enough to have been driven on foot. There was at least four different

kinds of bugs and weevil in each separate section of this part of our food supply. This fact was not discovered until too late to remedy, so they were taken along, and, strange as it may seem, there was no grumbling at the fare. On the morning of the 27th we were on the move in good season and marching in an easterly direction. Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General E. J. Davis, of Texas, commanded one brigade and Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General Joseph Bailey, of Wisconsin, commanded the other, and General J. W. Davidson the expedition. The names of the cavalry regiments are not remembered, but the artillery consisted of the 1st Wisconsin Battery and the Chicago Mercantile Battery, both being horse artillery. This day was spent mostly in getting the command in shape for a forward movement and we bivouacked for the night but a few miles from Baton Rouge. The twinkle in Captain Webster's eye betokened intense satisfaction with the appearance of the Battery and the squared moustache caused by the compressed lips indicated what he could and would do in the way of execution with his command, did opportunity present. Knowing his command he was proud of it, and well he might be, for it was a command that had never yet failed a commander or hesitated to obey an order. It had never asked permission to follow any other organization or command anywhere, but had wanted to lead wherever duty should call it, always preferring leading to following. On the morning of the 28th we were "hitting the road" at a lively pace soon after the break of day and kept it up without intermission or rest until the middle of the afternoon. The day was warm and our horses fat and not used to such hard work, and were consequently soon fagged and overheated. General Davidson had a large staff composed largely of volunteers for the occasion from regiments that were not in the expedition. These volunteer staff officers were very officious as well as quite numerous. Few of them knew next to nothing about the moving of an army or the necessity for care of stock and men. Nevertheless, these men assumed that the whole responsibility of the expedition rested on their shoulders. In marching with cavalry there is a great deal of "lost motion" occurring frequently that calls for extra exertion upon the part of artillery following them. This was particularly the case when a bad place in the road was crossed, and as bad places were frequent there were a great many opportunities for "closing up" on the trot or gallop during the day. At every rough spot in the road and at every crossing of a stream during the day there was the ubiquitous staff officer with orders from the General to "keep closed up." Captain Webster reported frequently that his horses were famished for water, but the only reply he received was "the General orders that you keep closed up," and keep closed up we did, but at a fearful cost

in horses. We had crossed several streams at which it would not have taken long to have watered horses and rested them so they would have stood the march splendidly, but the imperious staff officer would not have it so. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the head of column came to the forks of a road and did not know which was the proper one for them to take and halted until it could be ascertained. It so happened that the rear of the Battery was resting on the banks of a good-sized creek that we had just crossed, so that we were given the first opportunity of the day for giving the horses water. Every man was engaged in the act of watering or changing a fagged-out horse for one not quite so badly "played" when General Davidson and staff came back to see how the artillery was getting along, and, seeing the condition of the stock flew into a passion and gave Captain Webster one of the worst beratings ever delivered on the field to any man in or out of the service. The Captain could not get a chance to get in a word of explanation, so turned his horse and rode away, leaving the General, who gave him a parting threat of sending him to New Orleans in irons, and then turned about towards the head of the column. After the horses were seen to the Captain thought to find what the cause of the delay was and started toward the head of the command to see if he could find out. He had gone but a short distance when he saw the General and staff coming toward him. Not desiring to meet him again he turned into the timber, thinking to escape the General's attention, but it did not work, as the General saw him and called him back. As the Captain saluted the General the latter spoke to the former very pleasantly and asked: "Do you not see, Captain, that you are killing our horses?" "Yes, sir," replied the Captain. "Don't you know that my main dependence upon this expedition is the artillery and the bridge-train?" asked the General. The Captain replied that he supposed, of course, they were very essential or he would not have them along; that in nearly four years' service he had learned that a soldier's first duty was to obey orders and ask no questions; that upon all expeditions and campaigns he had experienced there had been some member of the general staff whose especial duty it was to have supervision of the artillery and to report the same to headquarters; "it was," said the Captain, "none of my business to enquire into the organization of your staff; at every crossing we have passed to-day, I have reported the condition of my horses to some person whom I have recognized as a member of your staff and have repeatedly told them that the stock was famished for want of water.

"The only reply I have received has been 'the General orders that you keep closed up.' I have kept closed up so far, and by the Lord Harry, so long as there is a horse left that is able



— GEO. L. HERRICK.

to carry me I will keep closed up." This touched the General in a tender spot; for if he admired anything in an officer or soldier it was implicit obedience to orders, and he replied by saying: "You are right, Captain, you are right, and I beg your pardon for talking to you as I did a few minutes ago. I will now appoint you my Chief of Artillery for this expedition, and you are to have charge of the speed of the column." Then turning to his Adjutant he directed that a detail of seven mounted men be made to report to the Captain each morning to be used as messengers to keep the General posted as to the condition of the horses of the artillery and the bridge train. After that there was no trouble on the march; the artillery and bridge train kept up with the cavalry and Captain Webster was one of General Davidson's favorite officers, getting anything he might ask for and always welcome at headquarters. General Davidson was a good deal of a martinet, and abhorred all manner of straggling and foraging that was not done by orders from headquarters, and as most of the force then under his command had recently been under the command of officers who were not over particular in such matters, so the men were on hand when they were needed, and had gotten in the way of living off the enemy whenever an opportunity offered, he found no little difficulty in enforcing his strictures against those pastimes. He had, daily, officers of all ranks from Second Lieutenants to Colonels, marching in the rear under arrest for permitting the men under their command to leave the ranks or to help themselves to some pig or chicken that had proved too tempting to their appetites. One day while the column was at a halt, one of the many staff officers who seemed everywhere present came along and detected some of the Battery boys chasing a shoat through, in and out the column, among the guns and horses, in which enterprise were also engaged Lieutenants Nutting and Hackett, Webster being conveniently absent at the time. The aforesaid staff officer, who was a Lieutenant Colonel of the 18th New York Cavalry, at once reported the Lieutenants to the General and the latter gave them a second edition of the same speech or phillipic he had delivered to Captain Webster on a former occasion, closing by the usual threat of sending them to New Orleans in irons. That night when the Captain reported at headquarters, the General referred to the matter and regretted that such a thing should have occurred in a command of which he had formed so high an opinion. The Captain told the General that he had been misinformed and that the officer who had reported the matter did not investigate as he should have done before reporting; that if he had done so he would have seen the thing in a different light; that while it was true the men and officers were chasing a hog, it was

not as foragers, but for the purpose of getting the hog out of the column so it would not get hurt when the Battery should move. The General was delighted to know that such was the case, for he really had a high opinion of the conduct of the men and officers of the 1st Wisconsin Battery. Truth impels us to remark, right here, that there was fresh pork in several of the Battery messes that night of which the commissary was not informed. How it got there we will leave the reader to guess. But Davidson's staff, natty, trim looking fellows that they were, learned something on that trip, and the 1st Wisconsin Battery never charged them a cent for their contribution to the knowledge thus obtained. They had made themselves particularly offensive by their efforts to make it appear to the General that they were vigilant in their duty. One day one of them bore down on Gunner Charley Hewitt and pointing to a sponge staff in its place with a huge "gob" of mud on the sponge end, and asked what he would do with such an implement as that were he suddenly ordered into action? For answer, Charley hit the staff a kick, yanked loose the double-bow knot and jerked off the canvas cover, when appeared as nice and fluffy a sponge head, without a stain on it, as one could wish to see. The answer was satisfactory, and the Major retired speechless.

The first evidence that we had of our being in a rebel country was when we reached a little town called Tangipahoe, where we were "bushwhacked" and where a store was burned. It was reported at the time that a rebel officer had been arrested as he jumped from the loft of the burning store, but the report was not at the time verified by the presence among the prisoners of any other than our own men. There was found and appropriated a considerable quantity of plug tobacco as well as any amount of Confederate money, the former of which the Battery secured its full share [Carl, is that where that tobacco that was in the limber chest at the time we were inspected, came from?] That night we crossed a high rickety bridge over the Pearl River that was 1,800 feet long. Some of the spans would tremble if a cow walked over them. It was a risky thing to do, but war is risky business at best, and as it was too far around, there was no other alternative but to cross over it. The horses were taken from the guns and caissons and led across while the carriages were hauled over by hand. Several other smaller bridges were crossed, on two of which the planks broke, letting the wheels of the gun carriage through. One of these bridges was across the Black Creek in eastern Mississippi. This stream was narrow, but deep, and a ford had to be improvised to get the Battery through. A place was selected a short distance below the bridge and the banks graded down on either side of

the stream, so the wagons could get through. It so happened that there was a sunken tree in the bottom of the creek just at the crossing that had not been discovered before the grading had been nearly completed. The top of the tree was upstream and presented one very formidable snag which it was necessary to keep off from if a safe and quick passage was to be made. Captain Webster had discovered the position of said obstruction and had marked out the proper way to circumnavigate it, and rode through the stream on his big black horse to show his drivers where to go, and then took his position on the bank where he could direct if necessary. General Bailey stood on the ground by his side when the first gun entered the creek. The driver was following the instructions of the Captain and taking the proper course, but it did not so strike General Bailey and he ordered the driver to keep to the left and repeated the order with so much vim, that he did so and as a consequence saddlebagged on the top of the sunken tree. The water was running nearly to the top of the wheels and was pretty cool, but the men had to get into it with handspikes to clear the carriage from the obstruction. As soon as that was accomplished the Captain straightened himself in his stirrups and called "Attention Battery; Sergeants to the front and center." When those subalterns appeared on the opposite bank he said, "When making this crossing take orders from no living man or officer but your own officers; to your posts; first caisson forward." General Bailey, who still was standing by the Captain, looked up as if to enquire if he meant what he said and then moved off as if his question had been answered in the affirmative. The crossing was made in a few minutes without further incident. That night we crossed a swampy place in the road which required considerable hard work and no little management to make the passage in safety, as the cavalry had passed through and pretty thoroughly mixed the mud so it was a difficult matter to tell where a passage could be made. There had been a little staff Major sitting on a little log by a little fire all the evening while the army was picking its way through the mud, and as the last piece had gotten across General Davidson came along to see what progress the column was making. Seeing the fire he approached the same when the Major told him he had been there all night helping the army across and that by hard work he had just succeeded in getting the artillery over. Captain Webster, who happened to be near by and not seen by either of the others, replied, "Like h— you did: if you have done a thing besides sit and sleep by that fire while my Battery has been crossing this swamp no man or animal has been aware of it," and then pointed to his boots to show there was no mud on them. The Major never liked the Captain after that and was ever on the

lookout to find something to report against him or his command.

The route taken by this expedition led through Greensburg, Tangipahoe and Franklinton, La., and Columbus and Augusta, Miss., thence down the Leaf River to West Pascagoula in southern Mississippi on the Gulf. All of these towns, at that time, were very much dilapidated and had the appearance of having been begun in hard times, lived in poverty and then dying for want. After the second day out our route was through a continuous pine forest or turpentine orchard. The pines were small, resinous trees, most of which had been cupped by the turpentine gatherer by cutting a kerf in the side of the tree from two to three feet from the ground, in a cup shape, so it would hold from one to two quarts of the resinous sap, the latter of which was gathered daily and carried to the still where it was made into the turpentine of commerce. Since the war had taken all the able-bodied men into the rebel army these orchards had been neglected and the cups on the trees were full of pitch very like rosin in consistency. The weather had turned cold with more or less rain and was decidedly chilly. The route was somewhat uncertain, which caused a great deal of halting by the way, sometimes for five minutes and then for an hour or more. During these halts the men would set fire to the resin on the trees to warm themselves by. These fires gave out a fierce flame and a dense, black smoke and during our temporary halts on those cool days men and horses would stand close thereto. In many places the Battery marched through arches of fire, which, considering the nature of the contents of the limber chests, was rather risky business, but no accident occurred. As a consequence of this constant smoke a bay horse became a brown, a brown a black and a gray a dusty color. A man who washed tri-weekly became a rat-and-tan color, etc. Water was very scarce. In the gloaming the men presented a comical appearance, for while the background, as it were, was African in color the process of winking had kept two apparently white rings around his eyes, while the habit of drawing a greasy hand across the mouth had left a white streak across the lower part of the face. The participants of that march will long remember the length of time it took to bleach out to a normal color after that raid. The country was sparsely settled, but we found plenty of fresh pork, sweet potatoes and honey. The face of the country was generally level and thickly interspersed with quicksand as we found to our cost several times. One night we turned out of the road for a bivouac and found, in the morning, that our guns and caissons had sunk to their axles in the quicksand. It took some time to "dig out" of that fix and caused some little delay in moving.

There was said to have been some plundering of other things than eatables, but none were reported of the Battery, except in one instance, where Johnson, Allen Johnson, who was worth more to the health and courage of the Battery than a regiment of doctors would have been, who was never discouraged, disheartened or cross, but was ever ready for a frolic, and who was as truthful as any Annanias that ever lived in history or song, reported that on one of their side expeditions in the surrounding country Bill Summerfield had taken the gold spectacles off an old lady's nose and then when she opened her mouth to protest he deliberately took her false teeth for the gold plate they were set in, leaving the old lady blind and toothless, which was not so bad as it might have been had there been anything left in the country to see or eat.

One morning when we were to get an early start and had the horses hitched up before breakfast so as to be ready at a moment's notice, and all had finished eating but Johnson, the Captain seeing that all were ready but him called out: "Come, Johnson, aren't you through eating yet?" Johnson looked up with the injured expression of which he was a master, and replied, "No, but I'll quit."

About the third day out, about four o'clock in the evening some of the boys thought they discovered a bee tree by the side of the road and marked the same so they might come back and get the honey, if the Battery should not go too far before stopping for the night. The camp was about two miles further on and after the horses were cared for and supper disposed of a party of four or five stole out of camp armed with an axe or two and several camp kettles and other dishes. Hastily they wended their way back to the tree and went to work. It was a large tree and a tough one but the boys were after honey and did not propose to let little things like those stop them. After an hour or more of hard work the monarch of the forest was laid low and a rush made for the honey. As they approached the top of the tree they were much encouraged for there were the bees ready to receive them, which they did in true chivalric style. But the honey was non est. They were not honey bees at all, but were a colony of the largest and most vicious yellow jackets that were ever disturbed at that time of night. It was a long, tiresome walk back to camp that night. Perhaps Cameron, Green, Rifenberg or Heckman could give a fuller account of the matter than is here recorded. They could undoubtedly tell about the misapplied scriptural quotations used, and by whom.

One day having marched until midnight we bivouaced in the piney woods.

Captain Webster, after taking his coffee, spread his gum blanket on the ground, his army blanket on that, pulled off

his boots, a new pair he had just paid \$24 for, and laid them on the ground by his bed, then lay down, pulled his overcoat and slicker over him and went to sleep. He had not long been in the arms of Morpheus before the fire, Nebuchadnezzar like, took to grass and burned its way toward his bed, totally ruining his boots, burning the foot off of one and the leg and part of the foot off the other, and into the bed, taking half his blanket, one skirt off his overcoat and letting daylight through his gum coat. The balance of the wardrobe was saved by immediate flight. But there he was in the wilderness, barefooted and not an extra pair of boots or shoes, so far as was known, in the command! Every Quartermaster was appealed to in vain. The Captain had held one or two inspections before starting from Baton Rouge to see that orders concerning extra baggage were complied with. He was well mounted, it is true, but it did not look dignified to see a commanding officer of a Battery and a Chief of Artillery going through the country barefooted. He had made up his mind that he should have it to do, however, when he was approached by Cameron, who asked if he would exempt a man from punishment for disobedience of orders if said man would get him a pair of boots. The Captain readily promised to let the culprit go free and furthermore would agree to ask no questions, whereupon Cameron disappeared and soon returned with a new pair of army boots and handed them to the Captain. Cameron had secretly put them in his limber chest, feeling a premonition that someone would need "them" boots before we returned, in which case, like Mrs. Toodles' door plate, they would be mighty handy to have in the house.

As we approached the eastern line of Mississippi near the Leaf River, the 18th New York Cavalry being in the advance ran into a small force of rebel cavalry, being a part of a force under the command of the rebel General McCullough. The rebels were taken by surprise and beat a hasty retreat followed by the New Yorkers. The first the latter knew they were in the rebel camp and the latter met them with a volley of musketry and a charge of cavalry! The tables were turned sooner than it can be told and back came the 18th with the rebels close at their heels until the latter met the Yankees in force, when they were again on the run toward home. There was quite a little skirmish in which the artillery did not take any part. In the evening, however, after having crossed the river we had a little duel at long range with a rebel battery, but no one was hurt so far as we ever knew.

It appears that the object of the expedition had become known to the Confederates soon enough to give them an opportunity to put a force in our front of sufficient strength to prevent the accomplishment of our purpose, which was to cut

the railroad leading north from Mobile, to burn the bridges, etc., to prevent reinforcements getting to that city or those there from getting away. This plan having failed the expedition was at an end so far as any forward movement was concerned. All that was now left to do was to "get out of the wilderness" as best we could.

We, therefore, changed directions and moved down the Leaf River to West Pascagoula, on the Gulf, arriving there on or about the 20th of December, having been sixteen days making the 273 miles necessary to get there, and nothing gained except a little better knowledge of the country than we had before, and a demonstration of the fact that the rebels had better facilities for getting the news concerning our movements than we had for concealing them. From this place we were to take shipping for New Orleans as soon as it could be procured. In the meantime we went into camp in the edge of the timber about half a mile from the shore of the bay, and proceeded to make things as comfortable as was possible with the material at hand. West Pascagoula had been a kind of a summer resort on a small scale. There were but two or three houses there and they were small. One of them had been a country hotel and this was taken charge of for General Davidson's headquarters, the family, that is the women part of it, for there were no men folks at home, remained and kept house for them, that is they cooked the army rations furnished by the General and his staff, from which they also fed their own family and also had the privilege of furnishing meals to other officers for a consideration. In the family was a bright little girl of about six years who became a great favorite with the officers of the household. She was also a wonderful singer for one of her age and would sing for her admirers whenever asked. One of the staff taught her to sing, "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and she would go around the house singing it as cheerfully as if she had been the daughter of the most enthusiastic Union man in the country instead of the offspring of a man in the rebel army. Her people did not forbid her singing the song, fearing, perhaps, it might affect their standing with the powers that were. Cattle were gathered from the surrounding country which furnished us with plenty of very fair army beef while there were plenty of potatoes to be had for the hunting and digging, while the bay was well stocked with oysters. An old oyster boat was found which by a few repairs was made serviceable and the blacksmith rigged up a pair of oyster tongs so that the bivalves could be gathered at will. The result was that we had an army wagon-bed full of oysters dumped on the ground in the camp every other day. We had them in every conceivable form and style except with turkey. We had them raw, roasted,

steamed, stewed, fried, fricasseed, baked, broiled and every other way imaginable. Everybody fattened up as they had never done before; in short we lived off the top shelf. It was while here that E. J. Davis, of Texas, and Joseph Bailey, of Wisconsin, received their full commissions as Brigadier-Generals, a rank that was worthily bestowed in both instances. After about ten days' stop at this place transportation was provided for us to leave. General Bailey and his command were to move first, and our Battery with the last of it. On the 26th of December we shipped on a Sound steamer for New Orleans via Lake Ponchartrain. The embarking was a tedious operation, as the water next the shore was so shallow that the steamer could not get within a mile of the wharf, and a shallow draft lighter had to be used to take us off. The Chicago Mercantile Battery was shipping at the same time, and all under the supervision of General Davidson, who had a habit of interfering with everything that he did not fully understand, and thereby hindered more than he helped. It was a theory of his that every man should be busy all the time at something, and when he saw an idle man he would "go for him" in a manner not at all very complimentary to the man or himself. Our boys soon got on to this and whenever the General was about they would be busy at something if no more than to unbuckle a strap and buckle it over again. After the Chicago Battery had gotten on the lighter and had nothing in the world to do, the men took it easy and lay and sat around as soldiers were wont to do at such times, when the General came suddenly on board and saw them "idling away the Government's time," and he "went for them," and pointed to the men of the 1st Wisconsin Battery as models for them to imitate.

Fred Houser write:

I had cabbaged an interesting book (that is what we called it) and I was reading it on the raid. The General must have noticed me in his passing from front to rear, so when embarking for New Orleans and loading the hull of a ferryboat I was watching with my book in hand when the General rushed towards me and spoke in a loud voice, "You are the fellow that has been reading all the way on this raid, and I order you to help load the barges at once." I looked at him and trembling said I was the medical department of the 1st Wisconsin Battery and not used to do that kind of work, and slowly edged away for fear he would repeat the order.

The most of one entire day was taken up in loading on the steamer, then we were aground another day and the old tub of a boat burned her boilers so that it took two more days to patch them so they could be used, consequently we were five days in getting to New Orleans, whereas we should have made

the trip in twenty-four or thirty-six hours. The horses were three days without food or water but stood the trip very well. There were no facilities on board for the men to cook their rations so they had to eat their bacon and hardtack raw and rinse it down with brackish water. A passage on such a boat was very like being shipwrecked on a lonely, uninhabited island with neither fire or fuel. We arrived in New Orleans, December 31st, and went into camp on a vacant lot or lots some two miles east of Canal Street, on St. Charles St., an ancient brick mansion, with a "grandfather clock" in the wide hall, being pre-empted by the officers and Quartermaster and Commissary stores.

The next being New Year's Day we made calls, renewed acquaintances, and revisited old scenes. Nutting, Hackett, Heckman, Ward and Cameron dined with Dixie and he set out a royal spread. Many of the boys congregated at Gettel's and were welcomed by Pere, Mere and Filles. Heckman, Ward and Cameron broke off from the commissioned officers and made things so lively around French and Poydras Markets that they felt obliged to flee before the police to camp, where they stabled their horses in the gloaming, auctioned off a stack of new hats, pocketed the usufruct and the two latter resumed the tour, incidentally "snuffing" the gas in the street lamps, until the police again interfered. They were poor sprinters, those N. O. policemen.

General Davidson had told Captain Webster that we were to remain in the city for the winter, but such was not to be for on the 3d of January, 1865, we were ordered back to Baton Rouge, for which place we embarked at once and upon arriving there were assigned our old quarters in the fort where we prepared to settle down for the winter. Here we found forty-six recruits, which filled the Battery to within fourteen of the maximum number allowed.

Captain Webster at once began putting things in shape by overhauling the Battery in all its parts. The harness was cleaned and oiled, the guns and carriages were cleaned and such repairs as were necessary made and lost equipments replaced. Drills were instituted and the recruits thoroughly instructed. On the 6th of January the whole force at the post of Baton Rouge were ordered out to witness the execution of the sentence of a court-martial in the case of a soldier of a Kentucky regiment for killing an officer in a billiard room. The man was a member of the same regiment of the man who was hung at Manchester the first day after leaving Cumberland Gap.

When the Battery was put in good order Captain Webster reminded General Bailey and General Heron of the promise made him concerning a leave of absence, and as it was conceded

that there would be no campaigning for the Battery before spring, he made application for the leave to go home. It was approved by both the above officers and forwarded to General Hurlbut, then commanding the Department of the Gulf, at New Orleans, for his approval. The Captain was so sure that it would come back approved that he had made all preparations and arrangements to go up the river on the same boat that should bring the said leave. The boat was sighted coming one morning when his traps were gotten together and carried to the levee to be ready to go on board as soon as he could get from the headquarters to the boat. As soon as the mail was received at General Herron's office the Assistant Adjutant-General selected the letter that he thought most likely to contain the coveted paper and opened it at once. The application was there but it was returned with the following endorsement: "Disapproved. Captain Webster will report to these headquarters immediately for special duty." He took the first boat to the city and reported to General Hurlbut and was assigned by him to the office of Acting Chief of Artillery of the Department of the Gulf, and was not with the Battery again until it was ordered home to be mustered out of the service, at which time he was with General Canby, having been assigned to duty by him upon his assuming command of the Department of the Mississippi, which embraced the Department of the Gulf. From now until we embarked for home and mustered out the Battery was commanded by First Lieutenant O. F. Nutting.

February 14th we moved to the evacuated camp of the 18th New York Battery where we found substantial houses of wood and brick, holding from four to six soldiers, containing fire places, and some of them with cistern attached, from which water was drawn by small, tin pumps. Facing the three sides of the quadrangle was a house for headquarters, and beside it Crocker pitched his large quartermaster's tent. To the north were mess houses. West of these the Battery was parked and to the east was our large stable.

At Morganza Heckman, always a terror to the men whose penchant it was to lie around camp dosing, smoking and scratching, or playing loo, conceived the idea that the stock would better thrive by being shaded. Presenting his diagram and scheme to Lieutenant Webster, a rough scaffolding of poles was erected and the whole covered with boughs in full foliage. At the fort in Baton Rouge Heckman again incubated a plan for shelter and squads were sent out with axe, beetle, wedge and frow to prepare a frame and rive shakes, and soon the stock was sheltered from sun and rain. As we

went in armed squads, outside the picket line, these details were sought, for it was a day in the woods under delightful skies and weather. Such past masters in wood-work as Burke, Rynes, Hewitt, Dartt, Starling, Wade and Whipple teaching us inexperienced ones how to select an oak, fell, cross-cut, split into bolts and rive it into shakes. The man who swung the "beetle" was for the moment dubbed "Old Abe," and Frank McClintock and John McKeeth were master hands with the maul. Lieutenant Nutting rode out one noon just as we were gathering to the coffee kettle and the scout was returning from the sound of a distant cow-bell with canteens of milk. Turning out a cupful I handed it to him, who returned the empty cup with a far-away farm-boy look, remarking, "That's pretty quick, my son." Thereafter Nutting, or Hackett, or both, rode out each day "to see how we were getting along," and invariably reached us about the time the scout was getting in with the milk.

Houser moved his medical stores into a house on a square to the north and was thereafter our only doctor. Fred served for a high privates' pay, but simple justice should have put the "M. S." on his shoulders and his pay increased about seven hundred per cent. He was kind, patient and skillful, but had little use for a maligner, or as the boys dubbed them a "play off." One of these latter, a large, husky recruit, reported regularly at sick call, got a harmless remedy for some alleged disease and mayhap believed himself ill and was excused from duty. Slouching to his quarters one morning with his powders in his hand he met Carlie Ward who mysteriously took him aside, asking him in a sympathetic manner how he felt this morning and imparted to him the intelligence that Houser was expecting to graduate from the service as a doctor and was experimenting on the men; that he was selected as an experiment in poisons, and asking if he did not feel quite sick on alternate days. Receiving an affirmative, Carlie told him that Fred gave him a poison one morning and an antidote the next. Gus. Dexereaux coming up at that moment Carlie appealed to him for confirmation. Not having an idea of what, Devereaux, all the same, immediately stoutly corroborated all Carlie had related. Back to Fred went the soldier, a stormy scene ensued, the powders were thrown at Fred and the recruit went on duty, considering it less dangerous.

When arranging to move over to our last camp Heckman thoroughly inspected the immense barn and began plans for its internal improvement. He would diagram some more, ride over and reconstruct his plans. It is needless to add that when we moved the stock, forage and wagons in, it was as Heckman planned.

Some of the recruits, 1865, received bounty or were sub-

stitutes and there was not that cordial comradeship that existed between the old vets. They were taken into fellowship, and were most of them good soldiers, but nothing can draw men so close, knit heart to heart, as those who have stood time and again together in the red line of fire. The younger of these recruits, who were not old enough to get out in 1861, like Powers, Holmes, Parks and others, we loved like younger brothers.

Captain Webster was seriously ill or off at New Orleans on detail a large part of the time. Lieutenant Nutting commanded the Battery, and under him the right section got a show and was sent on the raids when one section only was ordered out. One evening the right section being ordered out Jim Malbon, gunner of the left piece, asked Cameron, gunner of the right, if his squad was full; did he not want a cannoneer? Cameron replied that he had a complement, but over there was a recruit getting his equipments together who looked sickly around the gills at the prospect of a cold skirmish for the morrow's breakfast; Malbon might arrange going out in his place. Malbon sauntered in and encouraged the recruit by tales of how the column would be bushwhacked during the night march and run up against General Wirt Adams' full brigade at daylight. Cameron stopped at the door to suggest to recruit that he had best make final arrangements for many were liable not to return. Finally Malbon reluctantly accepted ten dollars and rode out at sunset, happy. It is needless to add that the "ten" was divided between two.

In January the right gun went out with a squad of the 4th Wisconsin Cavalry. (The 4th Wisconsin Infantry were first mounted and after the muster-out of the non-veterans the veterans and recruits were designated the 4th Wisconsin Cavalry.) We went but a few miles north and returned the next morning.

Later in the month the Battery, supported by detachments of the 6th Missouri, 4th Wisconsin, and 8th Illinois Cavalry, marched out to the Amite River after sundown, camped, and returned the next evening. The river was out of its banks but the cavalry dismounted, pushed a skirmish line across and bushwhacked with the rebels all night. The rebel bullets came over to us and some of the recruits sat up by the camp fires all night watching for them.

In March General Bailey with the Battery, supported by the Texas Cavalry and the 4th Wisconsin, left the picket line at sundown, struck the rebels at the Amite, and rushed them to the Olive Branch road, where we halted. The next day the wagons were sent out for forage escorted by the Texas Cavalry, and Crocker taking a squad and the light wagon fell in with the column intending to load it with something to eat.

They reached a large plantation; the wagons were being loaded with corn and Crocker with his squad was ballasting the little wagon with pigs and poultry when a brigade of rebel cavalry pounced down upon them "like a chicken on to a lump of dough." The Texans put up the best fight possible, but they were armed with the Burnside carbine only,—their revolvers having been taken from them for too freely using them upon the nigger provost guard who controlled municipal affairs at Baton Rouge—and were forced back by numbers, and flanked. The wagons were captured, and afterwards burned. The driver, seeing that he was cut off from the road, abandoned our wagon and put for the woods. Shod with high boots he sat down to remove them, as an aid to locomotion, but after removing one and observing that he was being singled out for capture, he sprang up and lit out with one foot only adorned with a boot. He was captured and some weeks thereafter exchanged, returning to us with his feet thus unequally shod. The little wagon and the team we never again saw. A Captain on General Bailey's staff, and Crocker and his squad broke around the rebel flank amid a shower of bullets and got into Bailey's headquarters. He had boots and saddles sounded and in three minutes we were under way to the rescue. Too late; the wagons were burning, rebels and stock gone. Allen Johnson on his old white horse, Reckless, was of Crocker's squad and he recounted the thrilling part as: "I just laid down on old Reck and gave him all the encouragement I could with the spur, saying, 'Reckless, do your duty; Allen's on you.' "

We lay here two days, scouting the vicinity without further fight. The night before leaving the rain came down heavily nearly all night. Our camp was the site of a former brick yard, grassed over, and the water spread over it causing many of the boys to seek refuge upon the debris of the kiln. Sleep was impossible and able-bodied foragers invaded General Bailey's Quartermaster's tent, and all canteens that could be gathered from the Battery came back filled with commissary. The boys on the kiln spent the night filling themselves with commissary and the welkin with song. Daylight disclosed a suggestion of Proctor, Ky., on the retreat from Cumberland Gap.

Twice thereafter we raided Jackson, La., but without adventure of note.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Never again to ride or march,
In the dust of the marching column;
Never again to hear the bugles,
Thrilling, and sweet, and solemn;
Never again to call comrade,
The men who were brothers for years."

IN these closing days the men were drilled in cavalry tactics and used as such. In the absence of the mounted men the dismounted cavalry were put on picket and we furnished a mounted courier at each post to ride in to headquarters with messages. At times we furnished the mounted vidette picket posts and experienced the delicious sensation of sitting alone in the saddle, of a dark night, feeling with our ears for a sneaking rebel. A colored regiment succeeded the white as provost guard, but the friction was so great with the Missouri and Texas Cavalry that they were removed and latterly we furnished a mounted squad to patrol the streets and were the only police force in the city. Notably, upon the day news of the assassination of President Lincoln was received a squad of cannoneers under a Corporal was the entire police force of the city. He dismounted his men, took charge of the horses under a spreading china tree and told his men to disperse through the city and shoot any man heard rejoicing over the President's death. There was no necessity, the disloyal were a frightened community.

The infantry disappeared and none but our Battery and cavalry were in sight, and we began to talk about home. The town filled up with refugees and every night was a dance. Discipline relaxed and horse and foot racing and draw poker prevailed. Dudes cropped out. Houser wore a white vest and a paper collar, Hackett and Crocker each donned a duster that contained linen enough to clothe a gun squad, and Curtis, or some other exquisite in the left section, imported a clay pipe. On parade or inspection none ever approached in magnificence the Battery in their red plumed hats. The practice with the foils and the gloves was kept up to the last and our assumption of cavalry duty kept up the saber drill.

Some of the older men of the latest recruits were unaccustomed to horses, or the saddle, and when the command "Charge as foragers" was given it was fun to see a recruit loaded with his unaccustomed saber, forty-four and other equipments go sailing across rough country upon an unmanageable horse, hitting the landscape only on the high places and his posteriors pounding the saddle.

A comrade writing to the Sun says: "One evening while I sat writing, Heckman and Ward returned from down town and not finding a cup, pumped water into the tin wash basin,—pump, basin and stand being in a corner of our cabin,—drank and insisted upon my joining in the wassail. Rising and taking the basin, I dashed the water over Ward and fled. Heckman retired and put out the light. Ward, lying perdu with a dish of water dashed it at me upon my approach and lit out. When I had finished writing—about 12—I loaded a bucket with water and went in search of him. He and Mains occupied a bunk on the left flank, he below and Mains in the upper bunk. In the rear, just over the lower bunk was a circular hole for ventilation. Ward suggested that as Mains was on guard that he—Mains—occupy the lower bunk and not disturb him by climbing over him. Mains assented and the pair went to sleep. Of course Ward expected me sometime during the night, which was warm. I appeared in due season and poured the bucket of water through the aperture full on to Dave's stomach, which was uncovered. His first whoop revealed all to me. As I scurried away in the darkness I heard Ward shout: "That was Cameron, Dave; I saw him." Of course there was no difficulty in his recognizing me in the dark, through a brick well. I passed the night in the third story of the lookout, while Dave spent a portion of it looking for me.

Next morning an ambassador negotiated a cessation of hostilities while I convinced Mains that Ward was the true culprit.

Special Order No. 1.

Headquarters District of East Louisiana.

Baton Rouge, May 30, 1865.

The organization known as the Cavalry Brigade of the Northern Division of Louisiana is hereby discontinued.

By Command of Brigadier-General M. K. LAWLER.

EDWARD HEMMINGWAY, Capt. and A. A. G.

And we passed out from our last brigade.

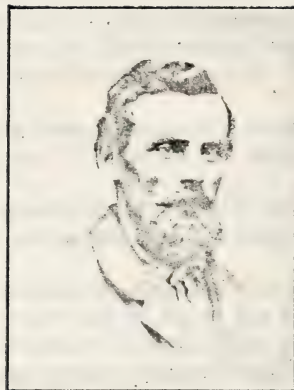
In June the men who joined us at Cincinnati, amongst whom were Mains, Ryan and Hewitt, were mustered out. Wild rumors were prevalent. One scheme was to muster out our commissioned officers and consolidate us with the 4th Wisconsin Cavalry and send us across Louisiana and Texas to the borders of Mexico. Captain Webster, at New Orleans, as Chief of Artillery, getting on to these schemes wouldn't have it that way, insisting that we go, or stay, together "as we were," and carried the point.

Bugler Jerome Fuller was in the hospital, crippled with rheumatism, and John Kelly, second bugler, blew the calls.

But Jerome hobbled over occasionally of an evening with his key bugle and awoke the sensuous night air with the most sweet and thrilling music that ever greeted the ears of artillery. Sergeant Norman Webster was sometimes left in command of the camp and all garrison equipage when the Battery was sent out on raids and expeditions and we marched light, stripped of all impedimenta. Upon return all carriages were loaded, and the plunder was like unto that of Pandora's box. Officers were allowed to purchase at an appraised figure two horses each, and some of the frugal men got cavalry officers to purchase some of our better horses for themselves and took them to Wisconsin. Among these was Sergeant Hoyt's "Right Wheel" that was drawn at Louisville, the only horse to go through with us from the start to finish. Sergeant Kimball's big black was another. Many a boy would have rejoiced to have the Government land him in Wisconsin with the horse which he had so long campaigned with as his final pay. The "lines" were taken up and many Confederates were returning from the armies of Lee and Johnston. None of the latter ever met us without remarking, when they learned the name of our Battery, "Boys, we take off our hats to you'ns." We rode out to the stockade, to Clinton, Jackson, even to Liberty, and met no harsh look or word. Men and women were relieved that the strain of war was over and had words of praise for Grant and Lincoln. Occasionally an ex-Confederate would confidentially ask what our government was likely to do with them and seemed to be slow to imbibe the thought that we were all American citizens of one government.

A comrade writes:

"Mrs. White owned and occupied a ranch that backed up near our mess house while occupying the 'Black Horse Battery camp.' Heckman was Sergeant in charge of a detail policing camp and when he got around in her vicinity knocked at the kitchen door and upon her appearance suggested that she have her niggers clean up around the premises. The lady gave it to Heckman hot, and in very bad language, which stuck in his Mohawk craw. Just after taps that evening I came in and found Heckman and Ward discussing schemes of reprisal and suggested that the loop of a lariat tossed over the top of that huge chimney which she had turned out of doors would create a diversion, were proper force applied to the other end of the riata. They embraced the scheme with alacrity and I got the riata from my saddle, made the broad loop and caught the chimney at second cast, but it took our utmost strength and considerable surging to bring it down, and then only about a third of it broke off. While Mrs. White, and incidentally the camp, was waking up we were getting to sleep. The next day she engaged Summerfield to re-



J. C. HEWITT.

build the chimney, which he did the following day, and then refusal to pay the stipulated price on the ground that, 'You fellows pulled it down, you fellows built it up.' The next night the chimney came down again and as it struck the ground and we fled into the darkness her angry voice followed with: 'Pull it down, damn you; I can build it up as fast as you can pull it down.'

"She went over to headquarters, rapped vigorously on the door and to the inquiry of what's wanted, replied, 'Lieutenant Nutting, Lieutenant Nutting, your men are over to my house pulling down boo, hoo, h-o-o, ow, wow, e-e-e-dam.' I'd skinned around through the park, laid low, and was returning by way of the northwest corner house when I ran up against Lieutenant Nutting in his stocking feet, and halting me he queried: 'What hell are you raising now? Where is the rest of the gang?'" I professed ignorance of any untoward event, claiming to have been over to Houser's medical shop. 'What makes you tell such damn lies? Get to your quarters and stay there, and I'll settle with you in the morning,' replied the Lieutenant commanding, and continued his search for the balance of the gang.

"Ock always had such a broad humanity, even when he was ringing a culprit down, and I'd rather be caught in deviltry by any other officer.

"Mrs. White got Summerfield to rebuild the chimney and insure that we'd leave it alone, but got his pay in advance for both rebuildings."

The little Rodmans were last used to fire the Fourth of July salute. The right gun went into Battery for the last time at the corner front of the Sumter House. The other guns taking post at the succeeding corners down river, and thirty-six, one for each state, rounds were given, thus rounding up the salutes at Cumberland Gap, Vicksburg, New Orleans. As the right gun recoiled it was not run forward to place about the third round, thus bringing it between the tall Sumter House and an opposite building, confining the sound and air waves, and a few panes of glass dropped out of the hotel. A cannoneer stepped over and suggested to the proprietor, or clerk, that a bottle of claret sent out to the boys would insure the running of the gun forward and leave the house safe. He reported a surly answer. Two and three cartridges were thereafter rammed home and the gun allowed to recoil further and further back and after each discharge a rain of glass would strike the sidewalk and a rain of plaster inside.

The next day the guns were turned over to the Quartermaster. And the park was silent.

None but a soldier can "sense" the affection with which a cannoneer regarded his gun. Even now when the old boy

meets up with an army piece at Madison, St. Paul or Washington he looks it over curiously; noting the old familiar points of gun, carriage, and caisson. The pungent scent of battle lingers in muzzle, vent and equipments. He is not satisfied until he raises the limber lid, when, lo, what a host of emotions and memories float through his brain as the old, old intimate odors of primer, fuze, cartridge, wood, and iron shell penetrates his nostrils. If the chest has been empty a quarter of a century, like the vase, the scent remains there still. Were a limber chest, packed for a campaign, opened near a sleeping cannoneer to-day, as the aroma entered his nostrils he would rise up with the impression that Gabriel was performing the long-looked-for cornet solo and that he was called to enter artillery Heaven.

On July 6th the stock was turned over at the penitentiary stables. A group of men gathered upon a hill watching with moist eyes the long string of horses, under the detail, winding away towards the stables, and as they disappeared Jim Cavanar voiced the sentiment as he turned and burst out sobbing, "Taddy's gone."

And the stables were silent.

The last days were spent disposing of our surplusage and settling accounts. The gloves were taken over to the 8th Illinois Cavalry and they were advised to learn how to "put up their hands." Several swarms of bees had been dinned down from the sky and were comfortably hived near the mess house. These brought five dollars a swarm. The poor people flocked like buzzards, for clothing, blankets, bake kettles and private camp and garrison equipage. The last of the detailed men returned to the 6th Missouri Cavalry. On July 7th we knew that on the morrow the few of us left would take boat for the North, and a quiet sadness seemed to settle down upon the camp, instead of exuberant joyousness. We gathered in groups as the evening grew older and talked in subdued tones of the past four years; of our absent comrades; those who had left us but a few days before, after three of the hardest years of service; those loyal and leal men who had foregathered with us as details from the gallant infantry regiments, some of whom veteranized into the Battery and were mustered out as of us; of the graves of comrades, like milestones scattered from the Ohio to the Gulf. Kelly and Fuller sounded some of the old calls, and as nine o'clock approached the last tattoo for us in the redeemed Southland went up, and

The wild notes waved and lingered,

And fainted along the air:

Sometimes like defiance,

And sometimes like despair.

HOME.

They come through the still, green ways,
To their pleasant homes once moe,
To lie in the shade through the summer days
Till their weariness is o'er,
And the silence grows a familiar thing
After the battle's roar.

On July 8, 1865, we shouldered our personal belongings, shook the sacred soil of Louisiana from our boots and took the steamer for Cairo. And our last camp was silent.

The up river trip differed vastly from the downward journey. Then we were advancing into an enemy's country and were on the alert. The infantryman had his loaded gun ever at hand and the cannoneers had an unlimbered gun ready to be run in each direction; tompion out, vent cover off and number five's pouch, containing a shell and a canister, hanging from the cascade knob. When landing for wood upon the down trip, pickets were sent afield and a reserve stood to arms. Adventurous spirits made forages to the nearest plantation houses and often returned in the family carriage followed by a wagon load of plunder. Now we idly lolled on the guards of the boat, or the bank, and chaffered with the natives. Unwonted luxuries were added to the private menu; eggs, at ten cents each, appeared.

At Cairo we disembarked from the boat, our last of a hundred trips and thousands of miles traveled on steamboat, barge, scow and yawl, and in twenty hours were on the rails for Chicago. The novelty of returning soldiers had worn off and instead of crowds at the stations we were greeted by groups. But we could see that the restless, nervous excitement of war, the eagerness for news from the front still lingered with the home people and it was yet impossible to settle down to steady plowing of "summer foller." As we speeded northward the finished harvest was being stacked and we thronged the platforms and leaned far out of the windows to snuff the sweet, faint smell from the wheat, the ripening corn and the newly turned earth. Caught sight of the frontletted bull with his defiant head tossed high, surrounded by his meek seraglio, and the trees loaded with ripened peaches and red cheeked harvest apples which we could pluck upon opportunity with none to molest. The fairest sight that ever greeted our eyes, or ever will, this side the gates of Paradise, after four years of the mountains of Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee; the clay hills of Mississippi, the flat lands of Louisiana and the storm-riven, battle-scarred South, was this pleasant, undulating Illinois. Truly, God is good to fetch us back to our own.

of the North going quietly about her daily life and the cordial smile in her eyes was heavenly to see, while we uncovered and stood abashed and diffident in her presence, or followed her with admiring, furtive glance. If she stopped to speak a pleasant word, as she often did, the recipient stood shy and hesitating. Yet he had looked unflinchingly into the muzzles of rifles and black mouths of cannon, hurling iron and lead his way, and but a short time previous familiarly patted the little brown beauty, Rodman, as she hurled back the Southern rough rider. And this segment of Heaven got right into a car, of our train, traveled right along with us and, like the charmed bird, if we went into her car, pretending an errand forward down the aisle, she didn't draw away her skirts and elevate her chin disdainfully. And one cannoneer engaged in conversation with a lady, and actually seated himself beside her, and they chatted. Yes, we saw him, with envious eyes. Ah, me, there is courage, and courage. This facing batteries and charges is only bravery, after all.

We pulled into the depot at the foot of Lake Street, Chicago, and disembarked. Truly we were a motley lot. Knowing that civilian clothes were soon to be bought, most of us stood in worn uniforms. Some, with a pride born of a late enlistment, drew new uniforms at Baton Rouge, with a desire to appear before Rachel in all war panoply. Others were togged out in half Federal and half Confederate clothes. One cook wore the same clothes in which he had last presided over the bake kettle. Charlie Ward was embellished with a huge braided corn husk hat. When the hat was wet with rain he would draw out the apex of the crown until it, with the saggy brim, resembled Robinson Crusoe's chapeau. It was huge, he could just touch the peak with his fingers. Cameron wore a fine gray cap, captured, including his breakfast, from Rebel General Gober. He afterwards gave it to the girl who presided over the war relics in the Sanitary Fair building in Milwaukee, and walked bareheaded to his hotel. Indeed there was a great variety of head covering, for when a soldier lost a hat enroute, he stationed himself on the car steps and as the train moved from a station would deftly lift the hat of his choice from the head of a bystander and pass on into the future, leaving the astonished owner to the jeers of the throng.

We were marched to nearby barracks for the night and given a soldier's supper at an adjacent mess house. In the morning we were marched to the same mess house, but a newly arrived Illinois Regiment were given the precedence and we were told to wait in the street. We scornfully resented this and broke ranks to meet at the Kinzie Street depot at 10:30. The two Mikes, Ward and Cameron, went together. Up a few blocks they encountered a group gathered around a police-

man. They penetrated the throng and found that the policeman had Ward's hat, was exhibiting and explaining how he had found it on a post where a Wisconsin Batteryman had hung it. Ward sniffed, "My old hat." "Well you can't have it for five dollars," replied the officer. Mike should have gone to a hat store and traded it for a stylish tile. Cameron proposed that he had two dollars, that they enter a restaurant, order and eat breakfast, lay down the bill and let the proprietor kick 'em out for the balance. A "square meal" down in the Crescent City costs from four to six dollars. They entered the Masonic restaurant and Ward whispered, "It'll cost a fortune." Seated at a table they critically scanned the menu and ordered the best they knew how with their limited experience, and sat right up to a table with a linen cloth on it, and queensware dishes and a white man to wait on them. Soon the waiter brought a card bearing the legend of the price of their feast. Ward laid down knife and fork, drew a long breath, squared his jaw and slowly turned the card with the price side up, "Forty-five cents."

Mrs. Webster had joined the Captain at New Orleans, where he was stationed as Chief of Artillery early in the year, and accompanied him and us North. Arriving at our portages he went with her to a hotel and Lieutenant Nutting was in immediate command. Ock, being less of a disciplinarian than Dan, was just the fellow to command a horde like us who were shedding discipline at every station northward. He enjoined only that we should rally on the colors, which was himself, at time and place specified. We all "got there" on time and were soon speeding over the soil of Wisconsin. How we did stand on tiptoe, and crane our necks for a sight of old Camp Utley, as we passed Racine.

They are strong of limb and look,
And forget to heed the rain;
And drink of every babbling brook,
And lie on the open plain;
For the mists of night are heavenly dews,
To their oaken bark and grain.

We rolled into the depot at Milwaukee at one o'clock and in a moment had that chief section of the Universe, called Wisconsin, under our feet. Some of us were, and the rest almost home. What a clean city was this after the grime, and dirt, and smoke, and roar of Chicago. The very Nicholson smelled good, and felt good under our feet. The very signs bearing legends of the city's chiefest industry assuaged our thirst and the manner of the people betokened that we belong to them. After our breakfast of Chicago atmosphere only, we felt that

in this homecoming, we had brought our appetites with us, and falling in for our last march as a Battery we tramped behind a guide to a soldiers' mess house near the Newhall and as we stowed away the state fare our minds ran backward against the sun and we were at Camp Utley with our battles and marches before us. A glance along the table showing the one hundred fifty-seven mustered in at Racine reduced to twenty-eight comrades present for duty, recalls us to the present and that our campaigns, one hundred and twenty-eight separate and distinct days under fire, and four years of the flower of our youth are behind us. But as we eat, our thoughts will dwell on the departed comrades, scattered throughout the Union; and the graves of some, like sentinels, posted from the Ohio to the Gulf. Tomorrow, we, too, will separate, never to meet again as a Battery until our first Orderly Sergeant, Chas. B. Kimball, calls the roll before the Great White Throne.

After dinner we wandered through the Sanitary Fair Building and got an inkling of what the women of the North had done, and were even yet doing, for the boys in blue. Coming out the hotel keeper was in evidence. A half dozen hotels were open for us where we could go any stay, and pay after muster out. Many climbed into the busses and wagons, but Captain Webster was about then in evidence and he rounded the whole outfit, busses and all, up on the Cold Spring race track where, after some general information and a special injunction to report at evening roll calls, he let us fly, and we flew.

It took several days to make out the final muster roll and some stayed in the barracks on the grounds, taking meals at the mess house, while many went to the hotels, and all ordered their civilian clothes. The ways of peace and civil life were more or less easily adopted although many civil customs excited curiosity and amusement. One showery morning Rfenberg got us all out of the hotel reading room to see a man coming down the street with a raised umbrella. We had forgotten the invention and deemed it ludicrous that a man should hold something over himself as a protection from the rain. A clay pipe was a curiosity to us and our self-carved briar root pipes were highly prized mementoes to the natives.

The pay rolls were made out and signed in an office near Spring Street bridge and we were told to rally at camp for muster out the next day. On Friday, July 21st, 1865, we gathered at the Cold Spring track, the bugle rang out the last assembly and we formed on the back stretch for our last roll call, after which we were mustered out by a regular officer, whose signature on our discharge certificates no man could ever make out, but whose name was Beers or Bierce. As the

line broke the bugle rang out taps and as a battery our light was out.

But the flame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dis sever
From the nation's heart forever,
When the boys come home.

* * * * *

Our discharge certificates were dated July 18, but we got them and our final pay on the 21st, bid each other good-bye and God speed and separated to take up the battle of life. Although we discarded our uniforms with a sense of relief the new clothes made us feel stiff and awkward and our thoughts seemed affected in the same queer way. We most missed our revolvers and spurs, and it was amusing to observe one of these veterans, weeks after muster out, while standing in converse, involuntarily raise his hand half way up as if to give his forty-four a hitch. We opine that now, after lapse of over a quarter of a century, if a volley broke near a Battery camp fire that many of the men as they sprang up would reach around to the right hip.

As we mingled with the home folks they led us to talk of what we had done, while we preferred to talk of what was to come and looked far out toward the Dakotas and the Rockies.

Men, as the work of our earlier years passes in review on the field of memory, we know that in the warp and woof of the history of our country our work is woven. From Clark in Massachusetts to Hodge in Utah, Castles in Nevada, Rhines, Paddock, Pidge, Reed and Kimball in California, Malbun and Bradfield in Washington and Webster in Oregon; from Herrick and Bacheller on the Northern frontier to Weston in Louisiana and Cavanar in Texas, let us believe that after the last earthly reunion and camp fire

We shall meet and greet in closing ranks
In time's declining sun,
When the bugle of God shall sound recall
And the battle of life is done.

[THE END.]

APPENDIX.

Officers.	Residence.	Date. Rank from.	Remarks.
Jacob T. Foster.	La Crosse.	Aug. 21, '61.	Chief of Art., 9th Div., 13th A. C.; wnd.; Insp.-Gen. 9th Div., 13th A. C.; Lieut.-Col. 1st Wis. H. A. Sept. 9, '64; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term exp.
Daniel Webster.	La Crosse.	Oct. 28, '64.	Jr. 2d Lieut. Sept. 16, '61; Sr. 1st Lieut. June 5, '62; appt. Ord. Officer 13th A. C.; Acting Chief of Art., Dept. of Gulf; M. O. July 18, '65.
Senior First Lieutenants.			
Alexander Cameron.	La Crosse.	Aug. 21, '61.	Res. June 5, '62.
Oscar F. Nutting.	La Crosse.	Oct. 28, '64.	1st Sergt.; Sen. 2d Lieut. June 5, '62; Jr. 1st Lieut. Aug. 13, '63; M. O. July 18, '65.
Junior First Lieutenants.			
John D. Anderson.	La Crosse.	Aug. 21, '61.	Res. Oct. 17, '62.
Charles B. Kimball.	La Crosse.	Oct. 17, '62.	1st Sergt.; Sen. 2d Lieut., Oct. 11, '61; Act. Ord. Officer 9th Div., 13th A. C.; res. Aug. 12, '63.
Senior Second Lieutenants.			
Albert W. Bishop.	La Crosse.	Aug. 21, '61.	Prom. Capt. Co. B, 2d Wis. Cav., Dec. 27, '61.
Ephraim L. Hackett.	Baraboo.	Aug. 13, '63.	Sergt.; Jr. 2d Lieut., Oct. 17, '62; M. O. July 18, '65.
Junior Second Lieutenants.			
Edward P. Aylmer.	Ireland.	Aug. 13, '63.	Accidentally injured June 26, '64, New Orleans, La.; right arm amputated; died July 13, '64, New Orleans, La.; disease.
Edwin E. Stewart.	Caledonia, Minn.	Aug. 10, '64.	Vet.; 1st Sergt.; M. O. Oct. 21, '64.
Surgeons.			
William Hobbins.	Madison.	May 24, '62.	Resigned.
Henry W. Cansdell.	Whitewater.	Dec. 20, '62.	Prom. Surg. 22d Wis. Inf. May 20, '63.
Enlisted Men.			
Adams, William.	Neoshonoc.	Sept. 2, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Aiken, David.	Onalaska.	Aug. 29, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Akers, Thomas.	New Carlisle, O.	Dec. 23, '63.	Vet.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Amunson, Lars.	Jackson.	Sept. 3, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Armstrong, Cuyler.	New Hartford, Minn.	Sept. 6, '61.	Died Aug. 2, '63, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.; disease.
Armstrong, Geo. W.	New Hartford, Minn.	Sept. 10, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Armstrong, Gabriel.	Butler Co., Pa.	Aug. 27, '61.	Corp.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Armstrong, Geo. P.	La Crosse.	Aug. 14, '62.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Arnot, John.	Preston, Minn.	Sept. 11, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Babcock, Oscar A.	Tunnel City.	Oct. 12, '64.	M. O. July 13, '65.
Batcheller, Geo. W.	Caledonia.	Jan. 1, '64.	Corp.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Baker, Henry.	Coshocton, O.	Jan. 27, '64.	Vet. recruit; M. O. July 18, '65.
Barry, Albert H.	Burns.	Nov. 16, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Bartholomew, Lucius.	Neoshonoc.	Sept. 5, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Barnum, Zadoc.	Dunntown.	Aug. 27, '61.	Disch. July 7, '64; disability.
Bashford, Wesley.	Galesville.	Jan. 4, '64.	Died April 10, '64, New Orleans; disease.
Baxter, Chauncey K.	Bangor.	Sept. 12, '61.	Bugler; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Beegle, Thomas W.	Millersburg, O.	Jan. 27, '64.	Vet recruit; M. O. July 18, '65.
Bernhard, Michael.		Aug. 31, '64.	
Bigby, Daniel.	Onalaska.	Aug. 29, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Bigford, Royal O.	Taycheedah.	Oct. 31, '64.	M. O. Oct. 18, '65.
Black, Josiah E.	Trempealeau.	Sept. 3, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Blake, Samuel D.	Irvine.	Sept. 11, '61.	Vet.; Corp.; Sergt.; 1st Sergt.; M. O. July 18, '65.

Enlisted Men.	Residence.	Date. Enlisted.	Remarks.
Blair, James.	Aurora.	Aug. 29, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Blair, John.	Aurora.	Aug. 29, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Bones, Thomas A.	Racine.	Oct. 5, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Boyce, John.	Neoshoonoc.	Sept. 6, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Bradfield, Benj. N.	La Crosse.	Aug. 24, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Brass, Louis.	Neenah.	Aug. 31, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Brackett, James M.	La Crosse.	Jan. 8, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Brendis, Frank.	Palmyra.	Aug. 20, '64.	Trans. to Co. L, 1st Wis. H. A., May 29, '65.
Britt, Thomas	La Crosse.	Aug. 21, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Briggs, Lafayette.	Caledonia, Minn.	Sept. 30, '61.	Pris. Cumberland Gap, Sept. 17, '62; disch. April 22, '63; dis- ability.
Bridgeford, James M.	Butler Co., O.	Dec. 23, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Brown, Adam.	Kewaskum.	Nov. 5, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Brown, Peter.	Gibson.	Sept. 29, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Brown, Thomas.	Onalaska.	Aug. 29, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Bucher, Henry.	Monroe.	Sept. 8, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Bunn, Francis M.	Gale.	Sept. 6, '61.	Died July 9, '63, Vicksburg. Miss.; disease.
Burton, Henry.		Jan. 27, '64.	Vet. recruit; died on the str. "Black Hawk" returning from vet. furlough; disease.
Burke, James.	Neillsville.	Aug. 23, '61.	Vet.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Buswell, Hiram P.	Bad Axe Co.	Sept. 5, '61.	Disch. Feb. 28, '62; disability.
Butterfield, Ira.	Hokah, Minn.	Sept. 5, '61.	Corp.; disch. Jan. 27, '64; dis- ability.
Buzzell, Chas. C.	Sparta.	Aug. 25, '61.	Corp.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Cameron, Don Carlos	La Crescent, Minn.	Aug. 29, '61.	Vet.; Corp.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Cameron, Silas.	Looneyville, Minn.	Aug. 14, '62.	Died Sept. 14, '62, Louisville, Ky.; disease.
Carothers, James.	Neoshoonoc.	Dec. 21, '63.	Corp.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Carver, Nelson.	Wilton.	Dec. 31, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Carson, Peter N.	Bad Axe Co.	Sept. 27, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Carter, Hiram.	Adams Co.	Sept. 9, '61.	Artificer; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Castles, John.	Jackson.	Sept. 4, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Caulkins, Elijah.	Bad Axe Co.	Sept. 3, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Cavanar, James.	Salem.	Aug. 24, '61.	Vet.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Chapman, Cyrus D.	Union, Minn.	Sept. 9, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Chase, Samuel D.	Quincy.	Dec. 29, '63.	Died Mar. 9, '64, New Orleans. La.; disease.
Clark, Almon C.	La Crosse.	Aug. 20, '62.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Clark, Alvin W.	Oakfield.	Oct. 12, '61.	Disch. April 11, '64.
Clark, Dennis W.	Sumner.	Aug. 23, '61.	Died April 11, '64, Milliken's Bend, La.
Clark, Edwin B.	Campbell.	Aug. 28, '61.	Vet.; wnd. at Pt. Gibson, La.; M. O. July 17, '65.
Clark, Francis H.	Aurora.	Aug. 29, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Clark, George S.	Campbell.	Aug. 23, '61.	Vet.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Clark, John.	Clifton.	Aug. 29, '64.	
Coe, William.	La Crosse.	Aug. 26, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Colton, Oscar.	Barre.	Sept. 16, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65; trans. to Co. E, 1st Wis. H. A.
Cox, Edward.	Jefferson.	Dec. 23, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Crandall, Cornelius.	Beaver Dam.	Oct. 22, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Craft, George.	Utica.	Aug. 30, '61.	Pris. Sept. 17, '62, Cumberland Gap; reported deserter Feb. 21, '64.
Cramer, William H.	Looneyville, Minn.	Sept. 6, '61.	Disch. Feb. 28, '62; disability
Cramer, Silas.	Looneyville, Minn.	Sept. 6, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term exp.
Crawford, Monroe.	Bad Axe Co.	Sept. 9, '61.	Artificer; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Crocker, James M.	Milwaukee.	Nov. 1, '61.	Vet. Q. M. Sergt.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Curtis, John.	Juneau.	Sept. 7, '61.	Vet.; Corp.; Sergt.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Daigler, George.	Eden, N. Y.	Sept. 7, '61.	Corp.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Dalton, George H.	Onalaska.	Aug. 26, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Dalton, John W.	Onalaska.	Aug. 17, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Dartt, Edward A.	Wilton.	Dec. 22, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Davidson, William J.	Caledonia, Minn.	Sept. 3, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Davidson, James B.	Caledonia, Minn.	Sept. 2, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Delane, James.	Canada.	Sept. 6, '61.	Artificer; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.

Enlisted Men.	Residence.	Date. Enlisted.	Remarks.
DeMerse, Michael.	Lakeport, Ill.	Aug. 27, '61.	Deserted Nov. 26, '63.
Derham, Peter.	Campbell.	Sept. 21, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Devereaux, Augustus.	St. Louis, Mo.	Aug. 27, '61.	Vet.; Corp.; Sergt.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Dickerman, Joshua.	Lynn.	Oct. 11, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Donnelly, Patrick J.	Brownsville, Minn.	Sept. 5, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Downs, Francis.	Gale.	Aug. 27, '61.	Corp.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Dunbar, Charles.	Holmesville, O.	Jan. 27, '64.	Vet. recruit.; Corp.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Dunigan, Berry.	Proctor, Ky.	Jan. 27, '64.	Vet. recruit; M. O. July 18, '65.
Edwards, James H.	Mauston.	Aug. 30, '64.	M. O. July 1, '65.
Errickson, Carl.	La Crosse.	Sept. 5, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired
Fahey, Edward.	Onalaska.	Aug. 29, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Farley, James.		Nov. 7, '64.	
Ferrell, William.	Salem.	Sept. 1, '61.	Artificer; disch. Jan. 26, '63; disability.
Fornler, William.	Green Bay.	Oct. 15, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Fountain, Lewis.	Green Bay.	Oct. 14, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Foster, William.	Salem.	Sept. 9, '61.	Died April 11, '64, Milliken's Bend, La.
Freeman, Almeron.	La Crosse.	Sept. 6, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Fuller, Jerome.	Racine.	Oct. 5, '61.	Vet.; Bugler; M. O. July 17, '65.
Gabbart, Calvin C.	Clay Co. Ky.	Jan. 27, '64.	Vet. recruit; M. O. July 18, '65.
Gale, George W.	Gale.	Sept. 7, '61.	Corp.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Garner, Francis M.	La Crescent, Minn.	Jan. 1, '62.	M. O. Dec. 31, '64; term expired.
Garner, James M.	Looneyville, Minn.	Sept. 7, '61.	Vet.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Gibbs, Alexander P.	Clyman.	Oct. 21, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Gillam, Joseph.	Madison Co. Ill.	Aug. 27, '61.	Disch. April 15, '64; disability.
Gillett, James H.	Caledonia, Minn.	Sept. 6, '61.	Vet.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Gosslin, Anthony.	La Crosse.	Aug. 21, '61.	Pris. May 15, '63, Raymond. Miss.; paroled; dropped Jan. 4, '64, as deserter.
Graham, Robert.	La Crosse.	Sept. 5, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Green, Frank L.	Sparta.	Sept. 3, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Grubb, William J.	La Crosse.	Sept. 11, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Haas, Augustus.	Lanesville, O.	Jan. 27, '64.	Vet recruit; Corp.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Hackett, Henry C.	Baraboo.	Sept. 9, '61.	Corp.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Hagerman, Calvin C.	Bad Axe Co.	Sept. 9, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Hall, Byron E.	Gale.	Sept. 4, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Hale, John.	New Orleans, La.	Apr. 1, '62.	Deserted Feb. 28, '63.
Handy, James H.	Farmington.	Sept. 20, '61.	Trans. to V. R. C. Mar. 23, '64; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Harvey, Francis.	Wheatfield.	Sept. 30, '64.	Deserted December 15, '64.
Harper, Peter.	Sparta.	Sept. 2, '61.	Vet.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Harris, Edson J.	La Crosse.	Aug. 27, '61.	Died Feb. 6, '63, Young's Point, La.; disease.
Harrington, Chas. C.	La Crosse.	Aug. 23, '61.	Corp.; Sergeant; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Hargraves, Mark.	Mound Prairie, Minn.	Aug. 27, '61.	Corp.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Haver, Frederick H.	La Salle, Ill.	Aug. 19, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Hayward, Pliny P.	Sparta.	Dec. 22, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Hayden, Harrison.	Onalaska.	Aug. 15, '62.	Died May 6, '63, Rocky Springs. Miss.; disease.
Heckman, John H.	Dansville, N. Y.	Aug. 21, '61.	Vet.; Corp.; Sergt.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Heljeson, Carl.	Onalaska.	Aug. 30, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Herrick, George L.	Sparta.	Aug. 23, '61.	Corp.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Hesselroth, Erland W.	Onalaska.	Aug. 30, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Hewett, John C.	Mindora.	Aug. 15, '62.	Corp.; M. O. June 26, '65.
Hewitt, Edwin P.	Neillsville.	Sept. 10, '61.	Died April 18, '62, Lexington, Ky.
Hill, Myron D.	Waukon, Iowa.	Aug. 21, '61.	Sergt.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Hitchcock, Joslah N.	Perry Co., O.	Oct. 1, '61.	Pris. Raymond. Miss., May 15, '63; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.

Enlisted Men.	Residence.	Date. Enlisted.	Remarks.
Hodgkins, Edward I.	Sparta.	Dec. 29, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Hodge, Robert.	La Crosse.	Sept. 5, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Holmes, William.	Janesville.	Sept. 24, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Holmes, Taylor.		Apr. 21, '64.	Deserted July 9, '64.
Houser, Rudolph E.	La Crosse.	Aug. 27, '64.	Corp.; M. O. June 26, '65.
Houser, John F.	La Crosse.	Aug. 29, '61.	Vet.; M. O. July 18, '65; (acted as hospital steward.)
Hoyt, Samuel.	Sparta.	Sept. 2, '61.	Sergt.; pris. Cumberland Gap, Tenn., Sept. 17, '62; disch. June 23, '64.
Huber, Mathias.	La Crosse.	Sept. 3, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Hull, Nelson.	Scott.	Oct. 20, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Hutchin, Phillander.	Fond du Lac.	Aug. 20, '62.	Deserted Sept. 1, '62.
Jacobs, John W.	Chester, O.	Jan. 27, '64.	Vet. recruit; M. O. July 18, '65.
Jacobs, Henry.	Chester, O.	Jan. 27, '64.	Vet. recruit; Corp.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Johnson, Allan D.	Fredonia, Ind.	Dec. 23, '63.	Vet. recruit; M. O. July 18, '65.
Joseph (Gossow) Charles.	Lincoln.	Nov. 2, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Kelley, John.	Trempealeau.	Jan. 2, '64.	Bugler; M. O. July 18, '65.
Kellogg, Charles W.	Houston Co., Minn.	Sept. 2, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term exp.
Kiercher, Jacob.	Scott.	Oct. 18, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Kimball, Richard.	La Crosse.	Aug. 21, '61.	Corp.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
King, Charles H.	Trempealeau.	Sept. 6, '61.	Died Jan. 15, '62, Trempealeau, Wis.; disease.
Knapp, Jerome A.	Crescent, Minn.	Sept. 6, '61.	Artificer; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Lance, Abram J.	Leeville, O.	Jan. 27, '64.	Vet. recruit; M. O. July 18, '65.
Ledyard, Nath. D.	Sparta.	Sept. 2, '61.	Corp.; died Sept. 17, '63, Brasher City, La.
Lee, John.	Burlington, Vt.	Aug. 19, '63.	Pris. near Clinton, La.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Leith, Charles A.	Gale.	Jan. 4, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Lewis, Leonard A.	La Crosse.	Dec. 23, '62.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Lindsey, Obed H.	Ithaca, N. Y.	Sept. 1, '61.	Artificer; disch. June 13, '63; disability.
Longua, Joseph.	Taycheedah.	Oct. 31, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Lore, George W.	Caledonia, Minn.	Sept. 2, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term exp.
Lowery, Peterson C.	Chester, O.	Dec. 23, '63.	Vet. recruit; pris. on Red River, Ark., May 3, '64; M. O. July 21, '65.
Lunn, Edward H.	Edmeston, N. Y.	Dec. 24, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Magill, James A.	Hokah, Minn.	Sept. 5, '61.	Wnd. Port Gibson, May 1, '63; died May 5, '63, Grand Gulf, wnds.
Malbon, James L.	La Crosse.	Aug. 18, '62.	Corp.; M. O. June 26, '65.
Malbon, John C.	La Crosse.	Aug. 25, '61.	Ac. wnd. Dec. 14, '62, Memphis, Tenn.; disch. April 7, '63; disability.
Manes, David.	Western Rapids.	Aug. 14, '62.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Matteson, William.	Caledonia, Minn.	Sept. 6, '61.	Died Dec. 29, '62, wnds received at Chickasaw Bayou, Miss.
McCabe, John.	Sparta.	Aug. 31, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
McClintock, Frank.	Neoshonoc.	Aug. 29, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
McConnell, James.	Farmington.	Aug. 27, '61.	Corp.; Sergt.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
McCoy, John C.	Gale.	Sept. 4, '61.	Corp.; Sergt.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
McConnell, David.	Farmington.	Aug. 25, '62.	Died Jan. 29, '63, Young's Point, La.; disease.
McGrain, Peter.	Russell.	Oct. 12, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
McGregor, Alexander.	Aurora.	Sept. 17, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
McIntyre, Charles.	Sparta.	Dec. 29, '63.	Artificer; disch. June 21, '65.
McKeeth, John.	Gale.	Jan. 1, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
McKeeth, William.	Gale.	Sept. 4, '61.	Corp.; Sergt.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
McNally, Peter.	St. Lawrence, N. Y.	Aug. 26, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Meiggs, Henry E.	Waddington, N. Y.	Sept. 5, '61.	Died June 5, '63, Young's Point, La.
Merritt, Charles M.	La Crosse.	Aug. 25, '61.	Ambulancer; pris. Barbersville Ky., Sept. 13, '62; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.

Appendix.

V.

Enlisted Men.	Residence.	Date. Enlisted.	Remarks.
Merrill, Jos. S.	Onalaska.	Aug. 30, '61.	Disch. Nov., '61; disability.
Merricle, Lawrence.	Palmyra.	Aug. 20, '64.	Trans. to Co. L, 1st Wis. H. A., May 29, '65.
Messmer, George.		Jan. 27, '64.	Vet. recruit; Artificer; M. O. July 18, '65.
Middaugh, Charle- ton E.	Sparta.	Sept. 6, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Miers, Joseph.	Hokah, Minn.	Sept. 9, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Milligan, Jos. G.	Sparta.	Sept. 4, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Miller, Jackson F.	Marquette Co.	Sept. 4, '61.	Disch. Jan. 27, '63; disability.
Morley, Chester W.	Hackley.	Sept. 3, '61.	Disch. April 26, '64; disability.
Morrison, William.	La Crosse.	Aug. 26, '61.	Accidentally wnd in March, '62; discharged.
Morrow, John.		Aug. 14, '62.	Deserted Sept., '62.
Murphy, William.	Cataract.	Sept. 6, '61.	Died Feb. 26, '63, Young's Point, La.; disease.
Neal, Robert M.	Sheboygan.	Aug. 31, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Nicholson, William.	Montreal, Can.	Aug. 19, '63.	Deserted Aug. 7, '64.
Noble, Levi.	Bad Axe Co.	Sept. 3, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Nolan, Thomas J.	Celestine, Ind.	Jan. 27, '64.	Vet. recruit; Corp.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Nugent, John.	Bristol.	Sept. 12, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Paddock, William C.	Caledonia, Minn.	Sept. 6, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Paddock, Lorenzo A.	Salem.	Aug. 26, '61.	Deserted Oct 5, '62.
Pangburn, Hiram L.	Sparta.	Aug. 27, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired
Parks, Richard.	Fredonia.	Oct. 21, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Peck, Joseph W.	Onalaska.	Aug. 24, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Peterson, Augustus.	La Crosse.	Sept. 2, '61.	Disch. Jan. 26, '63; disability.
Pidge, William C.	Hokah, Minn.	Sept. 26, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term exp.
Pink, William H.	La Crosse.	Sept. 5, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term exp.
Potter, William B.	La Crosse.	Aug. 21, '61.	Disch. Jan. 26, '63; disability.
Pound, Samuel H.	Union, Minn.	Sept. 3, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Powers, Charles F.	Fredonia.	Jan. 2, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Powell, Milton E.	Sparta.	Aug. 25, '61.	Corp.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Poyfay, Henry.	Caledonia, Minn.	Sept. 6, '61.	Disch. Jan. 26, '63; disability.
Radloff, William.	La Crosse.	Jan. 1, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Ramsey, William D.	Lincoln.	Jan. 2, '64.	Died April 10, '64, New Orleans, La.
Randless, James W.	Wilton.	Aug. 27, '61.	Died March 9, '63, on hospital boat "Nashville," Young's Point, La.; disease.
Rathbun, Hallett.	Leon.	Aug. 26, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Rathbun, Wm. A.	Jefferson.	Dec. 22, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Reed, John.	Melrose.	Sept. 6, '61.	Pris. Raymond, Miss., May 18, '63; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Reed, Roland.	Harmony.	Dec. 30, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Reuser, Ulrich.	Spring Green.	Oct. 19, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Reynolds, John.	Mishicot.	Sept. 29, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Rice, Benjamin W.	Oakdale.	Dec. 31, '63.	Corp.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Rice, Simeon S.	Preston.	Jan. 1, '64.	M. O. July 17, '65.
Richey, Edward.	Mishicot.	Sept. 29, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Richards, Wm. F.	La Crescent, Minn.	Aug. 26, '61.	Died Feb. 2, '63, Jefferson Bar-racks, Mo.; disease.
Rifenburg, Henry A.	Venango Co., Pa.	Aug. 26, '61.	Vet.; Corp.; Sergt.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Rodman, Erasmus.		Aug. 18, '62.	Killed June 27, '63, Vicksburg, Miss.
Rynes, Rodger.	La Crosse.	Aug. 14, '62.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Sawyer, James W.	Palatine, Ill.	Sept. 11, '61.	Corp.; Sergt.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Scharfenstein, Dan- iel C.	New Orleans, La.	Mar. 30, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Scott, Winfield.	Pontiac, Ill.	Aug. 29, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Scott, George W.	La Crosse.	Sept. 4, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Scripture, Francis W.	La Crosse.	Jan. 4, '64.	Died March 17, '64, Madison, Wis.; disease.
Sheridan, John.	Cincinnati, O.	Aug. 21, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Smith, John A.	Quincy.	Dec. 29, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Smith, Garrett C.	Quincy.	Dec. 29, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Smith, Gilbert.	Wilton.	Dec. 31, '63.	Died Aug. 3, '64, New Orleans, La.; disease.
Smith, William E.	Hokah, Minn.	July 10, '62.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Saure, George W.	Union, Minn.	Sept. 9, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.

Appendix.

Enlisted Men.	Residence.	Date. Enlisted.	Remarks.
Snure, Wm. S.	Union, Minn.	Sept. 9, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Snyder, Herman.	Preston.	Jan. 1, '64.	Died July 26, '64, New Orleans, La.; disease.
Sowle, Albert W.	Wilton.	Dec. 31, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Spaulding, Jabez Y.	Bad Axe Co.	Sept. 9, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Starling, Harvey.	Summit.	Sept. 4, '61.	Vet.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Stanford, Emery M.	Jackson.	Jan. 4, '64.	M. O. June 4, '65.
Steiner, Gustave.		Aug. 31, '64.	
Stiltz, Joseph.		Aug. 14, '62.	Deserted Sept., '62.
Summey, Eri.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Sept. 30, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Summerfield, Wm. A.	Sparta.	Sept. 5, '61.	Vet.; Sergt.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Swim, John.	Palmyra.	Aug. 10, '64.	Trans. to Co. L, 1st Wis. H. A., May 29, '65.
Sym, George.	Neshonoc.	Jan. 5, '64.	M. O. July 17, '65.
Teed, Zephaniah.	Williamstown.	Oct. 7, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Thompson, James A.	Jackson.	Sept. 25, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Thompson, Bernard.		Apr. 21, '64.	Deserted July 9, '64.
Thompson, John B.	Preston.	Jan. 1, '64.	Disch. Oct. 14, '64; disability.
Thorrson, Sven.	Onalaska.	Aug. 30, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Thrall, John.	Sparta.	Aug. 24, '61.	Artificer; disch. July, '63; disability.
Trafts, Michael.	Farmington.	Oct. 1, '64.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Trowbridge, Edw. W.	Trempealeau.	Sept. 6, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Underhill, George.	Horicon.	Nov. 1, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Valliere, Charles.	Green Bay.	Oct. 3, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Viets, John F.	Salem.	Sept. 7, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Wade, Steven T.	Trempealeau.	Jan. 2, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Walker, William H.	La Crosse.	Aug. 26, '61.	Died April 6, '63, Lexington, Ky; disease.
Ward, Carlos D.	Caledonia.	Sept. 2, '61.	Vet.; Corp.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Watson, Robert.	La Crescent, Minn.	Sept. 26, '61.	Trans. to Vet. R. C. Aug. 1, '63.
Waters, Charles L.	Nottingham, N. H.	Aug. 30, '61.	Died July 20, '63; accidental wnds. received Vicksburg, Miss.
Webster, Norman.	Hokah, Minn.	Aug. 26, '61.	Vet.; Sergt.; M. O. July 18, '65.
Webster, Benj. B.	Caledonia.	Sept. 2, '61.	Corp.; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Weber, William D.	Watertown.	Oct. 1, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Welch, Phillip.	Loraine Co., O.	Sept. 30, '61.	Wnd Port Gibson; M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Wells, Joel C.	La Crosse.	Aug. 27, '61.	Corp.; dishonorably discharged May 18, '62.
Weston, Alfred M.		Aug. 14, '62.	Corp.; M. O. June 26, '65.
Whittaker, Samuel.	Wilton.	Dec. 22, '63.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Whitney, Myron I.	Salem.	Aug. 24, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Whitney, Oscar M.	Taycheedah	Oct. 31, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Whipple, Rufus G.	Aurora.	Aug. 29, '64.	M. O. June 26, '65.
Whipple, Rufus H.	Aurora.	Oct. 4, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Willcox, Jeffery H.	Kildare.	Aug. 30, '64.	Died June 28, '65, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.; disease.
Williams, Jay W.	Sparta.	Sept. 2, '61.	M. O. Oct. 11, '64; term expired.
Withee, Charles.	La Crosse.	Sept. 9, '61.	Died June 15, '63, Memphis, from wnds rec'd at Black R. Bridge, May 17, '63.
Withee, Levi.	La Crosse.	Sept. 4, '61.	Disch. May 7, '63; disability.
Woodbridge, Chas. B.	Tunnel City.	Dec. 26, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.
Wood, Oscar F.	Elmyra.	Oct. 17, '64.	M. O. July 18, '65.

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